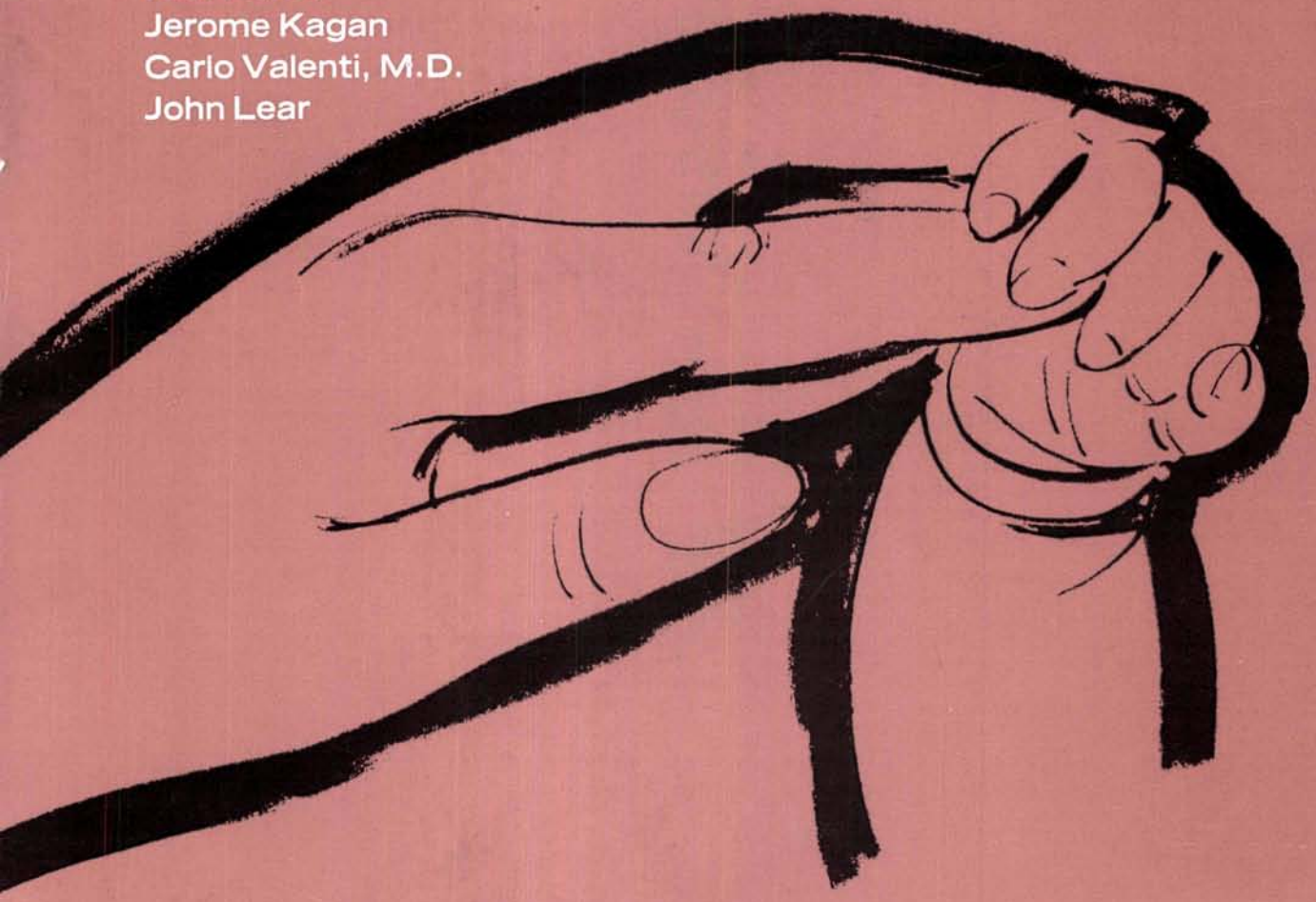
Saturday Review

December 7, 1968 35¢

THE CHILD

WHAT SCIENCE IS LEARNING ABOUT HUMAN PERSONALITY AND GROWTH

Articles by
N.J. Berrill
Jerome Kagan
Carlo Valenti, M.D.
John Lear



THE REVOLT OF THE CIVI

By A. H. Raskin

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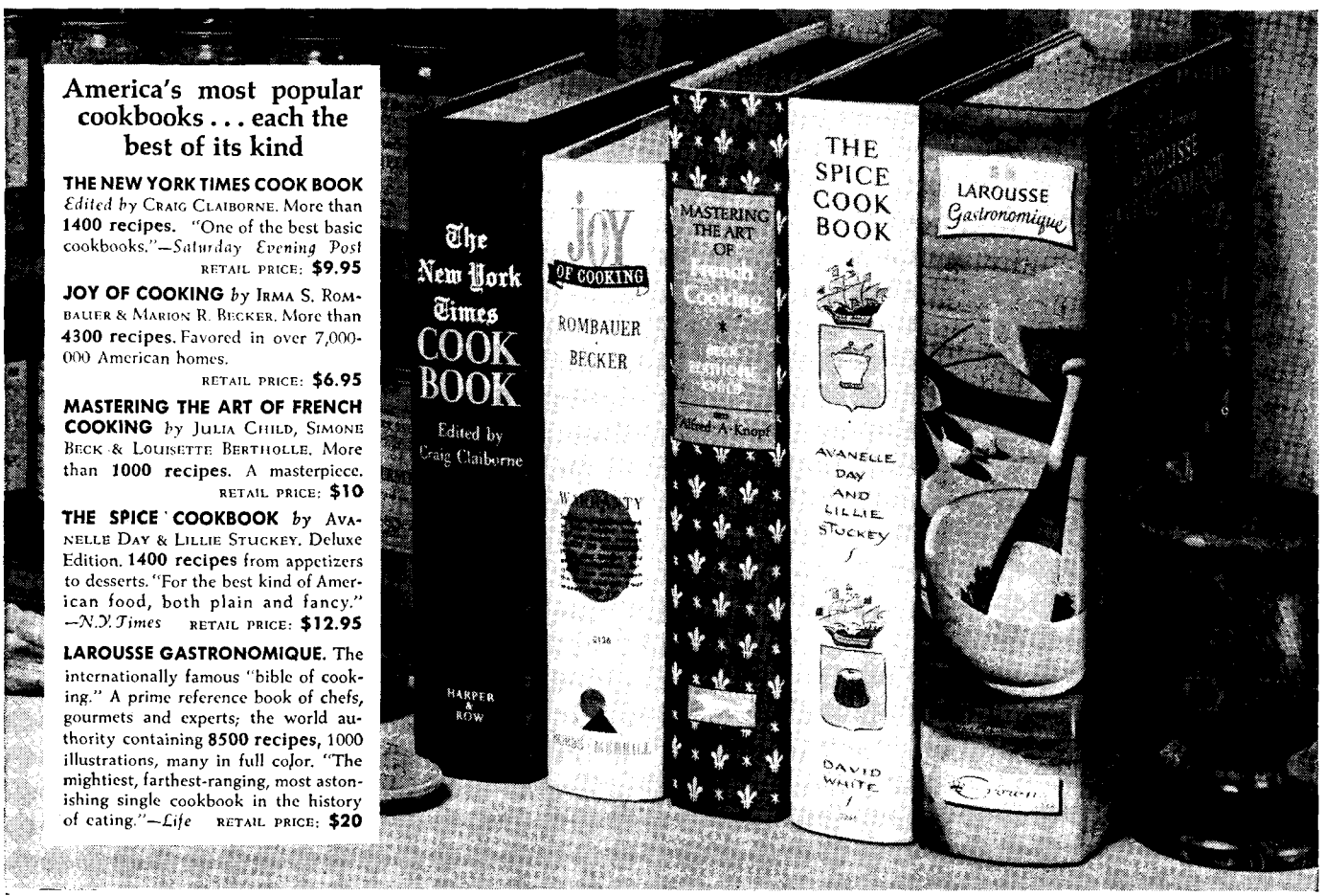

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(*Advertisement*)

The wonderful, sneaky thing about "science fiction" is that almost anything can be going on under those covers.

Take *Pavane*, by Keith Roberts. If his new book is science fiction, I'm Mr. Wizard. (And if that analogy leaves you mystified, please understand that my knowledge of science is limited to the formula for water which, as everyone knows, is 2Ho. Water is a mixer.)

But I know a little about fiction and, *Publishers' Weekly* suggests, Mr. Roberts knows a great deal more. ("The writing and characters are unusually good. Fine, rich, reading fare for those who appreciate something different.") The first of the six stately measures of which his book is composed is "The Lady Margaret." I enjoyed it more than most full novels. The other measures all are played in the same time: an England of today but one envisioned as if the Spanish Armada had been successful. The industrial revolution never occurred and the land is dominated by a militant brand of Catholicism. There has been no Shakespeare, Cromwell, Pepys, Turner, Darwin, Disraeli, and ideals and dreams struggle underground.

Mr. Roberts, like certain other authors (especially Samuel Delany, Thom Disch, and Roger Zelazny) are secret agents whose cover story is "Doubleday Science Fiction."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Pavane ($4.95), by Keith Roberts, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

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Cover design by Pageant Studio.

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Mark Lowenthal; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise, Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LI, No. 49, December 7, 1968. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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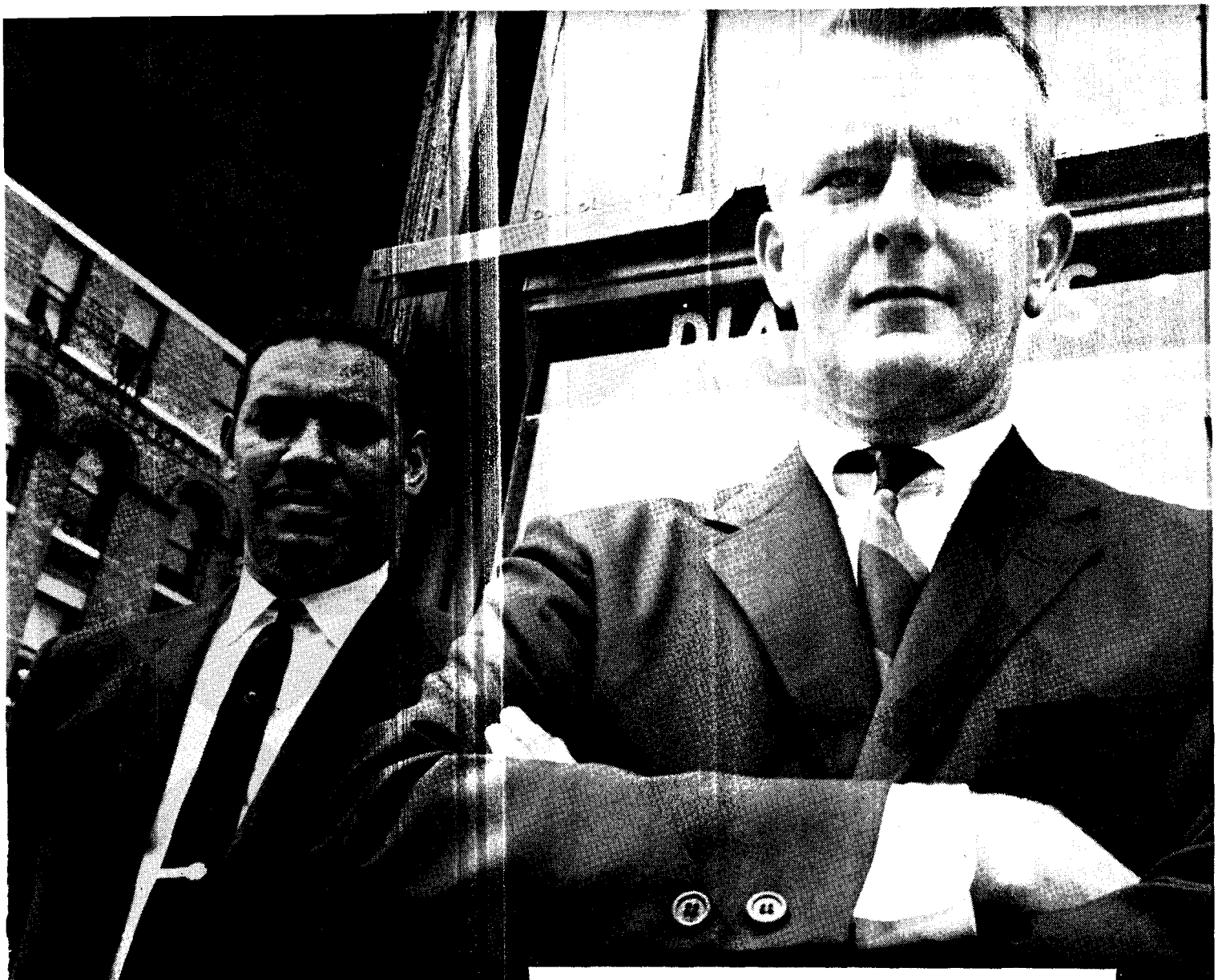

Some business problems are not as simple as black and white.

Dick Russell is a fairly typical businessman at Western Electric.

Ronald Lewis is a fairly typical jewelry store owner.

Except that Dick is white and Ronald is black. And it's not very typical for white men to spend spare time in Harlem or black men to own prosperous jewelry stores.

What they have in common is the Workshop in Business Opportunities, which originated in Harlem. It's sponsored and staffed by volunteer businessmen. The aim: help small-business men become better managers.

Ronald, owner of Nok Jewelers in Harlem, is a graduate of the Workshop. Dick, a systems manager in Western Electric's Defense Activities Division, is a Workshop instructor. Dick became interested through Volunteers In Action (VIA), an employee group at Western Electric.

Helping people with their business problems is tough, demanding work. And when a business is in Harlem, it's even tougher. But to Western Electric and the many employees like Dick, who take part in VIA on their own time, it's rewarding and necessary work.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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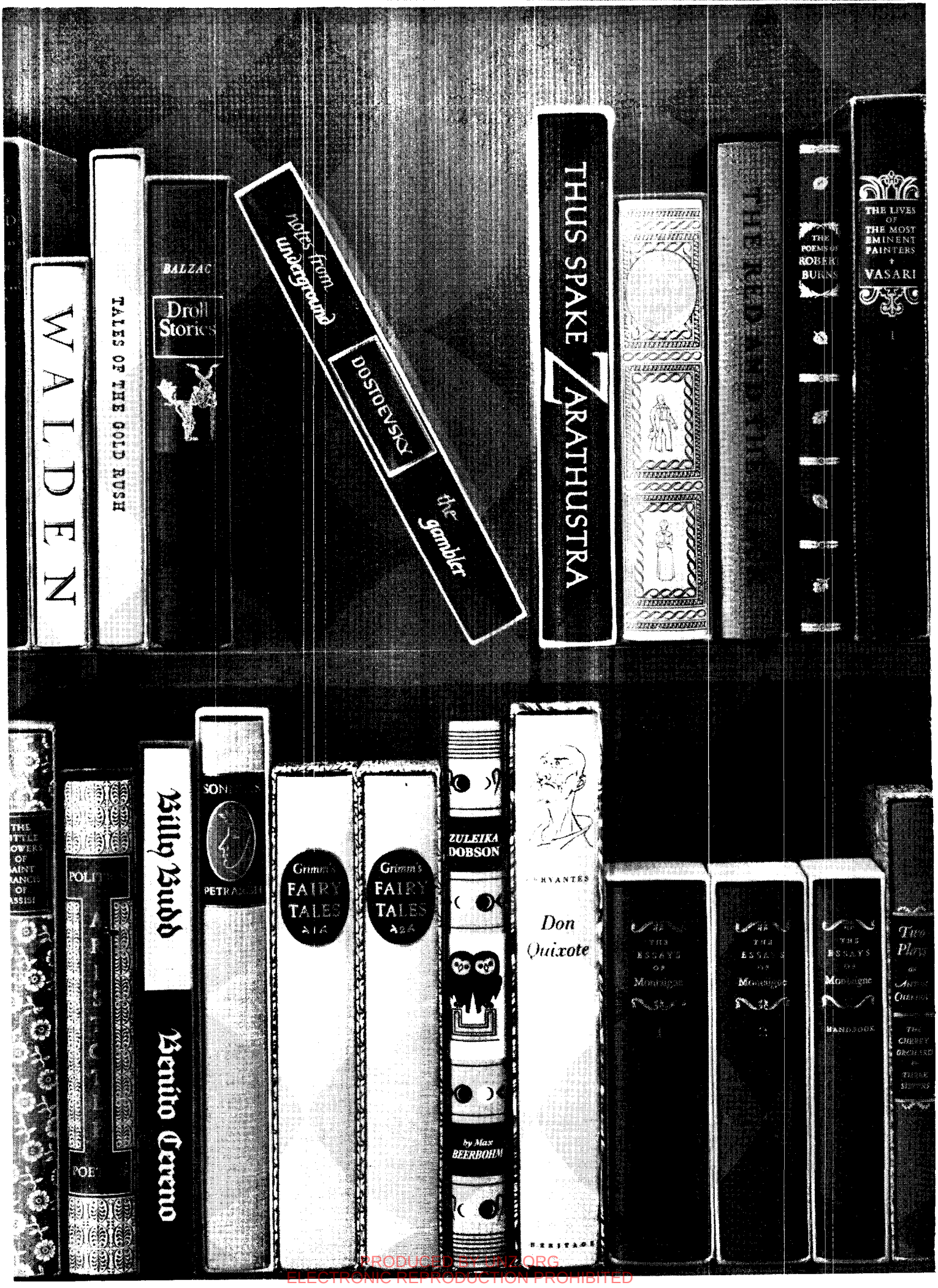

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Our edition comes in three large volumes: the 14 Comedies, the 10 Histories, and the 13 Tragedies—37 plays in all.

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Three internationally famous book illustrators embellished the 3 volumes. For the Comedies, Edward Ardizzone contributed 29 color drawings, in the madcap spirit of Lear, Tenniel, and Sir Max Beerbohm. For the Histories, John Farleigh fashioned 20 two-color wood engravings, as evocative as ancient battle standards. And the eminent artist from Macbeth's own glens, Agnes Miller Parker, executed 28 brooding wood engravings for the Tragedies. (All Heritage Club books are illustrated by such artists as Picasso, Ayrton, Artzybasheff.)

As with all of our books, the paper on which this set is printed has been chemically treated to assure a life of at least two centuries. And the staunch bindings are designed to fit the subject. All three Shakespeare volumes are half-bound in linen bearing a rose, lavender, and purple pattern on an ecru background—a design taken from the period wall decoration of a 400-year-old Tudor mansion where Shakespeare himself used to spend the night. The backstrip of each book is a sturdy natural buckram stamped in pigment and gold leaf.

Our edition of Shakespeare's Complete Plays comes in three 6 x 9¾" volumes—substantial but light enough to hold comfortably on your lap. Each volume is individually boxed. There are 3,590 pages in all, luxuriously illustrated.

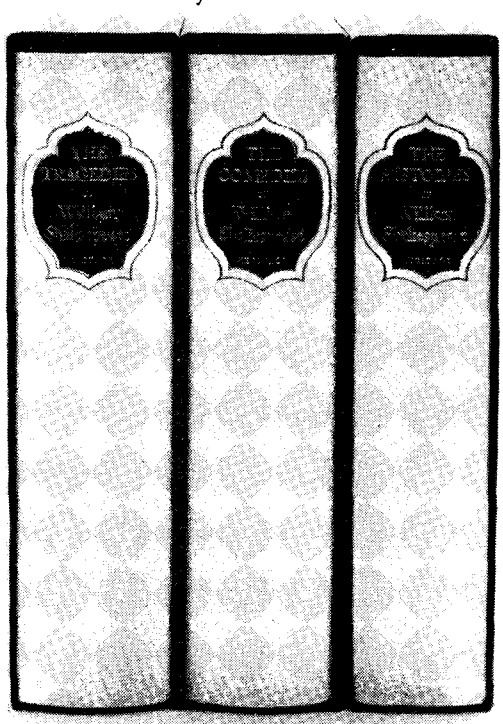
Normally, as a member, you could purchase this three volume set as three separate selections for $5.95 each or a total of $17.85, plus postage. But if you mail the attached card —you may have the entire set without cost, as a new-member gift.

In months to come, you will have a choice of such remarkable volumes as Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Cape Cod by Thoreau, Gone With the Wind, the Satyricon of Petronius, Wilde's Short Stories, and the Poems of Shakespeare. Each of the books will be designed and illustrated by an internationally famous artist, and so well made you will cherish each as a proud possession and sound investment.

You're not bound by rigid contract to take any of these books. The Club gives you the option of substitutions from a backlist of more than fifty books in print. Each Club selection costs you only $5.95, plus postage, even though, by any standard, you should expect to pay twice that amount or more.

If you have a taste for fine books, browsing through each volume of the Heritage Shakespeare will be a thrilling experience.

We believe it will also make you want to continue as a Heritage Club member. But we can only bid you welcome. The decision to remain with us is yours.



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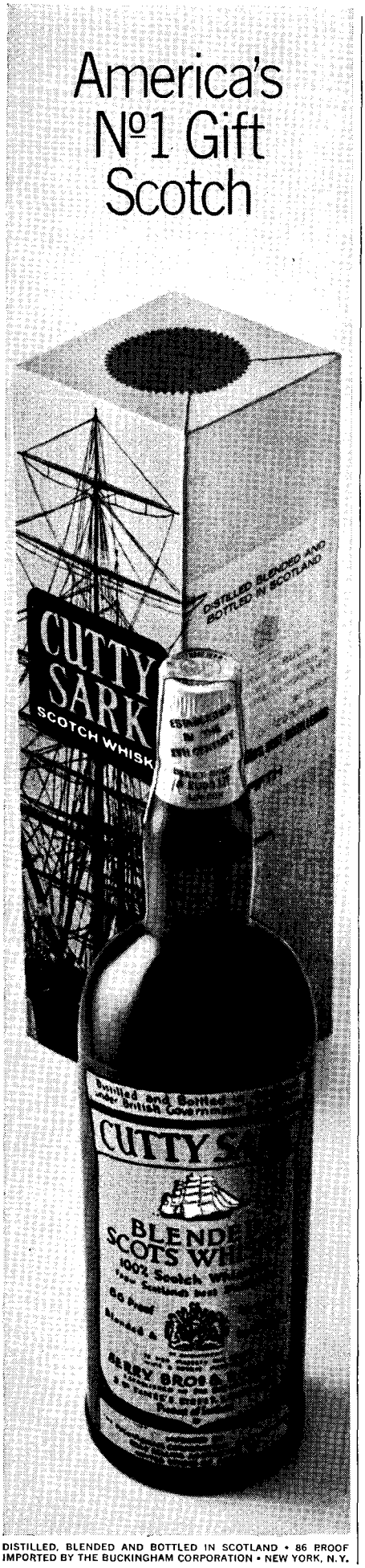

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Up In Smoke

THE Federal Trade Commission, watchdog of TV commercials—which lately have been more entertaining than the stuff in between—has suggested in a recent report that all cigarette advertising should be banned from our home screens.

If Congress approves, there go some of our biggest song hits: the haunting melody of "You Can Take Salem Out of the Country, But," and that beautiful ballad "It's Not How Long You Make It, But How You Make It Long," and of course that lovely couplet "Winston Tastes Good, Like a Cigarette Should."

Incidentally, such a hue and cry went up among conservative, grammatical smokers about the morphological misuse of "like" in that song, that the Winston people were finally forced to change the lyric. It now goes: "Winston Tastes Good, Like *Your* Cigarette Should."

Not only do we lose those songs if cigarette advertising is to be banned, but with them will also go the memorable lush pastoral landscape they have down there in Marlboro country. And the whistler who walks ebulliently over the hill and dale and bridge and creek to get to the tiny general store at trail's end for a Camel. And as he draws deep on the cigarette, he leans back and props his feet up and unashamedly admits, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

He has walked many miles for his Camel, as anyone can tell by the hole in the sole of his shoe. One observer of this imprudent smoker has often wondered why, after that long trek, he doesn't buy a carton or two instead of only one pack. Then he wouldn't have to give his sole to the company store every day.

Lucky cigarettes at one time tried to preach temperance in its advertising. "You don't have to light a Lucky to like it," said the announcer. And it showed boys and girls putting unlighted Luckies to their lips—and at either end. They only went through the motions of smoking, the commercial indicating that all you need to satisfy your craving for a cigarette is to have Luckies around and never smoke them.

Abstinence from using the product by the actors who appear in commercials is most evident in the beer plugs. Frosty glasses of frothy beer are being poured all over the place, but never a drop touches the lips of those thirsty actors working under hot lights in a TV studio. It is no credit to the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences that no Emmy has ever been awarded these indomitable thespians for parched throats above and beyond the call of duty.

Given that restriction, it is no wonder that the composers of the lyrical cantata "Schaefer Is the One Beer to Have When You're Having More Than One" knew they were not taking a chance of getting into trouble with the Federal Trade Commission on truth in advertising. You can have a whole case of any beer the way nobody ever drinks it on TV.

And why only cigarettes? How about that girl dressed in white feathers who entices a guy into smoking a cigar by saying he will look so handsome smoking it? Then she provocatively suggests, "There's more to a White Owl than just smoke." The "more" is something the cancer people haven't yet warned us against.

Getting back to cigarettes, one wonders if the FTC has not been too precipitous with its proposal to ban cigarette TV commercials. Sitting on the edge of a chair watching Apollo VII get readied for its ascension, I noticed a sudden ominous halt in the countdown.

Although Launch Control overreacted calmly by announcing it was nothing to be concerned about—some small item about chilling the fuel—this viewer, an inveterate cigarette commercial watcher, could readily reconstruct the scene in the control room.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Nothing too much, George. I can't remember when I pressurized the cabin if it's 60 per cent oxygen and 40 per cent hydrogen, or is that vice versa?"

"Bill, this is no time to start wondering. The countdown is going on."

"Tell 'em to keep counting. I'll catch up. Everything seems to be 'No Go' this morning. And this cigarette is 'No Go,' too."

"Oh? Well here, Bill, try one of mine."

"Viceroy, eh? OK, George. Got a light?"

"Sure. The taste never stops, Bill."

"Yeah. You're right, George. The taste never stops. Well come on, Bill. We got a 1,300,000-pound space vehicle here ready for a 1,600,000-pound thrust. The countdown is T minus six."

"Oh, yes. Now I remember. It's 60 per cent oxygen and 40 per cent hydrogen. There. That does it. Thanks to you, Bill."

"Thanks to Viceroy, George."

See, FTC?

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THE NEW YORK TIMES

An exciting addition to
The Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts.
There are now 10 albums
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THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

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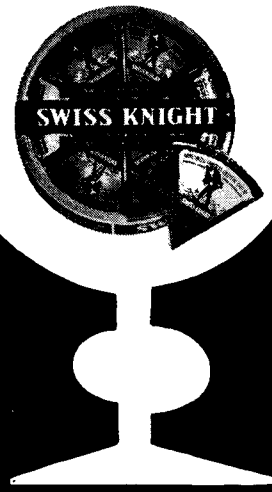
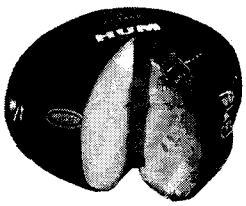
SWISS KNIGHT® A nut-like flavor makes this fine imported Gruyère a warming companion for a chilled martini. In wedges or slices, a great Knight for a party.



HUM® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam to be sliced or scooped as a tangy complement for any drink.



GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

November was the month of Nixon and Nguyen Van Thieu, of the French franc and Albert Shanker, of an earthquake in the Midwest and the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Washington. And, looking back on the election, one thing was certain: apathy was almost equally divided.

Apartheid, on the other hand, was not—it was rejected. And the poor showing of Wallace and LeMay proved one thing. The country may not have known what it wanted, but it knew two things it did not want—the Bombsey Twins.

On the surface it looked as if Chicago's Mayor Daley had, at long least, had it. He was faced, after all, with a Republican President, a Republican Senator, and a Republican governor. Underneath, unfortunately, the Daley news turned out not to be all that good. Chicago's mayor was not particularly interested in Washington or Springfield, Illinois—he was interested in Cook County and, specifically, Cook County's state's attorney or chief prosecutor. Columnist Marquis Childs put it succinctly:

> The last Republican to hold that office dragged all sorts of scandals into the light—the fixing of traffic tickets, corrupt bail bond practices, and a police burglary ring. It was murder for Daley. Taking no chances this time, he saw to it that his own man, Edward Hanrahan, was elected.

On the Presidential front, it may be doubted if either party learned any lasting lesson. The fact that any other Republican could have won was as overlooked by the Republicans as was, by the Democrats, the fact that so too, given the same opposition, could any other Democrat. McCarthy, for example, probably would have won easily. So could the fast-coming Muskie. Or, for that matter, your Aunt Mary. But do the professional politicians ever learn? We doubt it. Jim Farley, asked about the results, said merely, "We'll get 'em next time." Sure you will, Jim, sure you will. Maybe you can run Edward Hanrahan.

On the Vice Presidential front, we liked best Bob Hope's comment. "It's tough on Spiro Agnew," he said. "Just when he was becoming known, he gets to be Vice President." But then Bob was none too hopeful about the Aristotle Socrates Onassises. "It's hard," he said, "to think of the Kennedys as poor relations." The Duchess of Windsor, on the other hand, couldn't understand what Jackie saw in Ari. "I wouldn't marry him," she said, "if he was the King of England." Which comment was, considering the source, perhaps the most remarkable of the month. No one had Onassis figured as king of anywhere. Just President—of Greece.

The California ballot was the country's most extraordinary. "There is nothing quite like it," *Los Angeles* magazine commented, "anywhere in the civilized world." The reason? Not only the number of propositions but also the way the arguments, pro and con, are written in a booklet which each voter receives. One Fred E. Huntley, for example, of Berkeley, opposing Proposition 8, declared, "There is no surer route to slavery than through unrest [sic] rained taxation of the People's substance." On the other hand, Robert C. Brown, executive vice president of the California Taxpayers' Association, opposing Proposition 9, said, "Prop 9 is a trap. It sounds great—just as cheese smells great to a mouse before the steel trap springs on his neck."

Even more extraordinary is the manner in which propositions are passed or rejected:

> Watchful leaders of the legislature know that voters tend to read the first few ballot proposals carefully and vote on them judiciously. Then, as they go on down the list, they tend to get irritated with the small print and either do not vote at all or vote "no." Since there are a certain number of iconoclasts who will vote "no" on practically anything, a non-vote is almost as bad as a "no" vote. Anyway, Proposition one usually passes, as do two, three, and four. By the time you get down to nine or ten the odds are against the proposal. Proposition 13, by the way, almost *never* passes. Who says we don't have a rational democracy?

The play of the season was still Howard Sackler's remarkable drama, *The Great White Hope*—one which starred James Earl Jones as the black boxer, "Jack Jefferson," and featured not only a large and excellent cast but the most excitingly staged scenes in recent Broadway history. Among other things, this play—in which Jefferson, with his white girl friend, is framed on a phony Mann Act charge—will send you scurrying for the real story of Jack Johnson. And it will not be an easy scurry. Although

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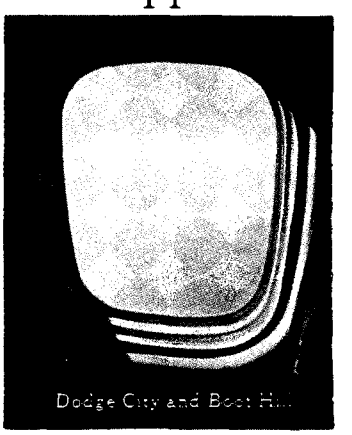
Most Americans 30,000 feet

Gettysburg Battlefield

The Grand Canyon at dawn...Manhattan at dusk...sunlight on the winding Mississippi.

This is America from a jet at 30,000 feet...a sight no traveler would want to miss.

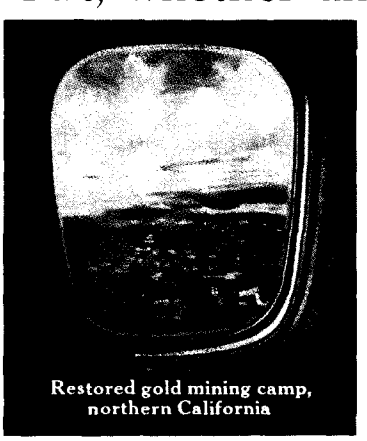

Dodge City and Boot Hi...

However, from that same jet, this too is America...

Arkansas...patches of green...Maine...patches of green and blue...California...clouds...South Dakota...patches of brown.

A sight to send any traveler back to his magazine.

But, whether unmissable or eminently missable, neither of these aerial versions of America has much to do with the land that's down below...


Restored gold mining camp, northern California

Arkansas...back-country fiddling on the second floor of the Court House in Mountain View, songs "older than nobody knows"... Maine...the ferry ride from Boothbay Harbor to Cabbage Island for a clambake, roasting

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see America at and 600 mph.

corn warming the cool evening ... California... the happy insanity of the Calaveras frog jumping contest, an annual event since before Mark Twain... South Dakota...the trip on the narrow gauge railroad from Hill City to Oblivion – and back.

Indian burial grounds in New Mexico

This is the America our age of air travel has passed over.

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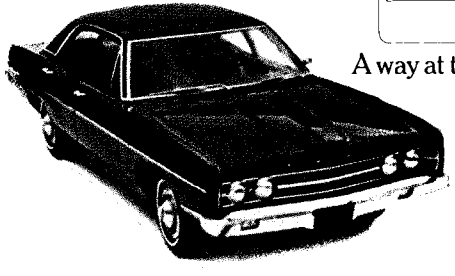

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Johnson lived on to 1946 and was ranked, as recently as 1959, by the eminent ring authority Nat Fleischer, as the greatest heavyweight champion of all time (second, Jeffries; third, Fitzsimmons; fourth, Dempsey; fifth, Corbett; and sixth, Louis), the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, even in the period in which he was champion of the world (1909-1915), has not one single article listed about him. In those days, apparently, reputable magazines (i.e., those filed by *RGPL*) gave short shrift to "popular" athletes in general and no shrift at all to black, controversial ones.

Nonetheless, Mr. Johnson's obituary in *The New York Times* of June 11, 1946, following an automobile accident, was, if not favorable, at least flowery:

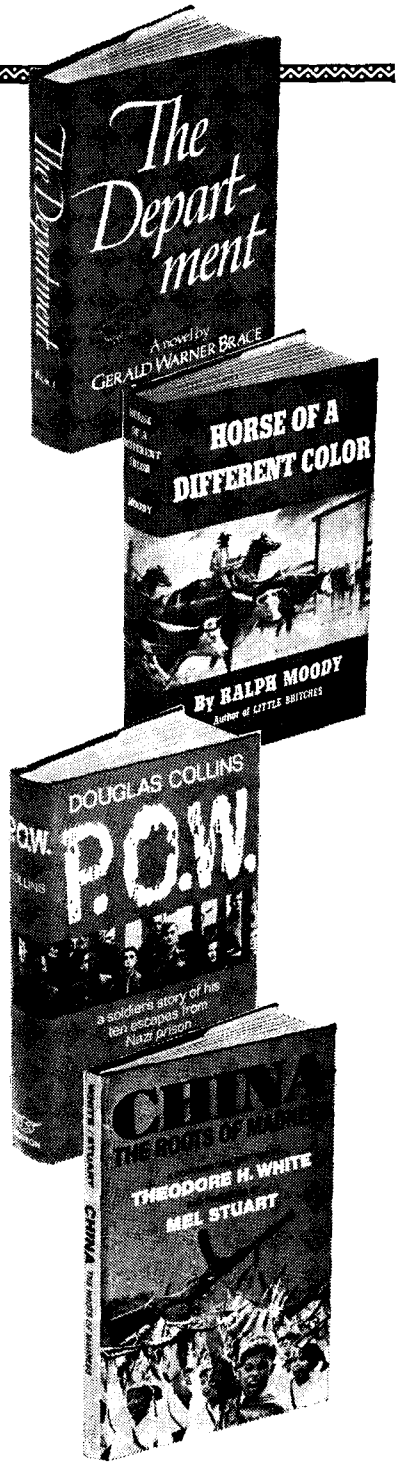
> Death ended a strange career when it took Jack Johnson, a mad-cap existence that touched the heights, hit the depths and lingered at intermediate points in the scale. He lived in the lap of luxury but abused the fame and fortune that came to him and died bereft of riches. Since 1937, he had lectured at Hubert's Museum at 228 West 42nd Street, once a year or oftener, disregarded gibes that he was competing with the flea circus.

The *Times* also noted that, far from the 20 per cent Jack Jefferson got in the play for his fight, Jack Johnson got, for his real-life fight with Jeffries in Reno, in 1910, $120,000 (another source gave him 60 per cent of $101,000). The *Times* did note, however, that for his fight in Havana with Jess Willard, when he "layed down" and lost the championship (twenty-six rounds!), he was supposed to have received $50,000, but never got it. The *Times* commented briefly on the black-white problem:

> He married two white women. One of them committed suicide in a room above his Cafe de Champion in Chicago. The other he married while she was being interrogated as the government's chief witness in the prosecution of charges that he had violated the Mann Act in transporting her from Pittsburgh to Chicago.

Finally, the goof of the month was NBC's cutoff, with fifty-nine seconds to go, of a New York Jets football game in which the Jets were leading Oakland 32-29. The final score, which was not announced until a full hour and twenty minutes later—as a streamer under the movie *Heidi*—was Oakland 43, Jets 32. In between, thousands of irate fans had not only swamped the NBC switchboard with calls, but hundreds had gone a step further and called the police. The police didn't do a darned thing, either—didn't even call the networks. But, come to think of it, they couldn't. All *their* lines were jammed, too.

NORTON



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"Pickwick Papers"

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE characters of the dialogue in Plato's *Republic* say that what they are doing is trying to create a theoretical environment which will perfectly enable the Just Man and so define him. *Pickwick Papers* starts with the good man, not just, rather benign, as its initial assumption and tells the story of his interaction with the world, in the sense of St. Paul's "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil." Although the two books are superficially very unalike, we have Dostoevsky's word that it was from Pickwick that he got the idea for his own good man, Prince Mishkin in *The Idiot*.

Mr. Pickwick is a synthesis of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Tom Jones, and most of the characters in *Tristram Shandy*. He is not only more rational, but more self-conscious and more intelligent, in the ordinary sense, than his fictional ancestors. So likewise his man of common sense, his Sancho Panza, Sam Weller, is not a "natural" whose wisdom is that of the simple appetitive peasant. There is nothing really earthy about Sam Weller. He is thoroughly urban. His wisdom is derived from an adequate sense of the meaning of all the strains and stresses in a complex web of unending human relationships, the acquisitive society. Mr. Pickwick and Sam live in a more densely populated world than their predecessors, where good and evil are never simple, but complicated in each person like the traffic of a great city.

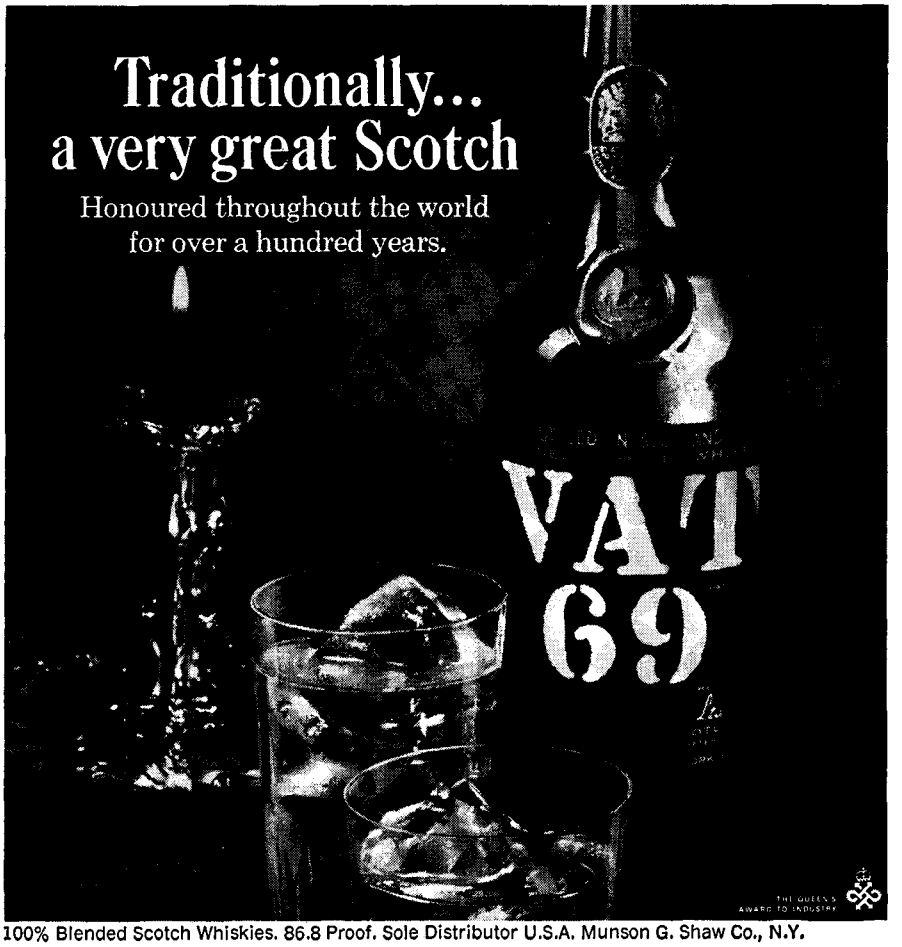
Interpolated in the main story are a number of tales told by the characters. They are exact opposites of the main narrative. Each is a portrayal of the world as a place of moral horror, and their contrast with the story of Mr. Pickwick and Sam and their friends intensifies the impression that their world is not just a utopia but a Garden before the Fall. Although Sam Weller serves Mr. Pickwick as rudder and anchor and keeps him attached to the planet by his mocking realization of universal self-interest, this self-interest is never judged to be evil as such.

From Dostoevsky's day the assumption has always been that the environment of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would always not enable, but destroy, the benign man. The good people in Balzac are ground up in the wheels of life as in the chopper of a garbage disposal. The good people in Samuel Beckett are what emerges at the other end of the garbage disposal. Modern civilization is assumed to be the exact opposite of Plato's *Republic*, not the optimum environment, but the worst, for a man entirely virtuous. The situation of Mr. Pickwick, if it were described in the abstract, would be taken for granted by almost anyone to be tragic, or at least, a black comedy.

DOES Mr. Pickwick meet with tragedy? He does not—he meets with adventures. Almost all of them are comic to a greater or lesser degree but with a comedy that is more funny than black. He and Sam Weller and a few of their friends and companions in their journey through life carry their utopia with them. Whatever misadventures befall, it remains intact. So, in a sense, nothing happens in the book to raise it to the level of dramatic art. Complicated situations come and go. At the end a few people are better, and better off, because of Mr. Pickwick's benevolence, and he has grown old. Perhaps this is really what happens in life to most good men. They are not crucified. They simply pass through life and then die, and their passing influences just a few people to make them just a little happy. Mr. Pickwick offers himself to the Great Beast of Things as They Are as a scapegoat in atonement for others, but the result is a resurrection without a crucifixion.

Pickwick is a most extraordinary production. It occurs, so to speak, backward in the author's life. It was his first real book, preceded only by the heterogeneous *Sketches by Boz*. It was written in 1836; Dickens was only twenty-four. The kind of wisdom exhibited in *Pickwick* is usually assumed to come only in old age. Dickens grew backward. The dark and bitter and perverse tales of his later life are the sort of things written by young men. It took a long time for life to tell on him. It is extraordinary that a youth subjected to the toil and trouble, insecurity and shame of Dickens's young days should have emerged with one of the most benevolent tales in literature. Life, instead of convincing him of his initial judgment, slowly persuaded him otherwise. The motivation of the characters in his last novels are as disingenuous as any in Henry James.

Dickens has been a favorite of those literary nuisances, the psychoanalytic critics. For once they found a patient whose problems did reflect their formulas. The weakness in the Pickwickian



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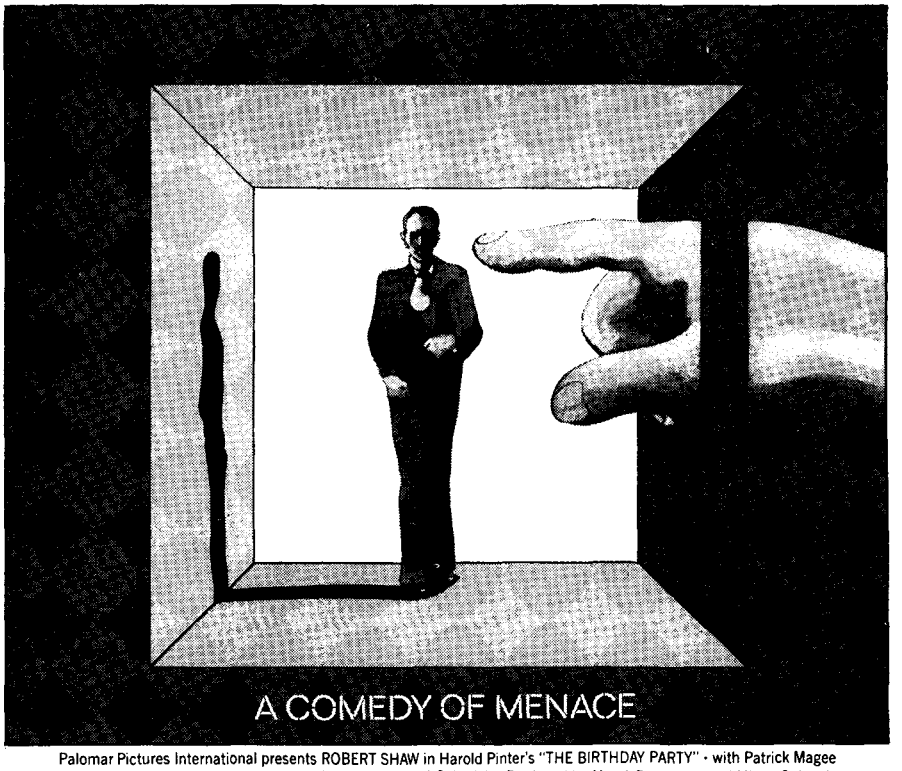

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utopia is the same as that in Whitman's. It is a brotherhood, a community of affection confined to males. The monstrous regimen of women is there. Later it would grow across the world of Dickens's *dramatis personae* like a great black cloud. In *Pickwick*, although there are several women of the Dickensian villainess stamp, they are powerless. Life just bobbles along and defeats them. Freudian symbol-hunting is usually absurd, but notice the constant use of milk, factually and metaphorically, throughout *Pickwick*. In what might have been the black comedy crisis of the novel, where Dickens directly models his story on the most disgraceful episode in *Don Quixote*, it is milk punch that Mr. Pickwick drinks to excess. Overexcited in the heat of his benevolence, and thirsty, he becomes tipsy. He babbles. He tumbles over into a wheelbarrow. He falls blissfully asleep. The evil world pelts him with vegetables and ordure. He sleeps on, smiling like an infant who had been nursed to satiety. The utopia of *Pickwick* is a self-sufficient nursery of males, a little like the moving picture of Laurel and Hardy, dressed as babies, in a giant crib. The women in the novel who are the bad people are so essentially because they withhold the nourishment that women can give. However, nobody really seems to mind. The milk of human kindness flowing from Mr. Pickwick is sufficient.

Unlike Whitman, Dickens by no manner of means avoided women. His life was full of them. He lived in a kind of harem of emotional turmoil all his days. His relations with women were far deeper than those with men. Women play a determinative role in many of his later novels.

Both Dickens's life and novels reflect back on *Pickwick* and would be expected to make it seem unreal. Quite the contrary. It is the most real of all his books. As he was writing it in his twenty-fourth year he knew this would be so, that his first judgment of life would be his soundest, that he would never write another *Pickwick*, that for once he had written a great classic.

Thomas Seccombe in an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* article sums up Dickens's career with the sentence: "Dickens had no artistic ideals worth speaking about." If *Pickwick Papers* does not embody the highest artistic ideals nothing does. It is an accomplishment of untortured artistic lucidity of the sort we attribute to Mozart and Raphael—a kind of angelism.

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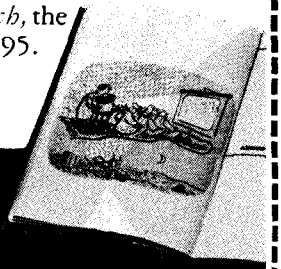

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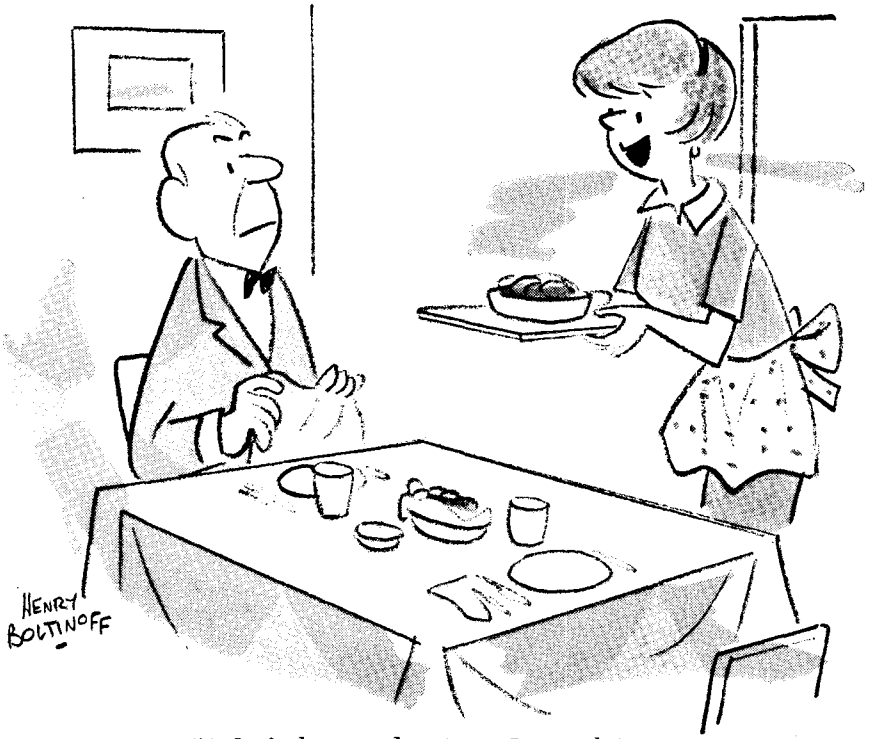

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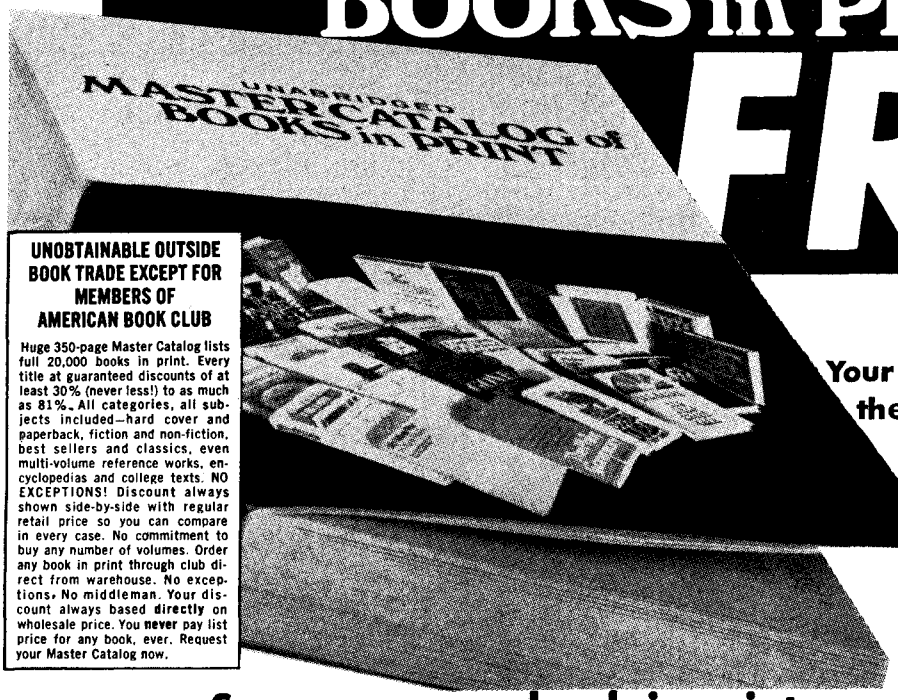

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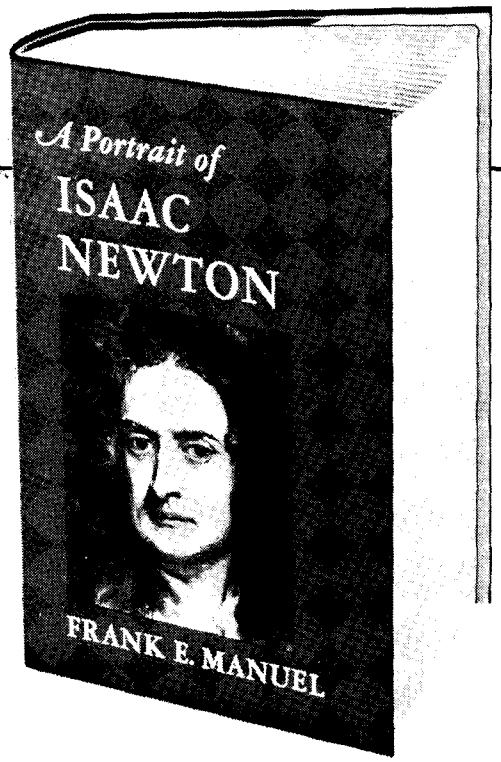

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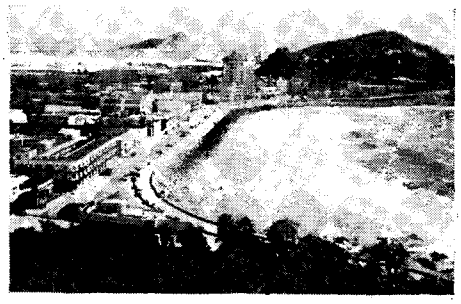

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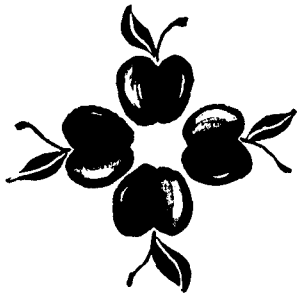

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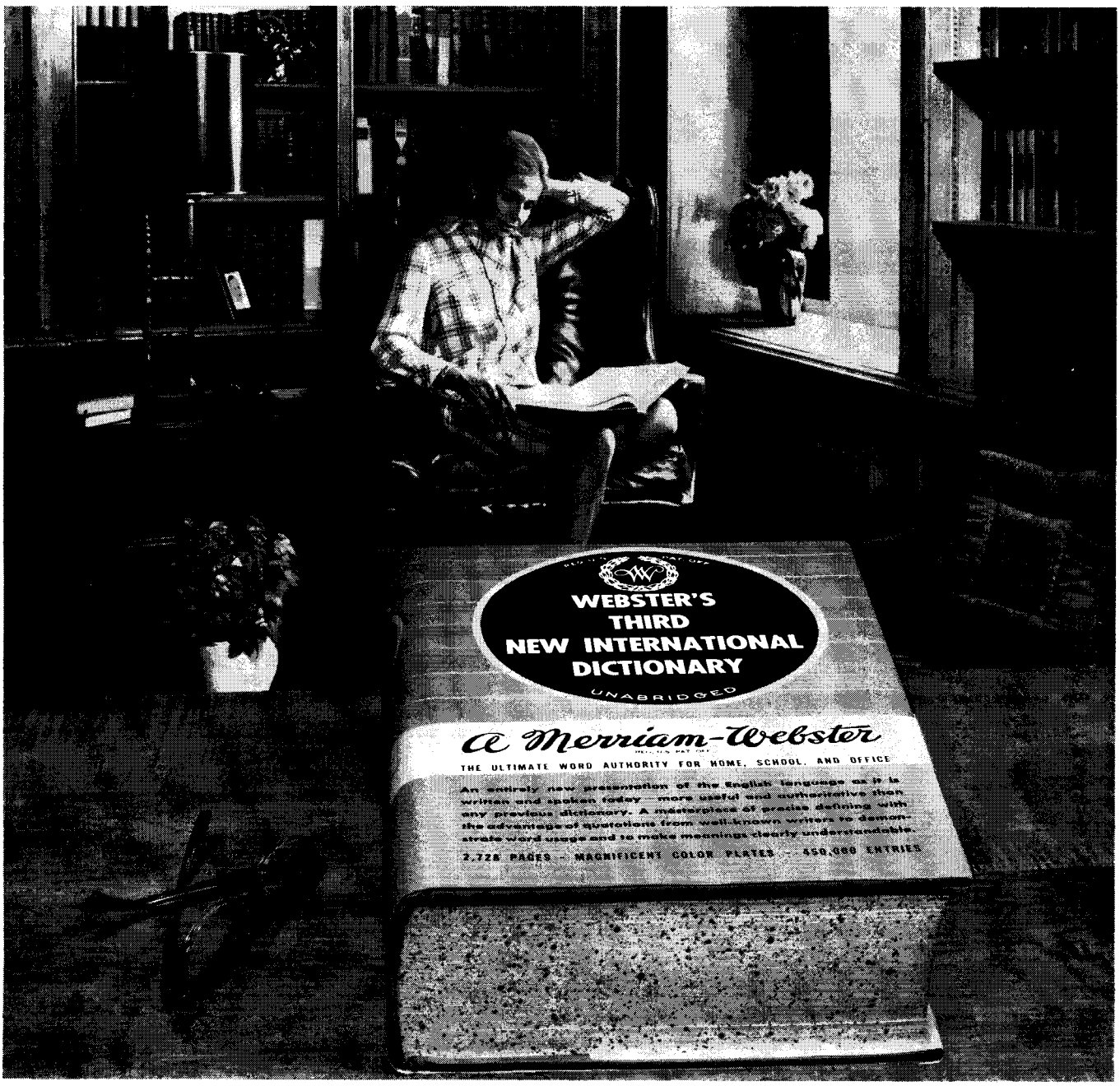

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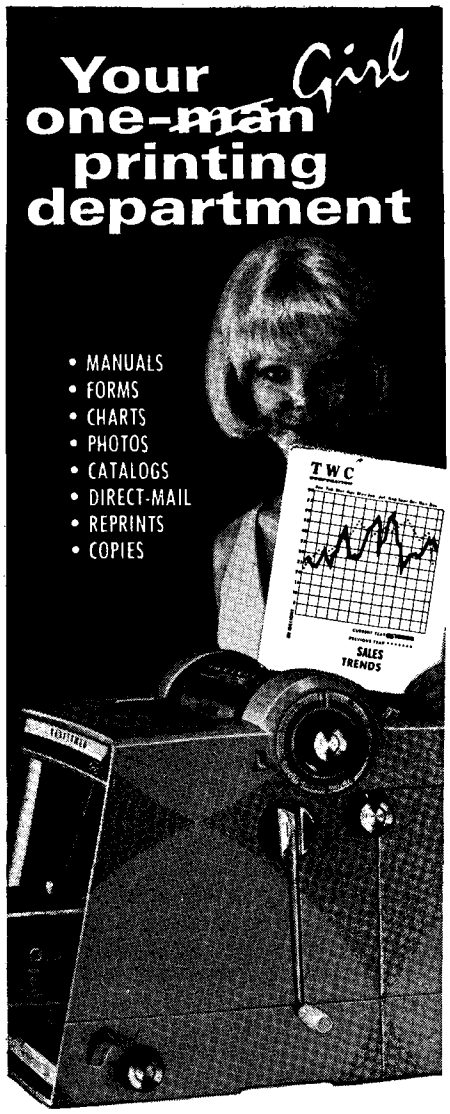

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Trade Winds

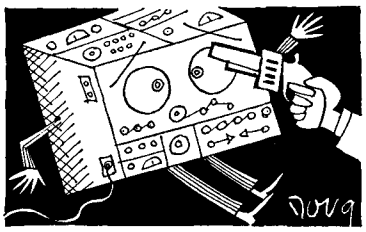
Jerome Beatty, Jr.

There was a cocktail party in Washington for Samm Sinclair Baker in honor of his latest book, *The Permissible Lie.* Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson complimented the author, who in turn commended Mr. Johnson for his article in the *Atlantic,* "The Media Barons and the Public Interest."

"In fact, it was so well done," Baker said, "that I wondered who wrote it for you."

Johnson regarded him stonily for a few seconds, then replied, "The same fellow who wrote your book for you."

Will senseless violence never end? Not long ago a man with a gun entered the Employment Security Building in Olympia, Washington, in the middle of the night. He sneaked to the second floor and



into an office where checks for the jobless are processed. IBM 1401, whose task it is to write the checks, was resting there quietly after a long day's work. The intruder fired two bullets into the unarmed computer and fled.

Fortunately, the shots were not fatal. One struck between the A and B switches, and the other next to the N button. Yet these flesh wounds were enough to put 1401 out of action for a few hours, delaying unemployment checks for Spokane. Authorities at first suspected that some disgruntled jobless person was the would-be assassin, but the chase led closer to home. (Someone suggested that another computer in the same room, which had always played second fiddle to 1401, had committed the crime. That theory was quickly discarded because that machine was not programed to dispose of the gun.) Finally, a human being in the same office was arrested for the shooting. A highly trained mathematician and engineer, he offered no public explanation for the crime. Recently the charges were dismissed and he was back at work alongside a scarred, wiser 1401, who can forgive but—like all computers—can never forget.

That great argument-settler, *The World Almanac,* is here again. The first one was published 100 years ago, and now 2,000,000 copies of the 1969 edition have hit the stands. "*The World Almanac* does not decide wagers," says the customary masthead disavowal. But a bet with someone else, or with yourself, often sends you to the "Book of Facts," and if you can't find what you want, sometimes you write a letter. A woman wrote a while ago and chastised the editors, saying she was shocked to find that *TWA* doesn't carry the normal body temperatures of different animals. Just a few weeks ago, Editor Luman Long received a telegram from a frantic fellow who wanted him to wire collect complete information about the Gordon Bennett International Balloon Races of 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1915.

The *Almanac* is the most up-to-date source of facts, causing confusion sometimes with students who find that their textbooks or reference books don't agree with it. For instance, Los Angeles was supposed to have the largest land area, with 454 square miles. Lately Oklahoma City went ahead with 631 square miles. But the 1969 *World Almanac* is one-up—first to record that Jacksonville, Florida, will claim 827 square miles in the 1970 census.

Some of the new features in the new *Almanac* are a list of used car prices, a county-by-county tabulation of the Presidential vote for the three leading candidates, a list of collective nouns (a gam of whales, a skulk of foxes), and the measurements of all the Miss Americas (in 1921, the winner had a 30-inch bust).

The most famous magazine article of all time ran in *Esquire* in October 1936. It was called "Latins Are Lousy Lovers" and it set back the Good Neighbor Policy considerably, according to a remark by Secretary of State Cordell Hull. The Cuban Government sent an official protest to our State Department; the police confiscated copies of the magazine in Havana and jailed newsdealers; and all of Latin America, as well as Italians and Frenchmen, were furious.

The anonymous author of the story, Helen Lawrenson, a mere girl at the time, had spent enough time in Cuba to gather material for her sardonic thesis. Since then she has tried in vain to live down a reputation based on just one article. Luckily she is a talented writer, as indicated by her latest book, *Latins Are Still Lousy Lovers* (Hawthorn), which contains not only the original

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Osez
le verre
...vert!

piece (it's still funny) but a lot of others she has had published in various magazines.

One chapter describes things that have happened to her as a result of her article. She was challenged to a duel by one indignant Spaniard who thought only a man could have written the story. Once she was having a pleasant conversation

with Jean Gabin when he found out the horrible truth. He shifted his eyebrows coldly and walked away, never to return. Another time Miss Lawrenson was in Panama and got a telephone call from a local Latin who said that when he first read her article he had been a little boy. "Now I'm grown up," he said, "and I would like to meet you."

Sharps and Flats: In *Books in Print*, I counted 992 books with titles starting *How To–* from *How To Abandon Ship* all the way to *How To Write Your Term Paper.*

► Things I can do without include: that V-sign with two fingers, the phrase "tell it like it is," and so-called poetry that is nothing more than prose printed in odd lines.

► A handsome sign in Wisconsin, reports Betty Zimmerman, says: REMINGTON TOWNSHIP DUMP—RESIDENCE ONLY

► John Templeton, editor of All-Church Press, wrote that in Jerusalem's Shrine of the Book, "the Dead Sea Scrolls are housed for safekeeping for Jew, Christian, and Catholic alike."

► In Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, a restaurant has Italian Swiss Steak on the menu.

► Show me a stewardess who starts taking off her clothes as the plane approaches the airport and I'll show you a landing strip.

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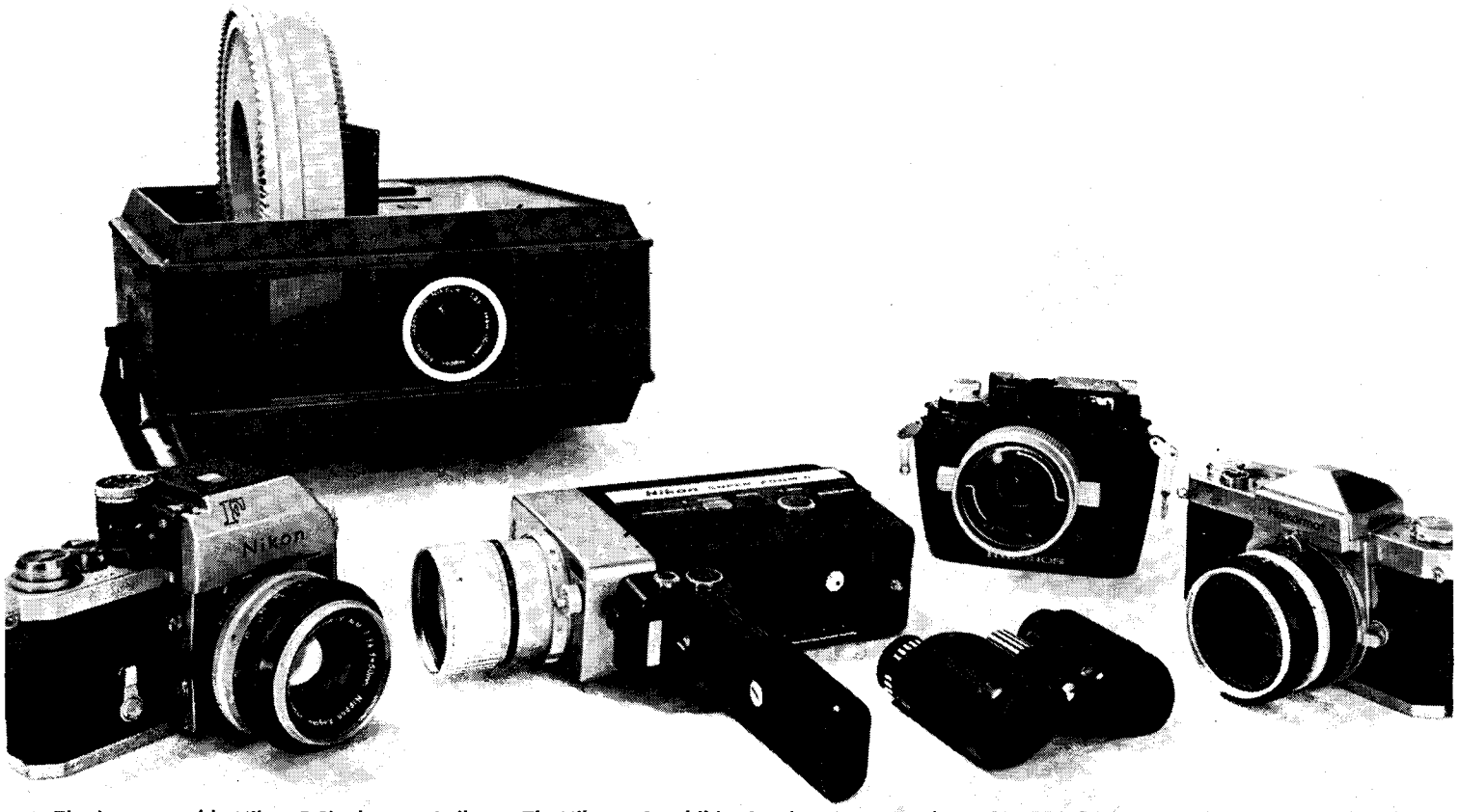

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Saturday Review
December 7, 1968

A. H. Raskin

The Revolt of the Civil Servants

The strike is becoming an increasingly popular weapon among teachers, garbage men, and other public employees. Is there a way in which government can protect the public interest without infringing on the rights of those who are supposed to be its servants?

ALL the fears, frustrations, and furies of the nation's decaying cities beat down on the civil service. The policeman, once a symbol of authority with small boys tagging respectfully in his wake eager to touch the magic blue cloth, finds himself dodging sniper's bullets or being spat upon as a "pig." The fireman, responding to alarms in the ghetto, is peppered with bricks and bottles as he prepares to risk his life to save someone else's. The teacher, already dismayed by the bars to learning created by poverty, family disintegration, and the general hopelessness of inherited dependency, must also wrestle with the new pressures born of the Negro's struggle for more self-rule.

In every other phase of municipal service, from welfare through garbage collection, the woes of the cities make each day's duties a challenge—and usually a misery—for those who work for the cities. Little wonder then that, in a period of widespread rebellion against established institutions, the discontents of public employees are erupting in illegal strikes, slowdowns, and other forms of revolt against that stuffiest and most bureaucratic of all institutions—the government that public employees are sworn to uphold.

At every level of government—federal, state, and local—civil service strikes are just as illegal today as they were in 1919 when Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, backed the firing of Boston police strikers with the declaration that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Yet New York City has had almost three years of what amounts to a nonstop crisis involving strikes and strike threats by teachers, subway workers, nurses, doctors, policemen, firemen, sanitation men, welfare workers, and employees of other vital agencies.

So successful have the New York unions been in enshrining the principle that unlawful strikes pay off in fatter wage agreements and a larger union voice in basic policy decisions, that the virus has spread to cities all over the United States. The big worry now is that it will undermine the stability of the no-strike commitment in the federal service, even though present law makes it a felony to strike against Uncle Sam and all recognized unions must certify that they do not even assert the right to strike in federal employment.

Organized labor, a smug, overfat slug-abed in the general economy, is militantly on the march in all branches of the civil service. The prize is a tempting one, especially in state and local agencies where employment has nearly tripled since World War II to a current total of more than 9,000,000 workers. At least 3,000,000 more are expected to be in public jobs by 1975, and the unions hope almost all will be wearing union buttons by that time. They also hope the blanket ban on public strikes will be consigned to the dustbin of history; their goal is a uniform standard to govern emergency strikes in public and private employment, with the same freedoms and limitations applying to all workers in both sectors.

If an intelligent decision on that issue is to be made by the employer—we, the people, all 200 million of us—it is important to consider what is right and what is wrong about the things we are now doing to keep the peace in the civil service, and also whether there is any realistic prospect of enforcing a prohibition on strikes in a section of the economy that provides jobs for one-sixth of the American work force.

Perhaps the best way to underline the complexity of the whole problem is to take a close look at two of this year's highly publicized strikes, both involving garbage collectors. One was the strike that carried Martin Luther King, Jr., to his death by rifle fire in Memphis. The strikers were predominantly Negroes performing an essential community service at wages of less than $2 an hour. But the central strike issue was not the

A. H. Raskin, assistant editor of the editorial page of *The New York Times*, writes frequently on labor.

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wretchedly low pay scale or the abysmal working conditions. It was the city's refusal to grant its unionized sanitation men the most elementary attributes of industrial democracy—union recognition and an orderly machinery for the adjustment of grievances, rights that have been guaranteed by law to workers in private industry for more than three decades.

THE Memphis garbage collectors were technically engaged in an illegal strike and the city was well advanced on a program intended to break their union and their strike when Dr. King came to town to lead a protest march in their behalf. His assassination focused national attention on the outrage Memphis was perpetrating on these exploited workers behind its sanctimonious shield of compliance with the no-strike law. President Johnson dispatched Under Secretary of Labor James J. Reynolds to Memphis to represent the White House in the settlement talks, and the city reluctantly agreed to recognize the union, establish a grievance system, and bring its pay scale somewhat closer to a living level. Without King's martyrdom, the probability is strong that the union would have been smashed and the garbage men condemned to continued exploitation or to permanent replacement.

Obviously, no persuasive case can be made in defense of a community's right to forbid strikes by its civil service employees when it so conspicuously denies them either equity or minimal respect for human dignity. But, before we get carried away by the unfairness implicit in such a situation, let us turn to the second sanitation strike—the nine-day walkout in New York last February that turned the country's biggest city into a monumental garbage dump and touched off a rancorous political battle between Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and Mayor John V. Lindsay.

New York State, unlike Tennessee, has a law that makes it unnecessary to strike for union recognition or grievance machinery. The Empire State's Taylor Law, based on the recommendations of five nationally prominent experts in peaceful labor-management relations, is designed to give civil service unions every possible assurance that their public employer will not be able to hide behind the strike ban to deny them the wages and other benefits that fairness requires. Not only does the law oblige state and local agencies to sign written contracts with the union representing their workers, but it also provides for impartial fact-finding to break deadlocks over what constitutes a fair settlement. The whole aim is to stop strikes by removing any valid basis for striking.

IN some respects, New York City has gone even further than the state to achieve the same goal. The Lindsay administration joined with most of the city's civil service unions two years ago in setting up an Office of Collective Bargaining (OCB) to promote labor harmony by providing for neutral peace proposals in all contract disputes. The unions have an equal say with the city in every phase of the agency's operation, and George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, has hailed it as a national model.

But the New York sanitation union refused ever to get under the OCB umbrella. Its leaders felt they could get more for their 10,000 members by staying out and then demanding richer contracts than anyone else got. This approach is familiar enough in general union practice, but it has two main defects in the civil service.

One is that it represents a prescription for municipal bankruptcy because the ninety other unions New York deals with won't stand still for such one-upmanship; the result is an endless leapfrog in which every union tries to climb over the backs of all the others, precisely the disease the OCB was intended to cure.

The other defect is that the holdout technique involves feeding the rank and file so much raw meat that no settlement is ever big enough to satisfy the members' overstimulated appetite. That is exactly the mental set the sanitation union chiefs ran into in February when they finally decided to go along with a mediation panel's proposal for a basic pay scale of $8,356 a year, substantially more than double the Memphis rate. The New York garbage men howled down the recommendation and forced their leaders to give unhappy sanction to a strike.

As the city sank into an ocean of swill, Lindsay dug in on the proposition that all chance for stability and respect for orderly process in municipal labor relations would be lost if he yielded to "blackmail" by the outlaw strikers. But it speedily became apparent that there was no equality of bargaining power; the sanitation men, by staying off the job, literally could bury the city in garbage and turn it into a playground for rats and vermin.

THE Mayor finally decided the only way out was to go to the Governor with a request for the National Guard. Rockefeller, who had devoted much of his public career to cementing good relations with labor, was dismayed at the prospect of rekindling all the animosities that had surrounded his father after the "Ludlow massacre" at the Rockefeller-owned mines in Colorado a half-century ago. That worry was heightened by AFL-CIO warnings of a general strike of all New York labor if the Guard was brought in. What followed was a game of political hide-and-go-seek, in which Rockefeller helped the sanitation union jack up the settlement price. Lindsay denounced the proposed deal as "a little bit of blackmail," and New Yorkers—fed up with having one public union after another put a pistol to their heads—rallied so strongly to the Mayor's support that the Governor and his allies in the legislature tossed their solution into the overflowing garbage can.

In the end, the whole pay issue was

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left to arbitration, with everybody back at work. But it would be an exaggeration to pretend that the episode shook the confidence of the strongly entrenched New York civil service groups in the efficacy of force and law defiance as instruments for prying inflated settlements out of the public purse.

On the contrary, when it came time this fall for the city to negotiate new agreements with all its uniformed forces, Lindsay was obliged for the first time to grapple with the reality of illegal strike threats by policemen and firemen as well as the still seething sanitation men. All three groups were out for the biggest increases they had ever got, and each felt it was entitled to do better than the other two. That portended trouble enough, but the difficulties were multiplied by the extent to which all the forces felt they were going downhill in public respect. "People treat us like dirt," was the way one sanitation worker phrased it. And the sense of second-class citizenship was even stronger among policemen and firemen.

INDEED, one of the things they resented most about the negotiations was the city's insistence on freezing the existing balance—one that gave identical pay scales to police and firemen and exactly 12 per cent less to sanitation. The two safety forces were unhappy about being tied to one another (each was convinced it ought to be first), but they were united in anger at the tandem that linked their salaries to those of the garbage crews. "The city puts me in the same class as the trash collector," grumbled one disgusted patrolman. The more intense these expressions of civil service snobbism, the more resolute became the drive of the sanitation men for parity, down to the last fraction of a percentage point.

This three-way rivalry was the last thing Lindsay needed. The city was already being torn apart by the most divisive strike in its history—the walkout of 55,000 unionized teachers in a battle that quickly moved beyond its stated goal of due process in teacher tenure to a confrontation between New York's black and white communities on the explosive issue of school decentralization. Distrust and race hate had so inflamed all parties in the school dispute that the Mayor could not risk conflict with the uniformed forces on which the metropolis had to rely for protection against disorder, arson, and riot.

Lindsay's escape route was to enlist the help of the country's most prestigious peacemaker—Arthur J. Goldberg, newly returned to the private practice of law after nearly eight years as secretary of labor, associate justice of the Supreme Court, and United States representative at the United Nations. Goldberg and his chief associate, Chairman Vincent D. McDonnell of the State Mediation Board, came up with the most tested of union tranquilizers: a pot ful of the city's money to be spread around among members of the uniformed services with sufficient lavishness to keep everybody happy while leaving undisturbed the old wage relationships. The policemen and firemen were to go from $9,383 a year to $10,325; the sanitation men, through a combination of direct pay and premiums for Saturday work, moved up from $8,381 to $9,305. A lot of additional sweeteners were thrown into the pot by way of insuring that there would be no upset.

The executive boards of all three unions unanimously endorsed the Goldberg recommendations, but the rank-and-file reaction in both police and fire was sour. The officers of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the Uniformed Firefighters' Association found their armies marching out in front of them, just as the heads of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association had in February. The members insisted on slowdowns to coerce the city into raising the ante. An epidemic of "Hong Kong flu" hit the police force; no tickets were issued for parking or speeding. The firemen halted all inspection and fire prevention duties; the only thing they would do was answer the fire bell and they threatened to quit doing even that if the city did not surrender. A court order got things back to normal to the vast surprise of Lindsay aides, accustomed to seeing injunctions treated as scrap paper by other municipal unions. But the policemen have not given up their pressure for more money, and no one at City Hall is sure the lid can be kept neatly in place.

WHAT conclusions flow from all this on either the correctness or the practicality of trying to sustain the age-old doctrine that there is no right to strike against the government? My own conviction is that the basic ban, for all the imperfectness of its observance, is essential to orderly government. The reasons were well set forth by the father of the New Deal, Franklin D. Roosevelt, at the very time that he was sponsoring the Wagner Act as a charter of freedom for workers generally. "A strike of public employees," he said, "manifests nothing less than an intent on their part to prevent or obstruct the operations of government until their demands are satisfied. Such action, looking toward the paralysis of government by those who have sworn to support it, is unthinkable and intolerable."

It is true that the multiplication of government services since FDR's day has fuzzed the boundaries between functions that are distinctly the province of government and those that belong in the

Strikes by Public Employees

Employees in Civil Service	1940	1960	1968†
Federal government	996,000	2,270,000	2,690,000
State/local government	3,206,000	6,083,000	9,685,000
Total government employees	4,202,000	8,353,000	12,375,000
Total work force	54,870,000	69,628,000	77,447,000
Government employment as percentage of total force	8%	12%	16%

Work Stoppages: State and Local Government Employees*	1960	1967†
Total work stoppages	36	181
Number of workers involved	28,600	131,670
Number of man-days idle	58,400	1,246,300

**No work stoppages for federal government employees were reported. (Strikes are a felony for employees in federal service.)*

†Latest available figures.

Source: Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics.

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private domain. Bus lines in one city are publicly owned and their drivers have no legal right to strike; bus lines in a larger city nearby are privately owned and their drivers can strike without making themselves outlaws. Similar contradictions affect many other functions of great importance. Municipal hospitals and voluntary hospitals perform services so indistinguishable that many operate as partners in urban medical centers. Electric utilities are municipally run in some areas and privately run in others. Warships are built in navy yards or in private yards. Some cities do their own garbage collection; others contract the whole thing to private haulers. The overlaps keep growing with the growth in government, and so does the difficulty of explaining to workers why a prohibition on strikes makes sense in a public job when it does not apply at all in an identical job under private operation.

THIS difficulty has prompted many critics to argue that the only sound criterion for banning strikes should be the essentiality of the service at stake, whether in the public or the private sector. The only trouble with this line of demarcation is that in practice it proves impossible to draw. The experiences in the last two years of Detroit, Kansas City, and Youngstown, all of which have had strikes of policemen or firemen, reinforce the New York lesson that any breach in the no-strike principle invites its total destruction. No group, however vital its duties, will submit to quarantine if the rest of the civil service is given a green light to strike.

In truth, it is precisely the unions whose members control the most indispensable services that constitute the real strike problem in the civil service. If clerks in the Registry of Deeds or park gardeners quit their posts in violation of law, the city can sustain their absence for a long period with little sense of crisis. But when the schools close down or the subways stop running or the garbage trucks stay in the garage, the community finds itself helpless in short order. The more essential the service, the greater the chance that the government will have to capitulate.

The real justification for maintaining inviolate the legal ban on public strikes lies in the nature of government as the embodiment of all the people. It is not a business organized for profit; it cannot move away; it cannot lock out its employees. The conventional notion of strikes as tests of strength in which the pressures of the marketplace operate to constrain both management and union simply does not apply. For that reason, a strike against government becomes an interference with the political process, an effort by one segment of the people to misuse its control over a specific service as a weapon with which to bludgeon the entire community into submission.

Such tactics are disturbing enough when they are confined to raids on the public treasury, overreaching any requirement of equity and forcing the diversion of funds needed for education, housing, health, and other underfinanced civic responsibilities. But strikes in public agencies are increasingly directed toward compelling the community to do what unions think they ought to do in terms of public policy. Sometimes, as in this year's New York school strike, the issues are so fundamental that the viability of the city itself is placed in doubt. The teachers were not striking for wages and hours; the underlying element in their walkout was fear—fear that the demand of Negro and Puerto Rican parents for a larger voice in running their neighborhood schools meant vigilantism and a reign of terror against white teachers. The resulting scars will not heal for many years. Indeed, the spillover of hate has brought a polarization of the black and white communities that makes vastly more difficult the solution of all the city's titanic problems.

An opposite situation is developing in welfare, where the perpendicular climb of the relief rolls has pushed the welfare budget up to $1.5 billion for this fiscal year. New York's organized social workers have joined forces with militant elements among the 950,000 persons on relief to pressure welfare authorities into expanding payments to those on the rolls. Taxpayers, convinced that the New York standards are already so high that the city has become a mecca for the dispossessed from all over America, have no enthusiasm for paying the welfare staff to stick pins into the poor to clamor for more.

In many other fields civil service workers are converting the strike into a political as well as an economic weapon. When New York announced that it was considering turning its city-owned hospitals over to their more efficient voluntary counterparts, it ran up against a union threat to shut down all the hospitals if the plan went through. Even that pillar of law and order, the Fraternal Order of Police, has been reported as weighing a two-day national walkout to dramatize "the need for more public support of law enforcers." Valid as many of the proposed policy changes may be, questions of this kind should not be resolved under the gun of a strike. Otherwise, elected officials will become captives of embattled civil servants, responding to coercion, not persuasion.

Is there a road out of this morass—one that will insure good wages and decent conditions for public employees, provide a constructive outlet for their ideas on how to make government better, and also safeguard the people who pay the bills against the cutoff of essential

(*Continued on page* 89)

"I guess the elements reduce us to a common denominator."

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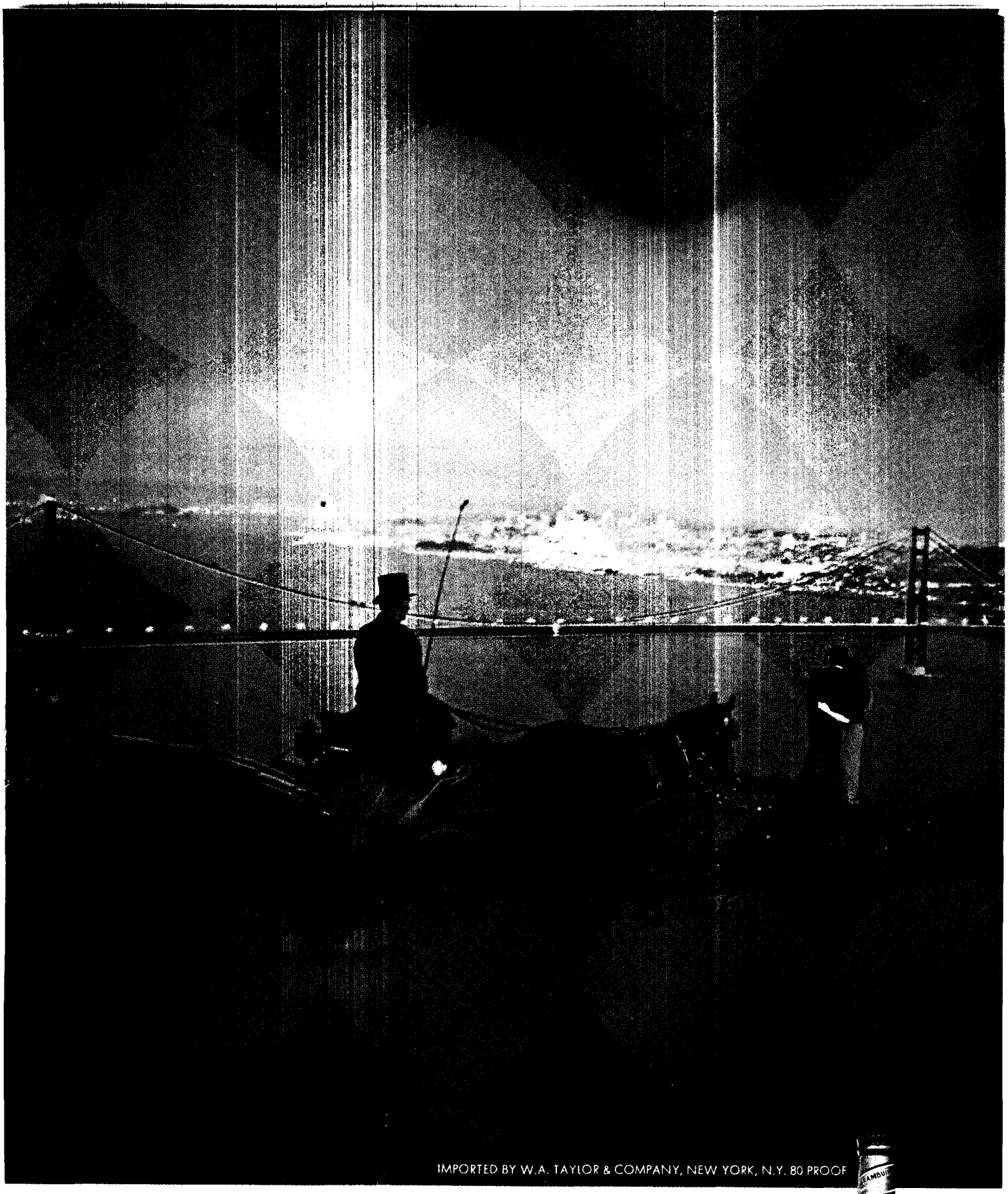
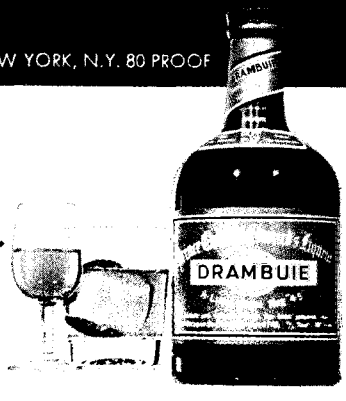


Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.



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THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

COURVOISIER

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The Brandy of Napoleon

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A FIVE-YEAR STEP

By John Ciardi

I DON'T remember what I was arguing
in H.H. Blanchard's Medieval Lit.
at Tufts in '37—something to do
with numerology, and I knew about it
the way my cousins knew baseball statistics
by having been raised inside them, but couldn't prove it.
"It does sound plausible," said H.H.B.,
"but how do you know if you can't document it?
Remember, we're not discussing how *we* feel
but what went on in the mind of the Middle Ages."

"That's just the point," I told him. "I was born there.
Or else I was born beforehand to where they came."

And if it was half a flourish for sweet style's sake—
not for a class of dolts to titter at
though they had to have their titter, and let them have it—
it still was half as true as I was born.
Maybe half as true as anyone is born,
and with no proven Renaissance to follow.
At least I haven't met Lorenzo's ghost
in any court I've come to, nor Leonardo
at the Academy, nor myself afire
with dawn enough to strike spires from the day.

Sometimes I think I've made it out of the dark
but not into the light. There may be light.
But what's in the Control Rooms is a glow
dim red as altar tapers, and as faithful
to the Holy Ghosts of needles on their dials
trembling with Presences.
As I was born—
to dim red glows I sensed but could not read
except to know there are Presences, and to learn
the first of everything is a lunacy
whose chatter starts before us in the dark.

A cave of colored windows where God's light
came down in shafts bored through His core of stone
closed me in good and evil, and I was wrong,
my natures all veined sinful before starting.
I felt His eye bore and His great grab reach
to sulfurous ores soul-deep in half my dreams.

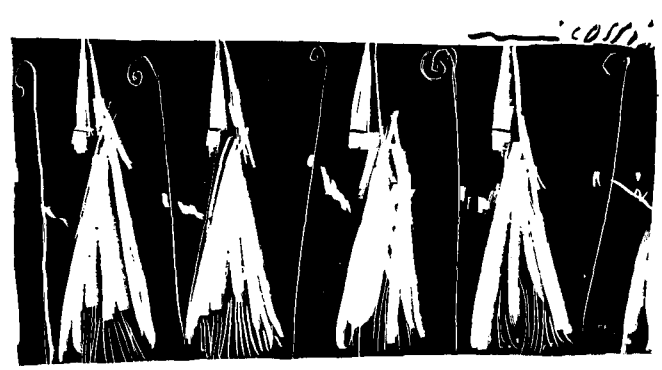
And from the rails and galleries of that dark
and at its pit heads, black-flagged orators
of tongues that were never mine sermoned me through
to guilt and the Irish Trinity. Ma wept
to hear how God denied His round Italian
for a nose full of South Boston Jeremiads.
Nights, I could hear her arguing with Pa
to take the matter up with San Michele
or with San Giovanni of his own son's name.
But we couldn't be sure he had made it up that high.
Weren't we still praying him out of Purgatory?
However it was, we never got an answer.

I did what was done to me and fell asleep
falling off roofs and clouds to wake up screaming,
holding my genitals that had fallen off
because they belonged to the Devil and he'd come for them
and changed me into a girl for punishment.

But in another sleep I was all escapes.
I killed Cavalcante who had killed my father—
he shouldn't have driven so fast—and ran back home
and Pa himself was there and gave me wine
in three red glasses, because I was his son.
Himself the tall first number of the bottle
he filled me from. And Ma, an eight, behind him
in the two great circles he had married one.

I didn't know then my dreams were from a mountain
where every town defended its own Virgin
just as the Greeks had left her in a cave.
But I could tell St. Patrick was none of mine,
though at St. Joe's his feast day waved more flags
than God broke out for Easter and Christmas together.

What was I then? Thirteen. Maybe fourteen.
Like Ma, I half believed I was safe in God
and what God we were safe in. I couldn't have guessed
we were Greeks who spoke ourselves in bad Italian
from a parish of goat thickets, civil war,
and hot blood on the mountain—all our saints
disguised as Catholic but as mountain-rank
as a day's sweat on the ledges of the starved
who put their prayers into thickets. I had left
St. Joe's before I left and didn't know it.
It took a clown to rip my thicket loose:
and in came Father Ryan blowing his nose
one warm March day to lather the Sunday School
in his own idea of a hagiological rally
for the Big Green Team. And sent the mountain sliding
down on the cave forever.
His nose well blown,
he stood above us, outside the altar rail
and worked the boys up to three last Green Cheers:
"Where did St. Patrick come from?"
"Ireland!" the saved screamed.
"And where did he bring his blessing?"
Again: "Ireland!"



EDITOR'S NOTE: "A Five-Year Step" is one of a series of longer autobiographical poems being prepared by Mr. Ciardi for publication by Rutgers University Press.

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"And where did your fathers come from?"
Once again
he got his chorus but he lost my soul.
I heard a bellowing of lunatic treason:
"FROM ITALY, BY GOD!"
And didn't know
I was the lunatic till he grabbed my ear
and dragged me to the altar: "PRAY FOR YOUR SOUL!"

But I'd be damned first. I stamped out of there running
the wronged rage of the blind who have no world
or would sooner knock it over than be trapped.
Later, he said I stamped my heel on his instep.
I won't deny it. He did limp for two weeks.
And world as it was, though I was innocent
by memory and intention, I'd used that trick
a time or two to make a fool let go.

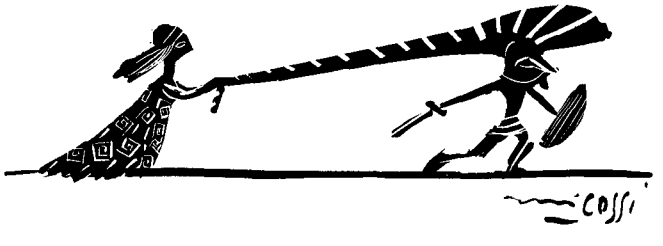
I'd had my skull cracked once for being slow.
And Toots Fitzgerald still has a bad shoulder
from learning I learn fast. He ran me down
with obvious intent to teach me something
I wasn't inclined to learn. He was fifteen
and I was a snotty ten the day of our lesson.
Though as it happened, I ended up teaching him
what I hadn't learned myself before I did it.

I took off down the middle of Summer Street
but with too little start. Toots pounded after
five good years faster, and had me, or would have had me
in one more step. But when I heard his breath
hard at my shoulder, I dropped into a ball
and tripped him on the fly. He hit macadam
like a potato sack dropped off a truck
and may have been still skidding by the time
I jumped the Carey's fence and was home safe—
I didn't stay around to pick him up.

His father came that night and wanted Ma
to pay for a doctor and a ruined coat.
But even he, when he saw me, could figure out
Toots had five years, better than twenty pounds,
and at least a foot and a few inches on me.
He had to admit I weighed in as the defender
and that was that. I took my beating later,
when Toots could run again—off to one side:
he'd learned to avoid my wake. And when he caught me,
he only hit for form's sake. Better that
than take a rock in the head when he wasn't looking.

He knew it and I knew it and we were quits.
But I didn't know I knew it till it was done.
And even then I wasn't sure who'd done it
for me or *to* me. Nor even *what* had been done.

The day I broke up Father Ryan's rally
for the Big Green Saint was one more education
in what I hadn't known about myself,
even to guess about, till I lay hiding
among the river cattails, red as murder,
and filling a wax museum with bloody poses
of Trovatore howling down on Carmen



with all blades out and no one giving an inch,
while Rigoletto opened his bloody sack
(that was beside a river, too, I remembered)
and the goddamn Duke, picking up the wrong cue
kept yelling, "*La commedia è finita.*"

I played it out, my belly in a knot
and the weather slanting cold into the night.
I'd gone to communion that morning (I could hear
Sparafucile cackling among the damned
to think what day that was) and had had no breakfast.
I didn't dare go home till after midnight.
And didn't dare go then. And almost didn't,
at least in the role I was half sure I was playing.
For a coat and a sandwich, I'd have hopped a trolley,
stolen a first ride into Sullivan Square,
and jumped whatever was heading into Boston
and out the other side. Or so, at least,
I told myself in whatever part I was playing,
knowing, at curtain time, Ma would be waiting.

Those days she was no one to fool with. Some damn cousin
had worked a sheet of leather into a roll,
bound up one end, and cut the rest to cattails.
Ma kept it for tribal sessions. This would be tribal.
Nor had I ever been closer to the tribe
in my own mood. I knew what was coming next—
I thought I did—and thought I had outgrown it
before it happened. Let her play it hot:
I'd play it cold.
She was sitting in the kitchen
like a stone sybil hissing, the leather cat—
it was my day for cattails—on the table
like a dried familiar, dead but hissing back.
I let her work me over till the welts
bled through my shirt and wouldn't make a sound
except to say, "You having a good time?"
It broke her fit. She was the one to cry.

But everyone played his part in our asylum.
She dropped the cat and stood crying. I picked it up
and tossed it into the garbage. And she kissed me.
And both of us knew it was my confirmation.

—Yes, from *Pagliacci* or from *Rigoletto.*
And yet it was real enough and I was a man,
and frightened her. Had it been Italy,
she thought, she might have watched me climb the mountain
as wronged men go to vengeance where they find it—
wherever the madhouse rocks of history
spin out the numbers of whatever they are
and let a fool and the crumbs of what he has
come through to be taken. She could see me dying
with *carabinieri* smoking out their blood
around the rock I leaped from.
It was that—
guessing what mad histories she read me from—
broke my own madness. How could we ever meet?
I had escaped her, though she washed my back
and oiled it, sobbing her first mood in reverse,
and brought me soup and heated-over spaghetti.
I had escaped her. Would she escape me?
I'd sooner have lost the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
than the purity of her madness, which was love
in its own numbered cave. I kissed her forehead
and told her to go to bed and she went to bed,
radiant with my found manhood, as if she dreamed
I had killed the *carabinieri*, gotten away,
gone off to sea and the numbers of destiny
to luck's great seven, and home in a Cadillac
chauffeured by a Colonel of *bersaglieri.*

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I went to bed myself almost believing
I was a man and had snapped ropes in two,
though I half smelled the grease paint of my fraud.

The skin of my back was pulled too tight for wearing,
but I wasn't about to take off up a mountain
that wasn't there. I had my moods to climb.
And had climbed out of them when I'd played them through
till the next lunacy came from the casting office.

—Meanwhile "At Liberty" as unemployed hams
used to announce in *Variety*. Meaning, nowhere
with nothing to do about it but sit and think.
What had been done? Who did what had been done?
It was so small a step from God that morning.
And took me five more years to finish taking,
sometimes in real sweat, sometimes in real grease paint,
and often enough in both. But I had left
the cave forever, even when I went back
still fingering a guilt like the dry scab
of a cut someone had given me. As I left
that cat-of-twenty-tails in a day's garbage,
curling to question marks on the chicken bones,
as if to ask, "Who chooses what we do?"

I found one part of one answer five years later,
and took thirty more to learn there was not much more.

It was a June day. I was home from school
and curled by my window reading William James
on "The Varieties of Religious Experience"
because a nice-nelly neighbor, half a priest,
and home from the seminary, had sermoned me
when he met me coming from the library
and saw it under my arm. Well, I'd *meant* to read it,
or I wouldn't have taken it out, but when he horned in,
I decided to take notes to needle him with,
and was working at that. Besides, I was having a fling
at being country gentleman. Come Monday,
I'd have to start another summer's gang
jack-hammering for the Gas Co—or for diPietro
who subcontracted for the Gas Co's sweat.
It always took two weeks on the damned hammer
before I could hold my breakfast until lunch,
and at night I'd be hitting my bed, too tired for supper.
Then, in ten seconds it would be five o'clock
and time to start again. But this was Thursday
and I was still a scholar.
Ma was outside—
my abdicated matriarch and my daughter—
fussing her flowers to bridals by my window.
She was a witch of flowers and could summon them
out of the ground as if they lay full blossomed
and wrapped in mulch, waiting for her to call.
Flowers were her light and gifted as her dark
with tongues she knew, and things did, but no other.
I heard her cooing incantations to them
in the same rhythms I would hear her hiss
when she attacked a dust sent to offend her.
It wasn't enough to scrub it from her floor.
She had to hate it out of the universe.
As she needed now to love her flowers to bloom.
I was taking a killing note on nitrous oxide
("that, by the way," I'd tell him, "is laughing gas")
and on what the stuff could do for seminarians
who were running short of mystical experiences,
when I heard a step on the walk, and then the nose
you-know-which Father talked through, asking to know
if I was home.
I didn't have to be told
what local priestlet had gone to mass that morning

and stayed to discuss my soul with what local nose.
We all came out being crazy our own way.
But Ma got my soul's medal. "Heesa no home-a,"
I heard her say, defending me on my mountain.

It was as good as any laughing gas
for lifting me to a vision. I saw Time
stripped to Plotinus's and Teresa's bones
and built again to walls and terraces
up the whole mountain I had never seen
out of whose caves my acts came looking for me
like the dark and lighted numbers of a fate
stalked by *carabinieri*, while a sybil,
crouched in a thicket, hissed them to the bone edge
and sent them spinning with a bolt of hate.

—A nose blew through my dream and blew it back.
and Father Ryan was pouring it on Ma
to think of her own soul and of the sin
of letting her son be rotted through by evil
till he was pitchforked screaming into Hell
to wail in the broth forever.
Ma didn't exactly
catch all the words but she made out the tune.
If she was my daughter now, she was still a Fury
to any wrong nose that twitched up the mountain.
I heard her scald three thousand guardian years
of a pure mother Arabic, Hebrew, Greek,
Latin, Cave-dialect—you name the tongue
that suffers birth. And if it came out broken
through a slapstick turn of history, it was still
sung from a peak higher than all laughing gases:
"You leava my Johnny alone-a, you Irisha, you.
Heesa goo' boy!"
And I was the oaf at the window
when the flowered covenant of language split
to holy truth. I laughed sublimities
and wept whole *fabliaux* for history's daughter
tall from her root of love, my comic source,
my radiant witch of first made lunacies,
and priestess of the tongues before a man.
"Ma," I whispered, laughing through to prayer,
"I thought you did not know me, nor I you,
but what we are is first milk and last candle,
and indivisibly ahead of thought,
and I am no man till I am your son."

—And closed my great-borne five year step-away
into the first love I identified
my whole way back through time; my first deed done
back to the cave our madness happens from.

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A Dollar's Worth of Wilderness

MAN'S encroachment on the habitats of other animals and plants that determine his own survival is too familiar to require further documentation. The need for public and private collaboration in preserving wild lands is too well established to be challenged. The practical problem is how to buy a dollar's worth of the remaining vestiges of wilderness for anything like a dollar.

Legitimate land values are rising almost everywhere in America. The mean rate is 5 to 10 per cent per year. Speculators are steepening this climb sharply in areas where the Congress expresses interest in setting land aside for parks. In some instances, the ceiling prices fixed by the Congress are reached before the designated acreage has been bought.

A thoroughly discouraging example of price escalation involves 309 acres of the Ashley National Forest in Utah, which is now within the proposed Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area. In April 1956, Congress voted to build the Flaming Gorge Dam and Reservoir. Two years later the Bureau of Reclamation appraised the 309 acres at $12,000—about $39 per acre. In 1959, the Bureau bought 195 of the 309 acres at $43 per acre and valued the remainder at $31 per acre. In 1965, the State of Utah paid $929 per acre for 14.2 more acres. The still unbought 99 acres are now appraised at $429 per acre.

Last summer, the Ford Foundation disclosed its intention to help cut land speculation to manageable size (see "Law and Living Room" by Gordon Harrison, *SR*, Aug. 3). Last November 10, the Foundation announced its guarantee of a $6,000,000 line of credit to enable The Nature Conservancy, a nonprofit corporation centered in Washington, D.C., to buy lands designated by Congress for purchase by three federal government agencies (the Forest Service, the National Park Service, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife) and to hold those lands until Congress appropriates the necessary funds to assume ownership in the name of the American people.

The Nature Conservancy is the only agency of its kind in the country. Its roots go back to 1916, when a University of Illinois zoology professor, Victor E. Shelford, organized the Ecological Society of America and under its aegis published *The Naturalist's Guide to the Americas*, a catalogue of all the then known remaining patches of unspoiled wilderness between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans from the Arctic to the Panama Canal. But in 1946, a majority of the society's membership rejected, as "undignified" and "inappropriate for scientists," his proposal to openly campaign for private and public acquisition and preservation of such sanctuaries.

Shelford reacted by creating another vehicle for his hopes: The Ecologists Union. It was incorporated as The Nature Conservancy before two of Shelford's disciples, George Fell of Illinois and Richard Pough of New York, operating out of a corner of the library of the American Nature Association, in 1953 took steps that may have surpassed Shelford's original intention. They obtained title to two pieces of wild land in the public interest: Mianus Gorge in New York state's Westchester County, and Sunken Forest on the barrier reef of Fire Island, also in New York.

Theodore Edison, one of inventor Thomas A. Edison's sons, contributed to the Sunken Forest project and later gave The Nature Conservancy its first solid financial footing in the form of some hundreds of shares of common stock in his father's electric company. The Mellons of Pittsburgh added to the kitty beginning in 1954—$10,000 a year in operating expenses for three years, through the Old Dominion Foundation.

When Mr. Fell left The Nature Conservancy in 1958 to become the secretary of the Illinois Nature Preserves Commission, Professor Richard Goodwin, of the Connecticut College for Women, rebuilt the board of directors, which is now chaired by Alexander B. Adams of Westport. The board, helped by a Ford Foundation grant of $550,000 in 1965, hired the Conservancy's first full-time paid president, Thomas Richards. Conservancy members number 16,500 in thirty-three chapters in twenty-four states. Dues fall into five categories—$5, $10, $25, $300, and $1,000. For every dollar received to date, the Conservancy has acquired $20 worth of preserved nature: 100,000 acres in all, some of it as gifts, some by purchase through a $1,000,000 revolving fund.

THE Ford Foundation's $6,000,000 circulating credit will add a new public dimension to The Nature Conservancy's heretofore principally private work. The credit will be used solely to acquire lands which the federal government is trying to preserve. There are already ninety-seven such tracts in twenty of the fifty states. Purchases will be made only if specifically requested by the three federal agencies named earlier.

The Constitutional separation of powers does not allow the concerned federal agencies (parts of the executive government apparatus) to bind the legislature to pay for the lands the agencies ask The Nature Conservancy to buy. The effectiveness of coordination between the White House and the Congress will determine how rapidly the $6,000,000 credit can be turned over, how much acreage can be captured, how much tax money can be saved from the speculators. The burden therefore falls on President-elect Richard M. Nixon's ability to maintain liaison with the Congress on land purchase opportunities.

Mr. Nixon has before him an opportunity to make history in a neglected but vital area of public affairs while honoring a tradition of the Republican party: to extract a dollar's worth of public service from the taxpayer's dollar. —J. L.

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Letters to the Editor

A Safer World?

PROFESSOR HENRY STEELE COMMAGER ended his article "1918-1968: Is the World Safer for Anything?" [*SR*, Nov. 9], by asserting that Americans have "departed from their own traditions and betrayed their own character."

Is the situtation this simple? Certainly American diplomacy and international relations have at times displayed admirable pragmatism and even goodwill. But is racism a new problem in our country? Is the colossal moral absolutism of Joe McCarthyism a new phenomenon? Isn't the problem that Americans have seen America as European intellectuals in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and even nineteenth centuries saw it: as a place for a New Europe to begin anew without guilt or flaw?

Is the problem one of returning to some true Americanism, or is the truth that the imperial and arrogant Americanism we cherish is fundamentally flawed? Can we afford to pursue "the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us"? We must deny our Americanism for a new direction which embraces a love of all humanity.

FREDERICK J. FISCHER,
Amherst College,
Amherst, Mass.

THE ANSWER to Henry Steele Commager's question, "Is the World Safer for Anything?" must be a qualified affirmative. Many American policies, instead of being so utterly wrongheaded as his article indicates, have yielded far-ranging benefits.

Would the lands to which Marshall Plan aid was extended so lavishly and at great cost to taxpayers have made such rapid recovery without it? Might there not be even more intense physical and spiritual despair among the impoverished of this hemisphere had the Alliance for Progress never been undertaken? Nothing comparable in scope can be cited in the dealings of other great powers with nations less fortunate or affluent. That we have erred and fallen short is obvious. Our constructive efforts ought not, however, to go unmentioned.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Artists and Saint-Makers

WHILE HOLDING no brief for Andrew Wyeth (who is the best example of Cocteau's philosophy: "Beware of poets who too early win acclaim; nothing goes flat sooner than a facile success even when deserved") the Katharine Kuh question, "Why Wyeth?" [*SR*, Oct. 26], begs other questions.

Why Henri Matisse? Mrs. Kuh claims that he has "subtle color nuances" and others claim he is similar to Oriental painters. Why should an Occidental imitate Orientals when Orientals do it better? Why should an adult Matisse perform like a child when children do it better? The renderings of children are not simplicity, but sophisticated complexities for a child.

Mrs. Kuh points out that, "Bouguereau's slick nudes bore us." Bouguereau was Matisse's first teacher. Most critics ignore the fact that Matisse was not a primitive, for he attempted to acquire academic training under the tutelage of Bouguereau. If one can not learn to complexify, make sophistications, it is patently ridiculous to canonize his ineptness as simplification. The banal vacuity of Wyeth and Bouguereau, who are/were highly skilled technicians as pictorial iconographers, does not become viable profoundness in Matisse, whom the cult of critics has made into a master artist-saint.

Why Henry Moore, when nature carved holes in stone, and primitive erectors of Stonehenge and primitive Indians also did it better? But Moore has been made a canonized saint by huckster art critics, and those who revere his carvings are termed the "newly enlightened." Why Pollock, the violent paranoid, when decorative painters and carvers for centuries have skillfully rendered abstract expression forms solely for decorative purposes. Yet the art saint-makers maintain the vacuity of Pollock is profound, if only because his works are worth thousands of dollars. They are, like Wyeth's, "an unqualified tribute to anti-intellectualism." Why rhapsodize over them—and all "op," "pop," "slop"—when sign painters, electricians, and structural steel workers do it better?

Katharine Kuh uses the word "re-creation." Cézanne claimed that he was going to re-create nature. An apple tree creates apples on a yearly season cycle—it "creates" apples, it does not "re-create" apples. How then can a person with paint and brush, or other means, re-create apples or anything? It is an example of the disingenuous use of words by the art critic, and makes artists naïvely believe their own lies.

As for Wyeth's claim of "innocence," people are responsible for what they *can* know, including artists and critics, and they can only claim "innocence" when there is no possibility of their knowing guilt. A deliberately structured naïveté, through a pseudo-ivory-tower recluseness, is not the same as innocence.

The Chagall, Matisse, Picasso cultists, while living in a highly technical machine age and demanding all of its conveniences, calligraphically ape the insouciant natural "innocence" of the primitive, the child artist, and expect to be paid astronomical sums. Regarding the astronomical thousands paid for Wyeths and others, there are always fools with more money than brains.

JOSEPH ST. LAWRENCE.
Baltimore, Md.

Magazines to Czechoslovakia

FOR SOME TIME I have been sending small packages of books and magazines to the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, Narodni 9, Prague, C.S.S.R.—Czechoslovakia. Surprisingly, the delivery has been normal and the Union's members are extremely grateful. There must be many thousands of English-speaking Czechs who wait months for a copy of *SR*. For that reason, I ask *SR* subscribers to mail copies, marked PRINTED MATTER, to the above address. It will be greatly appreciated.

JOHN C. MARTIN,
Secretary, Czechoslovak
National Council of America
(Oregon Branch), Portland, Ore.

"Make your announcement and get the pollen out of here!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Musical Mystery Tour

THERE ARE a number of good reasons why we should appreciate the new musical version of *Zorba*. Foremost is the extent to which it succeeds in celebrating one colorful character's philosophy of life by merely trusting the audience's occasional recognition of its emotional validity, rather than straining to manufacture some didactic or logical proof. Of course, this could also be said of Nikos Kazantzakis's original novel, but it is rare that a musical adaptation, with its need for oversimplification, manages to preserve this quality. For this, credit must go to adapter Joseph Stein and a team of collaborators which is pretty much the same as the one which produced *Cabaret*.

Indeed, one suspects that many of the same techniques are involved. Both musicals begin dynamically with a nightclub number that goes beyond being simply a nightclub number. In the case of *Zorba*, a gathering of working-class Greeks sing, dance, and play their bouzoukis together. But their song is not the usual geographical background-setter. Called "Life Is," it focuses our attention immediately on the philosophical question, which, if this show is to be effective, must involve us more than the incidental details of the plot. Because it is right, we readily forgive composer John Kander the melody's slight resemblance to Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Happy Talk," and lyricist Fred Ebb for a certain vagueness in the words. "Life is what you do while you're waiting to die" is about as far as the song is able to penetrate the mystery.

BROADWAY'S
BEST
MUSICAL!"—LIFE
JANE
MORGAN
as
MAME
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. $9.90; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Loge $9.00; Mezz. $8.50, 7.50, 6.50, 5.50 & 4.50. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $11.90; Loge $10.00; Boxes $9.50, 7.50; Mezz. $9.00, 8.00, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. $7.50; Loge $6.50; Boxes $6.50, 5.00; Mezz. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.25.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

More important is the way this number and designer Boris Aronson's seemingly simple scenic arrangement set a style that director Harold Prince consistently follows throughout the production. This style employs a device wherein some of the people in the opening number change costumes to enact roles in the story, and others become a chorus, which both evokes action and makes comment on it.

When Zorba and his young employer, Nikos, move from Athens to Crete, Aronson merely brings in a few stark abstractions, a banner of choppy white sky, a sculpture of sun-bleached rooftops in the distance, a few more realistic foreground elements, and a lovely stylized tree. Except for the faded green of its foliage, the scenery is all in black and white in order to challenge the story's main characters with the cruelty of nature and the bleakness of death.

In only two scenes do the settings acquire a splash of color. One of these, the café where Zorba gains temporary respite from the hard life of the village, seems appropriate. The other, which furnishes an ornate background of bright green rubber tomato vines around the mine the men are working in, is distracting and ugly. It may be that it is meant to suggest the unnatural brightness men emerging from a dark mine into the sunlight might experience, or the monstrosity of nature's excesses, but the point is never made clear.

As Zorba, Herschel Bernardi is shrewdly vigorous and absurdly funny. After asserting that the essentials of life reside in a man's heart and pants, he is asked, "What about what's in a man's head?" With perfect timing, and a delivery we associate with Jewish comedians, he blithely replies, "Comes straight from the heart and the pants." If he falls short of emanating the full stature of the pagan protagonist, he at least suggests it while he entertains us. Since Nikos is a cerebral character doomed to go through life withdrawing from every opportunity to express his emotions, it is hard to complain that John Cunningham plays him too drily. But the show would benefit from a portrayal that let us see more capacity for the wild joy Zorba taught him to understand.

On the other hand, Maria Karnilova as the aged courtesan, Madame Hortense, offers us a near perfect cameo. She is coquettish without being silly, romantic without being impractical. Thus Hortense dominates in this musical much more than in the novel. Carmen Alvarez brings her own fire to the underwritten role of the widow, although her one song lamenting her inability to express in words what she feels, only serves to remind us that she deserves more opportunity. The rest of the cast, aided by Patricia Zipprodt's accurate costumes, is entirely convincing. And as the ominous chorus leader with a voice like an electric drill, who chants Khachaturian-like threnodies, Lorraine Serabian makes maximum deadly impact on everyone's nervous system.

Although Greece is a dancing country, the musical wisely subordinates the dances to the story. What dancing there is emanates from the action and is never an entertainment interlude. Ronald Field's choreography appears authentic, and a most interesting effect is created in one scene where the move-

ments of a dancer in the foreground are echoed by a spotlighted figure on a rear platform. Richard Pilbrow has contributed some nice lighting effects that blend well with the rest of the production.

However much one admires *Zorba*, one must ultimately admit that its action lacks urgency, and if it never sinks into boredom, neither does it erupt into magnificence. It lives between the two extremes; a good musical—more satisfying than *Cabaret* for instance—but not a great one. Still, it is the first moderately effective musical of a season in which we had all begun to wonder if the whole genre hadn't become outdated.

Vermeer

By Edward Kessler

FOUND no metaphor
Strong enough to defend
His vivid neighbors
From the dark closing in,
No myth as useful
As light. He simply
Saw: a maidservant
Pouring, a couple
Drinking, a woman
Weighing her gain.
With several soft
Brushes he halted
The onslaught of days,
Paid attention
And bought armistice,
A breathing space,
For the besieged
People of Delft.

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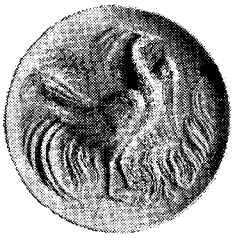
CHAIM POTOK

Interaction in the Adopted Land

Exploring the Jewish experience in America, which has added Yiddish to the language, five authors find acculturation, creativity and confusion.



A MINORITY culture striving to maintain a viable and creative presence in the midst of a rich majority culture will inevitably find itself in a constant state of war. The battles of that war are fought from lecture podiums, in periodicals and books and classrooms, and across kitchen tables. The weapons are words; casualties can be high; often what is at stake is existence itself—the existence of a proud, identifiable self without which no man is truly human and no people can survive.

That kind of war has been an ongoing condition of Jewish life. It is not unique to an exilic situation; it is prevalent in the Bible as well. Yet there is every reason to believe that what has happened to the Jews in America differs in striking fashion from anything that has ever occurred before. I say this because America itself is so different an experiment in living from anything the world has yet seen, and because, as a direct result of this difference, never before in Jewish history have so many millions of Jews been so radically transformed in the course of a single generation, so swiftly integrated into the mainstream of a host culture, so influenced by and influential upon the essential life pattern of a newly adopted land. It is too early for any sort of accurate determination to be made as to the precise effect this change has had upon the fundamental nature of Judaism; nor is it possible to forecast how long the Jewish influence upon basic areas of American life will remain in fashion. But certain marks of change, which give every indication of being permanent, are already clearly evident as a result of this new experiment in Jewish and non-Jewish interaction.

Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish* (McGraw-Hill, 533 pp., $10) records the change that has taken place in the English language as a consequence of the open contact between the Yiddish-speaking Jew and the English-speaking non-Jew. Mr. Rosten has compiled a lexicon of Yiddish words and expressions that he claims are already part of everyday English, are rapidly becoming part of English, or should be part of English. This is a joy of a book—witty, intelligent, scholarly, with a tone that is uniquely Rosten's and with an abundance of stories and anecdotes that serve to illustrate the subtle shades of meaning embedded in the words dealt with by the author. It deserves a wide audience, and will certainly have a permanent one; for it makes available to the reader a language that, in dying, is undergoing a strange and at least partial resurrection by transferring its tonalties into one of the major tongues of our time.

But Leo Rosten's book is also resonant with implications, for its very existence tells us a great deal about the position of the Jew in American life today. More than mere curiosity, therefore, prompts one to ask

Chaim Potok is the author of the best-selling novel *The Chosen*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

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37 **"The Joys of Yiddish,"** *by Leo Rosten;* **"Strangers and Natives,"** *by Judd L. Teller;* **"The American Jews,"** *by James Yaffe;* **"Jewish Americans,"** *by Sidney Goldstein and Calvin Goldscheider*
40 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**
41 **Literary Horizons,** *by Granville Hicks, who reviews "Adventures, Rhymes & Designs," by Vachel Lindsay*
42 **European Literary Scene,** *by Robert J. Clements*
43 **"The Shadow of Blooming Grove: Warren G. Harding in His Times,"** *by Francis Russell*
44 **"Heroes for Our Times,"** *edited by Will Yolen and Kenneth Seeman Giniger*
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52 **"An Editor's Treasury: A Continuing Anthology of Prose, Verse, and Literary Curiosa,"** *edited by Herbert R. Mayes*
52 **"Savage Sleep,"** *by Millen Brand* (Fiction)
53 **"Eva Trout, or Changing Scenes,"** *by Elizabeth Bowen* (Fiction)
53 **"How Firm a Foundation,"** *by Patrick Dennis* (Fiction)
54 **"A History of Sicily. Volume I: Ancient Sicily to the Arab Conquest,"** *by M. I. Finley;* **"Volumes II and III: Medieval Sicily 800-1713** *and* **Modern Sicily After 1713,"** *by Denis Mack Smith*

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how this tiny minority of Americans was able to effect the climb from bewildered immigrant to integrated American and at the same time carry along elements of its culture, which proved to be of considerable and possibly even permanent influence upon the majority culture.

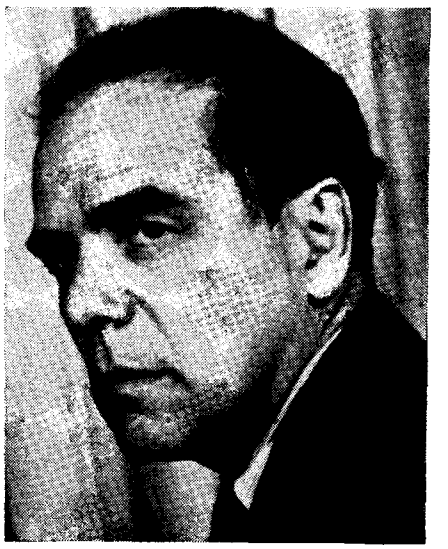
In *Strangers and Natives* (Delacorte, 308 pp., $6.95) Judd L. Teller tries to answer this question by offering us a history of that climb. By his own admission Mr. Teller is not a professional historian; his work is "part history and part autobiography." Its purpose is to convey "the flavor and fever of the years and events since 1921 which transformed the American Jew from stranger into native." *Strangers and Natives* is a fine book, quite well written and filled with fascinating bits of information. If it suffers somewhat from being a presentation of the movement rather than the meaning of events, that is because Mr. Teller has undertaken to do a great deal and because he is indeed not a professional historian. But he is a trenchant observer. What he set out to do he did well, and when we are done reading this book we have a vivid and valuable picture of a restless minority in ferment, of the cultural baggage it carried with it across the ocean, of its press and theater, its orators and writers, its inner religious tensions, its fears and dreams as it confronted the new world in which it suddenly found itself, and its slow rise into the mainstream of that world.

THE chapter entitled "The Culture Invasion" presents us with a paradigm of the rise, and explains much about the prevalence of Jews in American culture, particularly on Broadway. Mr. Teller informs us that there was a direct line of succession from the Second Avenue Yiddish theater, whose purpose was solely to please its audience, to the American theater of the 1930s into which came Jews "imbued not merely with personal ambition, but with a sense of mission. They had come out of the Depression with a sense of grievance. . . . Members of a highly self-conscious minority, imperiled by religious hatred at home and abroad, they automatically supported any social protest movement that hove into sight. Versatile, numerous, they poked into all aspects of the American theater." Mr. Teller does not mean to suggest that Jews alone created the American theater of the Thirties, but he does insist that "their participation was substantial and their ethnic influence enduring."

American literature was also "invaded" by a host of Jewish novelists during the same decade, most of whom are forgotten today. "In the theater," explains Mr. Teller, "the Jew mediated between Continental and American drama and helped shape a stage of social significance. American fiction required no such mediation. . . . It had already produced both minor masters and major innovators of its own. . . . In the field of socially informed realism there was rich American precedent. . . ." But the post-World-War-II entry of Jewish novelists into the American literary scene appears to be of more than passing significance. Mr. Teller investigates this situation with considerable insight in a chapter he calls "From Yiddish to Neo-Brahmin."

—*Arthur Rothstein.*

Leo Rosten—wit.



Judd L. Teller—trenchancy.

The book ends on a somber note. Mr. Teller is deeply disturbed by the present confrontation between the Jew and the Negro. He bluntly labels Harold Cruse's *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* a "*Mein Kampf* of the black race," and sees Louis Lomax's assertion that the Jew is alien to America as "the thesis of anti-Semitism everywhere, in America and in East Europe," and as "the foundation of Hitler's racism." He urges the Jew to "use all his resourcefulness to improvise accommodations with the Negro." And he is very specific in what he means by this, for he charts a definite course of action. Mr. Teller doubts, however, that anyone will heed his words, for he sees the Negro and Jewish Establishments alike finding "comfort in the deception that the crisis is not as severe as it seems."

Strangers and Natives is a valuable addition to the literature of American-Jewish self-examination. The closing section deserves careful attention, especially in the light of what is now taking place in New York City.

There is some overlapping between Mr. Teller's book and *The American Jews*, by James Yaffe (Random House, 338 pp., $7.95); but in no way does this mean that either one can serve as a substitute for the other. Mr. Yaffe's work is an attempt to portray and explain the "split personality," as he calls it, of the contemporary American Jew. He sees clear evidence of this split personality in the current tendency to describe the American Jew both as having found a society in which he feels completely at home and as a person who is essentially "alienated" from that society. The book attempts "to account for this paradox, to show that it arises from certain deep contradictions within the American Jew," and to explore the effects of these contradictions upon the organized Jewish community.

In his effort to understand the nature of this split personality, Mr. Yaffe takes us on a tour of the American Jew's body and soul. We are shown the tensions that arise from the Jewish commitment to both idealism and materialism, from his belief in spiritual things and his conviction that one must be a practical human being as well, his self-adulation and self-hatred, his almost inbred fear of the non-Jew, whom he also wants to emulate, his penchant for the construction of great synagogues in which he rarely prays, his selfless and at the same time self-aggrandizing acts of philanthropy, his respect for the successful businessman and his awe of the intellectual—and so on. It is a skillfully accomplished work, and in interesting fashion it mirrors the author's notion of the Jewish split personality, for it is both caustic and compassionate, filled with quiet anger and an eagerness to understand and forgive. Above all, it is honest, thoroughly honest, a clear, clean window onto the contemporary American Jewish world.

The book is marred by tiny errors that are perhaps indicative of the author's weak Jewish background: the Baal Shem Tov is referred to as a "rabbi"; the *shtetl* is seen as the birthplace of the form of Talmudic disputation known as *pilpul*.

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—*Elaine Yaffe.*

James Yaffe—compassion.

Sidney Goldstein—perspective.

Mr. Yaffe states: "Maimonides wrote that the holiest kind of giving is anonymous giving"—a common error, but an error nevertheless. Yet the flaws shade into insignificance because of the intense sincerity of the work as a whole. The author is far better at describing than explaining the split personality he takes as his questionable thesis. (We shall soon see why it is questionable.) And he concludes with an impassioned plea for mixed marriage and the dissolution of Jewish (and Christian) segregation: "The separateness and exclusiveness of Judaism were essential once—nothing else could preserve it from destruction. They are no longer essential; they have become the prime source of corruption."

Mr. Yaffe tells us that a small but growing number of Jews and Christians are moving toward a synthesis of Judaism and Christianity. Yet it seems doubtful that much of either faith remains truly significant in the sort of synthesis he describes, because for the most part it is entered into by those who know least about their respective faiths. It is difficult to understand and appreciate fully what it means to be an American Jew unless one also understands fully the essential nature of the Jewish tradition. That seems to me to be Mr. Yaffe's plight.

The synthesis for which Mr. Yaffe argues, as well as the split personality he regards as characterizing American Jewry, are put into proper perspective in *Jewish Americans*, by Sidney Goldstein and Calvin Goldscheider (Prentice-Hall, 274 pp., hardbound, $5.95, paperback, $3.50), a sociological study of three generations of Jews based on a 1962 census sponsored by the Jewish community of Greater Providence, Rhode Island. It is a rather technical work, filled with a great deal of sociologese, but it sheds considerable light on many of the things Mr. Yaffe finds puzzling about American Jews.

The study seeks "to explore changes in the structure of an American Jewish community which reflect the emerging balance between separation and loss of Jewish identity, between Jewishness and Americanism, and, in turn, between Jewish survival and total absorption." Mr. Yaffe's own situation becomes clear when the authors tell us that Milton M. Gordon, in *Assimilation in American Life*, has suggested "some persons remain marginal . . . and tend to form a subsociety of their own. He hypothesizes that intellectuals form one such subsociety and the only one in which persons of different ethnic backgrounds interact with considerable frequency, closeness, and comfort. Members of this subsociety wear their ethnicity lightly and their intellectual interests strongly." And, as over against Mr. Yaffe's view of the Jewish split personality, Goldstein and Goldscheider argue that "the paradox of Jewish life in America exists only if assimilation is viewed as a unidimensional process. When the complex nature of assimilation is examined and the various types of assimilation are unraveled it becomes clear that subgroups within society can assimilate in some ways and not in others."

THE findings presented in this study are of considerable significance. "The data reveal the strengthening of some areas of religiosity (Jewish education), stability in other areas (synagogue membership, affiliation with one of the three religious divisions, observance of Chanukah and Passover), and declines in

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chutzpa (noun)
chutspa
chutzpadik (adjective)

Pronounced KHOOTS-*pah*; rattle that *kh* around with fervor; rhymes with "Foot spa." Do *not* pronounce the *ch* as in "choo-choo" or "Chippewa," but as the German *ch* in*Ach!* or the Scottish in *loch*. Hebrew: "insolence," "audacity."

Gall, brazen nerve, effrontery, incredible "guts"; presumption-plus-arrogance such as no other word, and no other language, can do justice to.

The classic definition of *chutzpa* is, of course, this:

Chutzpa is that quality enshrined in a man who, having killed his mother and father, throws himself on the mercy of the court because he is an orphan.

A *chutzpanik* may be defined as the man who shouts "Help! Help!" while beating you up.

kvitch

Rhymes with "snitch." From German: *quietschen*, "to squeal."

Do not confuse *kvitch* with *kvetch*. Do not confuse *kvitch* with *krechtz*. *Kvitch*, *kvetch*, and *krechtz* often work beautifully in tandem, but are not synonyms.

A. *As a verb:*

To scream—but not a scream of real terror. It is, rather, a yelp. A woman will *kvitch* or "give a *kvitch*" on sighting a mouse, singeing a finger, or meeting a long-lost friend. (In a moment of real fear or tragedy, Jewish women do not *kvitch*, but give a *geshrei*, which rhymes with "fresh fry.")

I think it correct to state that 95 per cent of all the *kvitching* in the world is done by women. "Don't *kvitch* when you see the bill." "When she stuck herself with the needle, she *kvitched*" (or, better, "gave a *kvitch*"). "*Kvitch* day, *kvitch* night, he won't change his ways!" "Please, no more or I'll *kvitch!*"

B. *As a noun:*

A scream—but a special, not-to-be-taken-too-seriously exclamation.

A *kvitch* is no wise a *geshrei;* nor is it a substitute for *gevalt*. A *kvitch* is midway between a squeal and a scream.

Approved or standard forms of *kvitching:*

Surprise: "When I walked in, she gave a *kvitch* you could hear in Canarsie."

Distaste: "When she saw the wound, she let out a *kvitch.*"

Pleasure: "When they called her to the platform, she gave out with a *kvitch.*"

—From "The Joys of Yiddish," by Leo Rosten.

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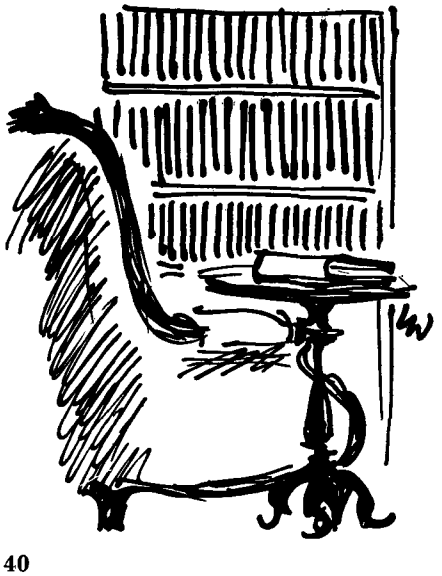
other areas (Orthodoxy, Kashruth, Sabbath candle lighting, regular synagogue attendance, and speaking Yiddish)." The authors conclude that "religious acculturation has indeed occurred with distance from the immigrant generation; but these trends have not meant the loss of Jewish identity or absorption into the majority. Rather, new forms of religious expression have evolved which are more congruent with the social situation of the third generation. . . . Consequently, the American Jew and the community with which he identifies are not quantitatively vanishing but qualitatively changing so that being Jewish and being American becomes a natural, harmonious, and meaningful partnership. . . . Cultural assimilation among Jews has occurred without structural disappearance." And they see this as an ongoing trend, with American Jewry continuing its adjustment to the American way of life and creating an increasingly meaningful balance between Jewishness and Americanism.

THE four books discussed represent significant explorations into the Jewish experience on American soil, one in the realm of the encounter between languages, three in the realm of the encounter between peoples. Of the latter, *Strangers and Natives* ends with a warning that what has happened before may happen again; *The American Jews* concludes with a plea for Jewish self-dissolution and a secular messianic vision of the union of Jew and Christian, while *Jewish Americans* ends on a note of optimism. It is by no means an exaggeration to say that one of the fundamental differences between the persecuted Jew of the European past and the integrated Jew of the American present lies in this: which of the three conclusions finally comes to pass depends more upon the Jew himself than upon the non-Jew. That has rarely been the case in Jewish history.



Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Quote from *William Tell*

MR. LEWIS GALANTIERE ascribes in his otherwise excellent review of André Malraux's *Anti-Memoirs* [*SR*, Nov. 16] the quotation "The strong man is at his mightiest alone" to the German poet Goethe. Justice requires that credit should be given to his contemporary Friedrich Schiller, who created the sentence in his famous drama *Wilhelm Tell* (Act I, 3rd scene).

ERWIN SILBER.
Cleveland, O.

Decidedly Nonviolent

I AM SADDENED TO NOTE that the review of my book, *A Passion for Sicilians: The World Around Danilo Dolci* [*SR*, Nov. 9], is guilty of a most unfortunate misquotation, which may have been the result of poor proofreading, but should be publicly corrected. The use of the word "violent" for "nonviolent" confuses the meaning of a rather significant statement. The quotation should read:

> Yet even as I engaged in this reflection, my skepticism was challenged by the historical fact that nineteen centuries earlier another small band of *nonviolent* men, inspired by another leader willing to die for his cause, had succeeded in spreading and establishing their gospel throughout the world, against far grimmer odds than those confronting Dolci and the Center.

JERRE MANGIONE.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Madness

JOHN RODENBECK'S LETTER [*SR*, Nov. 9] calling another reader mad because of the latter's views regarding current events in the Middle East seems to be a normal (*i.e.*, unmad) response typical of ignorant people who cannot argue issues without impugning the personal characteristics of opponents.

Or perhaps I do Mr. Rodenbeck an injustice. Is it possible that Mr. Rodenbeck is neither normal nor ignorant?

In any case, I am sorry to see *SR* open its pages to such a blatantly offensive letter, one which might more appropriately have appeared in *Al Ahram*.

GILBERT KUSHNER.
Brockport, N.Y.

Too Comfortable an Answer

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that book reviews designed to orient your readers have to be written by bitter men. It is certainly understandable and perhaps even morally right that Mr. Albert H. Friedlander is bitter. But must he be selected to write a review of books on which he will inevitably and justly be prejudiced?

Regrettably, I learnt nothing about *The New Nazis of Germany*, by Wellington Long, and *Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today*, by Leo Katcher [*SR*, Nov. 16], but only what Friedlander thinks, and unfortunately this opinion helps very little to understand the horrible phenomenon of Nazism. Those who understand conservative thought in German history and the "banality of evil," with which Hannah Arendt struggles in her *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, only a bit will know that Friedlander's equation of German conservatism with Nazism is all too comfortable an answer for us in 1968 America and terribly dangerous and irresponsible.

DIETHELM PROWE.
Northfield, Minn.

One Man's Reach

"A MAN'S REACH should exceed his grasp. . . ." Perhaps Charles G. Bell's *The Half Gods* [*SR*, Nov. 16] will be enjoyed most by those of us who have known the author, his intellect, diversity, and efforts to correlate art, music, literature, and philosophy.

MARTHA GALE FREW.
Norwalk, O.

Remedies Were Suggested

THOMAS GOLDWASSER STATES [*SR*, Nov. 16]: "*The American Serfs* does not offer specific remedies, but tries to make us too ashamed not to demand that Congress do something soon." Apparently he did not bother to finish the book; in the last chapter "Journey's End," Mr. Good did indeed offer his views as to how conditions could be improved.

Mr. Good's book is destined to open the eyes of the Blind Americans. As for me, I'm going to try to shake up a few people.

S. R. KLEINSCHMIDT.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Law and Order

IN ALBERT VORSPAN'S REVIEW of Hubert Humphrey's *Beyond Civil Rights* [*SR*, Nov. 9], he says, "And the specter of George C. Wallace and his amazing backlash support, together with all the Presidential candidates' demagoguery about law and order, spell out an ominous portent for our already anguished race relations." Why this continual sneer at "law and order"? Why this business of putting it in quotes as if it's dirty, or ridiculous, or laughable to want law and order? What's wrong with wanting to walk down the streets of Anytown, USA, after dark without fear? What's wrong with wanting to live in a society where people don't set fire to their homes, or threaten to set fire to yours? What's wrong with objecting to arson and looting? What's wrong with wanting laws enforced equally?

George Wallace is far from being the answer, but if there isn't restoration of law and order (with or without the quotes) there *will* be a George Wallace. Or worse.

MRS. NIKKI KAYE PAPE.
Bloomington, Ill.

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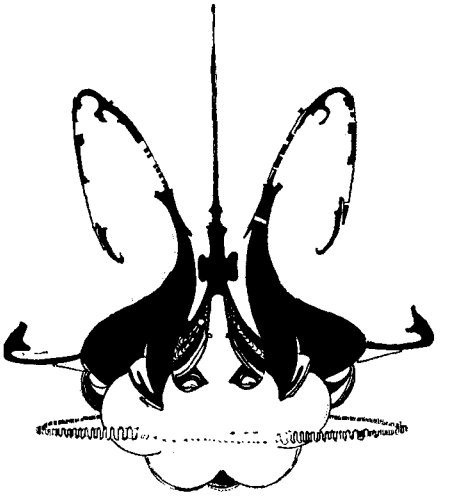
Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH his poetry has been out of critical favor for nearly fifty years, the personality of Vachel Lindsay continues to interest many people. Three books about him have been published since his death in 1931: by Edgar Lee Masters in 1935, by Mark Harris in 1952, and by Eleanor Ruggles in 1959. Now we have a collection of early material in *Adventures, Rhymes & Designs* (Eakins Press, $7.95). Handsomely designed and printed, the volume is chiefly devoted to Lindsay's first book of prose, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty,* published in 1914 after "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" and "The Congo" had made him famous. There are also reproductions of "Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread," "The Village Magazine," and various drawings, including "The Village Improvement Parade."

In his introductory essay Robert F. Sayre comments on the decline of Lindsay's reputation, speaking particularly of the way in which Ezra Pound, after cautiously praising Lindsay's poetry, repudiated him altogether. ("Lindsay," he wrote in 1915, ". . . Oh gawd!!!") "Lindsay," Sayre writes, "turned to the then bright prospect of a broad, popular movement in twentieth-century art while Pound grouped his forces and eliminated quantity in favor of critical intelligence, and quality." As everyone knows, Pound's modernism triumphed over Lindsay's populism. "Recently, however," Sayre continues, "in numerous younger poets, among the new folk singers, and in many parts of the New Left, populism has shown important signs of life, a surge of liberality and hope missing from the established modernism."

It would be amusing if there should be a Lindsay revival, and of course there might be. All we know for sure about literary taste is that it is constantly changing, and there is no reason to believe that the reign of Yeats, Eliot, and Pound will last forever. As Sayre says, some of the young have rejected the uptight craftsmanship of the modernist establishment in favor of expansiveness and spontaneity, and persist in being hopeful even when the grounds for hope are not apparent. As Mark Harris points out in his introduction to *Selected Poems of Vachel Lindsay,* the poet began "with the intention of doing nothing less than rehabilitating—absolutely reforming—a gross and greedy civilization." A certain number of the young today share that intention, and, unlike most of the young



—From "Adventures, Rhymes & Designs."

of the past twenty-five years, they believe that the sorry scheme of things can be remolded.

Lindsay was part of the amorphous but powerful movement of revolt that developed in the years before the First World War. He was much concerned with the evils of industrialism, and he denounced the values of a business civilization. The gospel of beauty, which he preached on his several walking trips, was aimed against the gospel of success. He said later on: "The reason my beggar days started talk was that each time I broke loose, and went on the road, in the spring, after a winter of Art lecturing, it was definitely an act of protest against the United States commercial standard, a protest against the type of life set forth for all time in two books of Sinclair Lewis: *Babbitt* and *Main Street.*"

In his objections to businessmen and their values and the way they ran the country, he was typical of the revolt, but in other respects he dissented from the dissenters. In 1921 Carl Van Doren described what he called "the revolt against the village," mentioning Masters's *Spoon River Anthology,* Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio,* and *Main Street* as examples. Far from revolting against the village, Lindsay held it up as his ideal; he wanted to improve the villages, of course, but he saw them as centers of a new and higher culture. Most of the rebels prided themselves on being sophisticated, whereas he was ostentatiously naïve. They were hard-boiled, and he was romantic. If he grew away from his mother's piety, he was as evangelistic as his sister, who spent many years as a missionary in China. As a young man he lectured for temperance societies, and in the Twenties—paradox of paradoxes—he was a prohibitionist as well as a poet. He once said that he was as much opposed to the ideas of H. L. Mencken as he was to those of George Horace Lorimer, whose *Saturday Evening Post* was the laughing stock of the intelligentsia.

Lindsay took walking tours in 1906 and 1908, and in 1912 he made the trip from Illinois to New Mexico that is described in *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty.* His program on all these expeditions was to avoid cities, railroads, money, and baggage, to present his ideas on life to individuals and groups as opportunity offered, and to give his little pamphlet, "Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread," in exchange for food and lodging.

Without having seen *Adventures While Preaching,* I had an idea that it was probably a pretentious book, whimsical and full of attitudinizing. It isn't at all. It's a simple, straightforward, almost commonplace book, based on letters that he sent home to family and friends. His account of the country through which he passed is not particularly vivid, though there are colorful touches here and there. There is a smattering of humor, usually at his own expense: "I still maintain that the auto is a carnal institution, to be shunned by the truly spiritual, but there are times when I, for one, get tired of being spiritual." He describes the migrant workers moving from harvest to harvest, without minimizing either their hardships or their vices. They were not likely converts to the gospel of beauty, but they seem to have borne with him. What must they have thought if they read in his little book or heard him say, "Go to the fields, O city laborers, till your wounds are healed." They would have thought, of course, that he was a nut, and in a way he was, but a useful nut to have around in his time and perhaps in ours.

"It is simply astounding," Harris wrote in the introduction to *Selected Poems* in 1963, "how the poetry of Vachel Lindsay has improved since 1945." (That was when he began work on his book about Lindsay, *City of Discontent.*) Looking through the selection again, I am inclined to agree. The picture of Lindsay reciting "The Congo" in what appeared to be a trance but probably was a kind of self-hypnosis induced by weariness, is fading, and some of the poetry seems fresh and pertinent. I don't really believe that the young will make him one of their heroes, but they could do worse.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Now that Feltrinelli has published his 5 in its distinguished collection of Narratori, Gaetano Testa stands revealed as one of Italy's most forceful young novelists. The work is conspicuous for its theme of student protest and for its highly experimental novelistic techniques. Born at Mistretta in 1935, the Sicilian Testa eventually settled in Palermo. Passionately contemporary as he is, Testa takes as his idols some of those currently in favor: Whitehead, Husserl, Rabelais, Sterne, Pound, and conceivably Marcuse. His ambitious novel is set in Palermo, in what he carefully characterizes as the "Subtropics." It concerns the students' insurrection in July 1960 against the Tambroni ministry, which has been vacillating between reform and conservatism. (That moment of the centrist-leftist breakthrough is chronicled day by day in another new book, Piergiuseppe Murgia's *Luglio, 1960*, published by Sugar.) This movement, viewed by Testa and his publisher as the pioneer incident of the worldwide New Left revolt, gives the work contemporary importance. Testa probes as well a more local phenomenon, the interrelationship between the subtropics and revolt, especially in the early summer when there is a certain mental malaise which makes thoughts of rebellion come more easily.

Testa's youths have on their minds not only rebellion, but all the other thoughts of young hippies the world over, from those in graffiti to the pronouncements of Mao. The novel itself, with its flood of disjointed asyntactic prose fragments, rebels against *le roman bien fait*. Each of its three parts owes its origin to a different source. Part I ("Action Society") derives from Testa's diaries, Part II ("July 8") from dialogues recorded at Villa Sperlinga, and Part III ("Hep!") from his dreams. A tour de force is of course not necessarily a masterpiece. Yet Gaetano Testa boasts a talent from which we may now expect greater coherence and a more distinguished style than the staccato communications of diaries and magnetophones. Meanwhile 5 affords a better understanding of the mentality and moods behind student revolts than most learned essays on the subject, such as Uwe Johnson's *"Ueber eine Haltung des Protestierungs,"* published in the latest volume of the yearbook *Tintenfisch* (Berlin, Klaus Wagenbach). For that matter, Testa holds the advantage of viewpoint. He is several months younger than Uwe Johnson.

—*Thomas Weedon.*

Robert Graves—"in the Attic form."

Poetry fans in Britain seeking books for Christmas giving will make a bee-line for Robert Graves's *Poems 1965-1968* (Cassell), composed by the veteran poet with "eyes ablaze between shut lids in the Attic gloom." Like old Anacreon, who knew that it was time for epic strains but whose lyre "always turned to thoughts of love," Graves pays his tribute to Aphrodite:

> With you for mast and sail and flag,
> And anchor never known to drag,
> Death's narrow but oppressive sea
> Looks not unnavigable to me.

British reviewer Piers Brendon finds the importance of this collection to be the insight it provides into the condition of humanity, rather than "the paths of faery which lead but back to Graves."

For those accustomed to giving James Bond titles for Christmas, the lack of these is made up this year by two fine substitutes of a sort: Peter Van Greenaway's *The Man Who Held the Queen to Ransom and Sent Parliament Packing* (Weidenfeld) and William Clark's *Special Relationships* (Heineman). In the first a British Army captain, sick of the bumbling and indistinguishable policies of Tory and Labour parties, seizes power. The second spoofs the cliché thinking of incumbent politicians, which reaches a high point when a U.S. President splits the British government by making an ill-starred attempt to engineer a military take-over in India. While the satirizing of English politicians is brilliantly done, the book is equally an

(*Continued on page* 69)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GHOST-WRITERS

Don't look in the library for the works listed below—they exist only in the minds of the authors of the real books listed in Column 2. Eric Ross of Freeport, N.Y., and Margaret Thomas of Morgan Hill, Calif., who collaborated on this imaginary bibliography, ask you to connect each pseudo-work with the real book in which it is mentioned. The card file is on page 70

1. *The Prospects of Caucasian Civilization* by Friedrich Wilhelm Gutwetter ( )
2. *Fatherly Love* by Clare Quilty ( )
3. *Men Who Loved Alison* by Felix Kennaston ( )
4. *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism* by Emmanuel Goldstein ( )
5. *Syrinx* by Lord Graecen ( )
6. *Pipelines to the Infinite* by Barbecue-Smith ( )
7. *The Spooniad* by Jonathan Swift Somers ( )
8. *Antiquities of Nepenthe* by Monsignor Perrelli ( )
9. *The Life and Works of Gulley Jimson* by A. W. Alabaster ( )
10. *Essay on the Civil and Religious Institutions of Nations* by Alexandre Bussart d'Esparvieu ( )
11. *A Modern Artist: Notes on the Work of Charles Strickland* by Edward Leggatt ( )
12. *Dictionary of Deplorable Facts* by John Mistletoe ( )

a) *The Moon and Sixpence*
b) *Spoon River Anthology*
c) *Shandygaff*
d) *Revolt of the Angels*
e) *The Oppermanns*
f) *Lolita*
g) *Dark Labyrinth*
h) *Horse's Mouth*
i) *Cream of the Jest*
j) *Crome Yellow*
k) *1984*
l) *South Wind*

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Steamy Side of the Teapot

The Shadow of Blooming Grove: Warren G. Harding in His Times, *by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill. 691 pp. $10), dissects the pathetic career of the first post-World-War-I President, whose Administration was riddled with public and private scandals. Richard L. Tobin is the author of "Decisions of Destiny."*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING, the man who looked more like a President than anyone since George Washington, may well have been the worst Chief Executive this country ever had, though James Buchanan and John Tyler are well up in the running, and a few others will likely join the list of candidates before the close of this century. Harding's political career was riddled with scandal, while his private life included two steamy adulterous affairs. In Blooming Grove, Ohio, where he was born, gossip had it that Harding was part Negro, and it is Francis Russell's theory that Harding was haunted all his life by the rumor and a resulting feeling of insecurity.

At the 1920 Republican Convention Leonard Wood and Governor Lowden led the first ballot, with Hiram Johnson a poor third and Harding a distant sixth. When the boys in the smoke-filled room could not break the deadlock, they chose Harding because no one knew much about him. He swamped Cox to become our first post-World-War-I President, bringing to the White House about as little executive talent as any man who ever lived there—which is saying a good deal. At his sudden death less than three years later, at the age of fifty-seven, Harding was already in partial disgrace and the Teapot Dome scandal finished off his reputation forever.

Mr. Russell's book was published against the backdrop of a $1 million lawsuit brought by Harding's heirs because the author had dug up some torrid love letters to Carrie Phillips who, with Nan Britton, apparently constituted Harding's chief extramarital love life. Nan bore Harding a child, and that story was pretty well aired forty years ago in *The President's Daughter,* Miss Britton's contribution to the literature of the Presidency. But the Phillips letters are something else again. Curators of documents in various historical societies in Ohio sensed their obligation to preserve the Phillips-Harding letters, along with a mass of Harding papers never before perused, and Russell read them all. When the Harding family learned that the passionate Phillips missives were about to be lodged between the covers of what would undoubtedly be a big book, they filed suit, as a result of which certain passages in the biography were deleted on order of the Court of Common Pleas in Columbus, Ohio. The omissions, indicated by dashes, comprise only some 800 words out of a total of 300,000. The letters are apparently considered shocking, at least by the Harding family and the court. But Mr. Russell tells us that when he first read them he felt a sense of pity for the lonely Harding; Carrie Phillips was "clearly the love of his life and he was more loving than loved." History will one day fill in the elisions, but I must say the dashes in this volume are pretty tantalizing.

At his Inauguration on March 4, 1921, Harding spoke of a return to "normalcy." He sensed the country's longing for peace and isolation from the rest of the world after the hideous war experience of 1917-18. His good nature, magnetism, lack of political acumen, and addiction to golf remind us of Dwight Eisenhower. But Harding's story is always close to tragedy. The reader sees scandal coming, and knows that Daugherty, Fall, and the rest will destroy what little shred of reputation Harding had left by their illegal leasing of government oil property to private interests for large fees.

What I had not realized before reading Russell's book was Harding's interest in and devotion to the establishment of the Permanent Court of International

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Warren G. Harding—good nature, magnetism, and an addiction to golf.

Justice, for which he spoke out nationally with vigor and intelligence up to the hour of his death, as Wilson had for the League of Nations. In an odd way the World Court owes its existence to Warren G. Harding, the handsome, bumbling, small-town editor-publisher who loved playing poker with cronies and en-

(*Continued on page* 69)

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

A popular American expression meaning the Smooth Canadian.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian. Known by the company it keeps.

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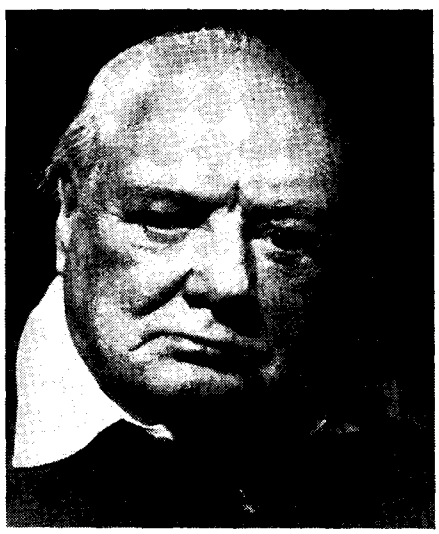
"Who are the heroes of our time—the men and women who have left the greatest mark for good upon these times?" Here's a chance to match opinions with the 3,500 members of the Overseas Press Club, whose answers to that question provide the nucleus for *Heroes for Our Times,* edited by Will Yolen and Kenneth Seeman Giniger (Giniger/Stackpole, $5.95). Of the 302 individuals nominated, the top twelve titans (ranked according to number of votes received) are pictured here as they appear in the book. Caption comments have been excerpted from the respective chapters written by OPC members who can claim firsthand knowledge of their hero figures.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

WHO'S WHO IN HEROES



1. —*Philippe Halsman.*

1) Sir Winston Churchill—"A statesman who both made history and wrote it" *(Seymour Freiden).*

2) Franklin Delano Roosevelt—"Above all was the moral leadership he gave to a bewildered world" *(Alden Hatch).*

3) John F. Kennedy—"He was like an evangelist when selling his country, its goodness and its strength" *(Larry G. Newman).*

4) Dr. Jonas Salk—"A white knight with a tiny vial of pink fluid to save future generations" *(Dorothy Ducas).*

3. —*Cornell Capa.*

2. —*Thomas D. McAvoy.*

4. —*Philippe Halsman.*

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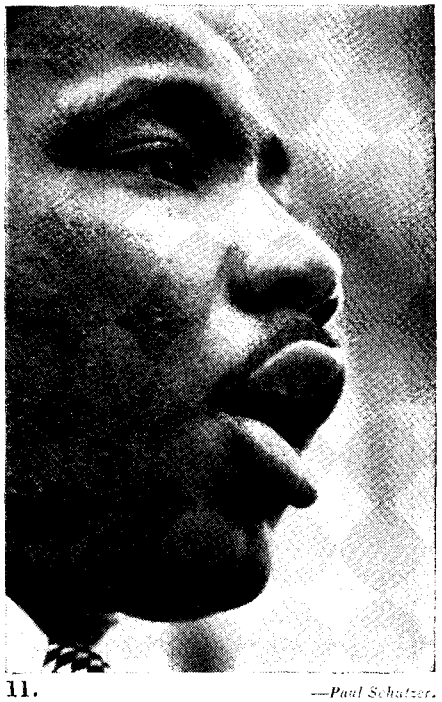
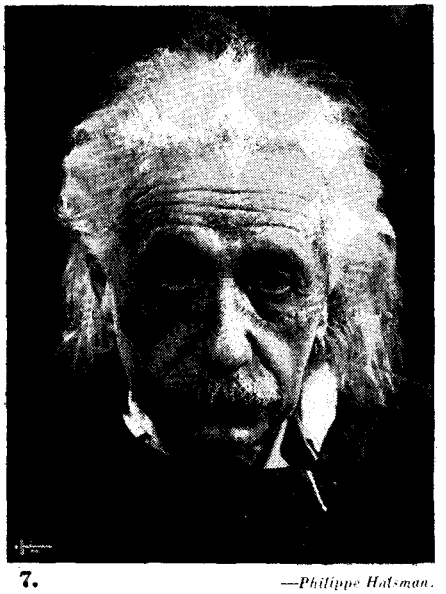
8. —Yousuf Karsh.

10. —Robert Capa.

6. —Yousuf Karsh.

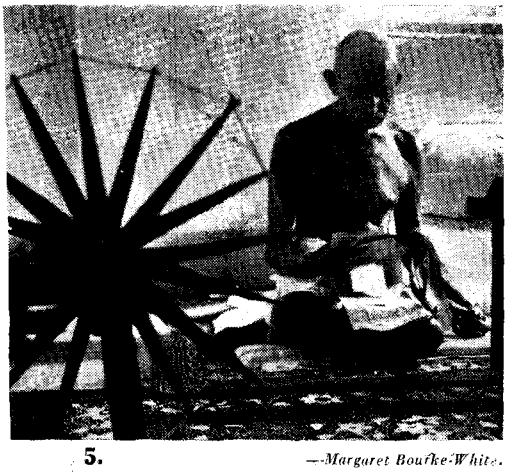


11. —Paul Schutzer.



7. —Philippe Halsman.

9. —W. Eugene Smith.



5. —Margaret Bourke-White.

5) Mahatma Gandhi—"One Christ-like man giving his life to bring unity to his people" *(Margaret Bourke-White).*

6) Eleanor Roosevelt—"Destiny leaned into her life and she took flight into world realms" *(Fannie Hurst).*

7) Albert Einstein—"A man of all time, of all ages . . . stood in majestic solitude against what he regarded as the heresies of the quantum theory" *(William L. Laurence).*

8) Pope John XXIII—"[His] central work was to break down barriers separating those who worship the same God by different names" *(Barrett McGurn).*

9) Albert Schweitzer—"A man does not have to be an angel to be a saint" *(Norman Cousins).*

10) Harry S Truman—"Few if any of his predecessors made so many far-reaching, historically important decisions" *(Frank Gervasi).*

11) Martin Luther King, Jr.—"A man born to be a bridge, to bring people together, people of different minds and hearts and races" *(Poppy Cannon).*

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A Mountain of a Man Seen Close-up

***The Letters of Carl Sandburg,** edited by Herbert Mitgang (Harcourt, Brace & World. 577 pp. $12.50), reveals the steps through which a private of the Spanish-American War became a world celebrity. Stanley Weintraub has written books about Aubrey Beardsley, Reginald Turner, and Bernard Shaw.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

CARL SANDBURG WANTED HIS LETTERS published preferably when he was "under the grass roots." The 640 of them now printed little more than a year after he died show few signs of having been fashioned with at least one eye on posterity, although by his death Sandburg had been a public institution for a generation. It is, however, the correspondence of the generation that precedes the canonization which has the most appeal; for the transition from Private Charlie Sandburg, Midwest volunteer in the Spanish-American War, to the prelegendary Carl Sandburg of *Chicago Poems* and *Smoke and Steel* that the letters record reflects vanishing Populist America.

The unknown Sandburg is the young man of the early correspondence, the struggling but optimistic traveling salesman for stereographs who later applies his capacity for delivering a spiel to Chautauqua-type lecturing on Walt Whitman and Bernard Shaw for Elbert Hubbard's circuit. Afterwards comes his epistolary courtship of Paula Steichen and tandem writing of Socialist journalism and socially-conscious poetry. While the journalism kept his family eating regularly, the poetry gradually made his reputation.

"Life," Sandburg wrote a friend, "is a series of things that vanish." Setting out to fix the fading images in rough and unrhythmical verse, he produced 260 pieces collectively entitled *Chicago Poems*. Then, to prospective publisher Alfred Harcourt, he had to justify diplomatically but sturdily his un-genteel attack on Billy Sunday and his ode to a trade-union dynamiter. Both poems were part of "the literature of democracy," he insisted, and both stayed in.

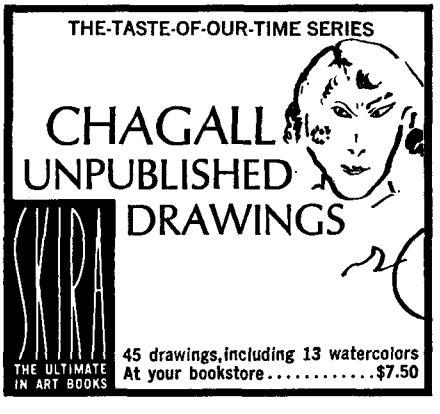
After the success of the book in 1916 his publisher prudently left Sandburg to his own language and subjects. Ironically, however, Harcourt had nothing further to worry about, for his famous new poet responded to acclaim with verse that, although ostensibly in the same vigorous style, contained less and less anger. Sandburg's correspondence indicates that the change was one he never recognized. For a while after 1918 the outside world almost disappears from his letters, and it is only in 1933 that a single reference to the Depression turns up.

His mid-career mail shows Sandburg decreasingly at work as a poet. New interests had flowered—the perpetuation and popularization of the American folk song, and the elaboration and extension of the Lincoln saga. He apparently thought of his folk-song research and recitals primarily as commercial enterprises necessary to finance the time that he spent upon Lincoln, yet they have proved to be a more powerful (although indirect) influence on midcentury culture than Sandburg's romantic, outsized and immensely successful six-volume biography. In the early Twenties, before the Lincoln work became obsessive, he had written to a former newspaper colleague, "This whole thing is only in its beginnings, America knowing its songs. . . . Understand, a new song learnt is worth more to me than any Jap print or rare painting. I can take it into a railroad train or a jail or anywheres." But as labor upon the biography continued into the mid-Thirties, with respites for the performance of folk music and for the composition of such long poems as "The People, Yes," his voice-and-guitar appearances were downgraded to "bread-winning exploits." "Without the platform work. . . ," Sandburg confessed to Malcolm Cowley, "I could not get by for a living while doing the sort of long-time books I am on."

Between the two world wars most of the letters are filled with reports on the research for and progress with the Lincoln biography. The postwar letters show Sandburg settling into his well-won position as an institution: writing to the great and responding to the small; advising fledgling writers; congratulating his literary peers while maintaining communication with the surviving friends of his youth. He describes his reactions to a Broadway production of *The World of Carl Sandburg,* and he authorizes the opening of his boyhood Illinois home as a shrine and the naming of a school—the first of sixteen—in his honor.

Surprisingly, the letters stop five years before Sandburg's death with a note to a friend from his wife that "Carl is in very good health but he simply does not write letters [any more] . . . , for he thinks he is entitled to a vacation." It is an abrupt ending, leaving at least one reader to wonder why a writer who so enjoyed maintaining his friendships by mail suddenly had discovered that he had written himself out; for, he once told a friend, "[I write] in somewhat the same spirit as I give my songs at the end of a recital; if the whole audience walks out on me I am only doing what I would be doing if I were at home alone."

IN at least one case a letter appears to be dated a year too early; however, Herbert Mitgang's editing is otherwise informative and unobtrusive, and we are in his debt not only for the publication of so many letters of a major literary figure so close upon his passing, but for our having found in the process an exception to the biographical rule the poet formulated when he was still very young: "A Great Man is like a mountain and looks grandest from a distance." The letters do not diminish Carl Sandburg.



"Oh, Lamont, it's so exciting—outrunning my father and the Chicago Bears!"

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That's why we're giving away extra Grump Bug stickers with every shiny new Plymouth you rent from Avis this month.

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Why are we trying so hard to improve ourselves?

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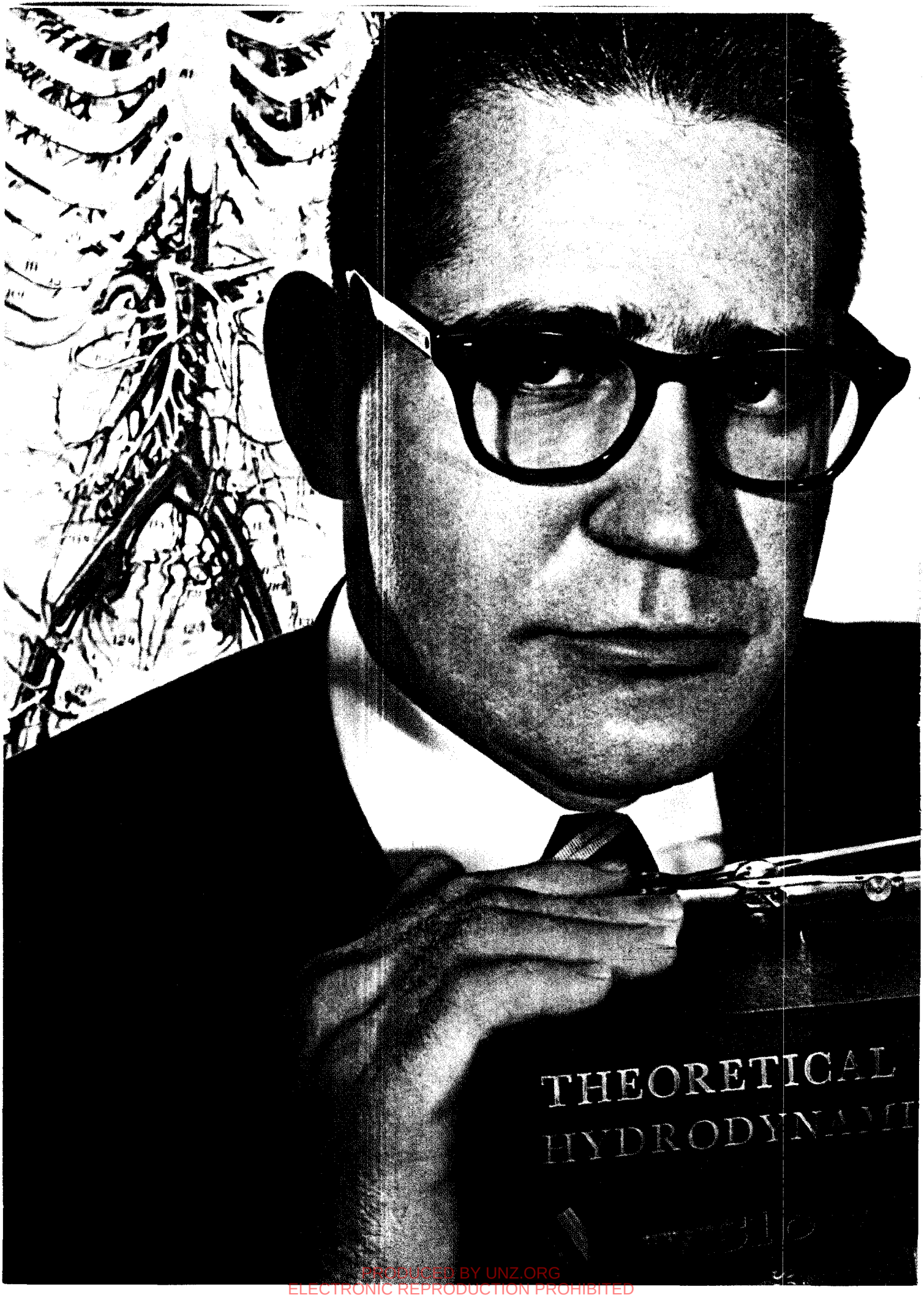

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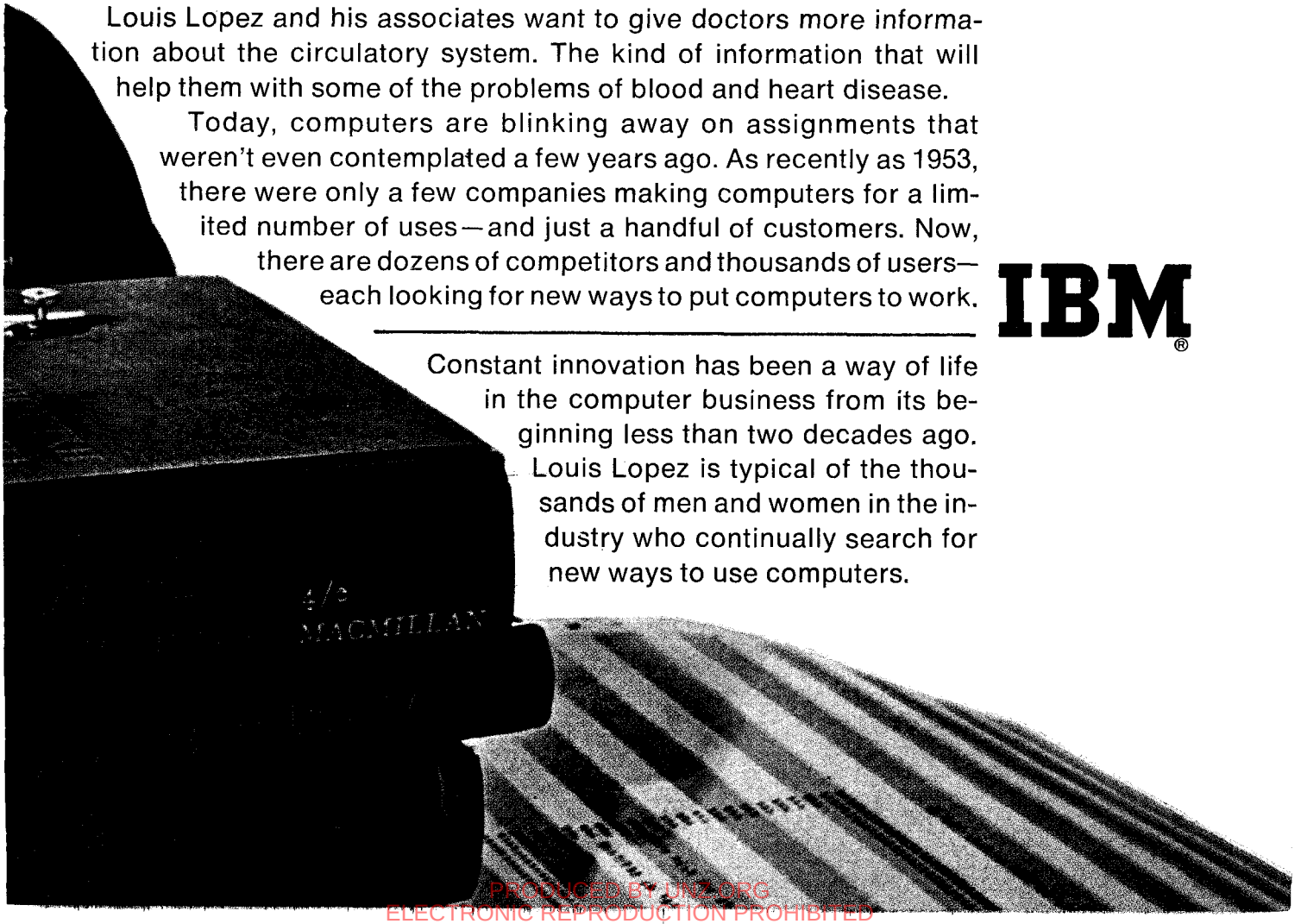

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You raise the snifter to your lips.

You have barely lived, yet life—you feel—has already passed you by.

First you sniff, then—finally—you sip.

Suddenly your nose begins to twitch, your eyes bulge with excitement.

"What's this?" you exclaim.

"Fundador" answers the woman. "The brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way. The way all Spanish sherry is made."

"Fascinating" you murmur as the gentle taste of Fundador trickles down your palate, warming, soothing; making you feel like no other imported brandy ever has.

"Darling" she says looking up into your eyes.

But you aren't even listening. You are too busy with your Fundador.

It is then that you first realize your life has just taken on a newer and far greater meaning.

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Homage to Many

Men in Dark Times, *by Hannah Arendt (Harcourt, Brace & World. 272 pp. $5.95), covers ten figures ranging from Rosa Luxemburg to Pope John XXIII. David Littlejohn, who teaches English and journalism at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of books on Samuel Johnson and American Negro writers.*

By DAVID LITTLEJOHN

WHAT MAY LOOK LIKE a new book by Hannah Arendt is really a publisher's compilation of eleven of her essays, addresses, and book reviews from the past thirteen years. What unites the selections is the dedication of each to a single important figure, all but one of them from the twentieth century—the "dark times" of the title—and all but one of them dead.

It is a rare publisher (or author) who can pass up the opportunity to fill out such a book with lesser pieces, transient or specially directed essays that need never, in all justice, have been broadcast beyond their initial audience. In this category fall five of Miss Arendt's articles: a vulgar and vapid halo for John XXIII; two academic eulogies (for Karl Jaspers and Waldemar Gurian) in the sentimental, mock-Roman, lifeless style of that nineteenth-century genre; a gauche, informal memoir of Randall Jarrell, and an essay-review on Isak Dinesen originally published in *The New Yorker* that is simply very badly written. But after subtracting these five we are left with more than 200 pages of substance.

The six remaining essays are on Hermann Broch, Walter Benjamin, Bertolt Brecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Gotthold Lessing, and a second, more provocative essay on Karl Jaspers. Let me say a few words about each of these useful reflections, and in the process try to reconstruct the critical mind that lies behind them.

Miss Arendt has paid her homage elsewhere to the novels of Hermann Broch. The present essay is essentially a chart of his desperate philosophic journey during the years after he abandoned literature. As such it may well prove the least accessible or meaningful to the average intelligent reader of the selections in this volume. Broch lived in holy terror of death, disorder, contingency, and time, and spent his last years in an obsessive quest for a new absolute, for a new, nonmythical, demonstrable *logos* that would freeze the world's chaos and the mind's confusion in the security and stillness of a premodern era. His philosophic quest, and Miss Arendt's reproduction of it, have about them a satisfying and invigorating elegance. But to those who share neither Broch's anguish

—*Fred Stein.*

Hannah Arendt—"keep talking."

for the absolute nor Miss Arendt's passion for philosophy, the whole enterprise may seem rather unearthly. What grounds this study in the same earth as the others is the dark vision of the twentieth century—"the century 'of the darkest anarchy, the darkest atavism, the darkest cruelty.'"

I find the review-essay on Rosa Luxemburg, like the introduction to Walter Benjamin's essays, at least as interesting for what it reveals about Hannah Arendt as for what she reveals about her subject. The first is a sustained, deeply committed defense of an independent-minded, nondoctrinaire Leftist-by-compassion, a woman, a Jew of German cultural origins, antiwar and antinationalist; and I think it not perverse to see in it an idealized mirror-image of the author, a kind of unconscious *apologia pro vita sua.*

THE biocritical study of Walter Benjamin, the German critic who committed suicide in 1940, seems to reveal another face of the author's own intellectual ideal. One can, I think, always discover the shape of a moral-intellectual personality by superimposing the outlines of its models. The fact that so many of these "portraits" take the form of abstract fables—none of them really evokes the living man—leads one to suspect that Miss Arendt is overstating her subjects' qualities and importance in order to assert an ideal. The case of Walter Benjamin affords her a pretext for eloquent reflections on the Jew in Germany, on the role of the free and independent critic, and on the relevance of tradition in this junkyard of ruins.

This last theme animates as well "Karl Jaspers: Citizen of the World," an especially provocative analysis. Jaspers, like everyone else Miss Arendt discusses here, finds Today appalling in contrast to Yesterday. The technology that has at last, suddenly, and somewhat frighteningly united "Mankind" in a simultaneous, contiguous present seems of necessity to be destroying "all national traditions . . . the authentic origins of all human existence . . ."

> Its result would be a shallowness that would transform man, as we have known him in five thousand years of recorded history, beyond recognition. It would be more than superficiality; it would be as though the whole dimension of depth, without which human thought, even on the mere level of technical invention, could not exist, would simply disappear . . . It looks as though the historical pasts of the nations, in their utter diversity and disparity, in their confusing variety and bewildering strangeness, are nothing but obstacles on the road to a horribly shallow unity.

It is precisely because Jaspers suggests a means of using (and hence preserving) this past, these traditions—not as dogmas of "truths" but simply as the free substance of human discourse—that Miss Arendt treasures him so highly.

THE Brecht essay is a special case, and difficult to summarize justly. The three central sections isolate with justice and insight the essential human and artistic qualities of Brecht's genius, and one is grateful to have them. But they are inserted into a judgment of Brecht's political "sins" which is specious, pretentious, nervous, and incomplete, a piece of confused anti-Communist polemic quite inadequate to the complexity of the man or the nature of his compromise. Miss Arendt seems most angry, if I may say so, at the fact that Brecht's hatreds were not directed at the same targets as hers.

The keynote of the book is set by its first essay, "Humanity in Dark Times," an address given in Hamburg in 1959 on the eighteenth-century playwright Lessing. After a few thorny pages of academic ritual, this is the most touching and desperately pertinent of all the essays. In it Miss Arendt reaffirms her belief that these are, indeed, dark times, when the public world has become so ugly that men of good will have taken to avoiding it altogether. And yet, since all action is willy-nilly political, and since *humanitas* depends on public discourse, then such retreats, such silences, such closings of the ranks—the results of dark times—lead toward the end of humanity. Miss Arendt pleads, through the example of Lessing, that we keep talking, keep the discourse alive and political; that we remain silent about nothing. For, in the definition of this eloquent and anxious woman, independent but intensely political, "humanity" consists of intelligent men conversing freely on public affairs.

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Host for Happy Times

An Editor's Treasury: A Continuing Anthology of Prose, Verse, and Literary Curiosa, *edited by Herbert R. Mayes (Atheneum. 2 Vols. 2,196 pp. Boxed set, $24.95), contains a portion of the clippings from four decades' omnivorous reading. Edwin Fadiman, Jr.'s next novel will be published by Little, Brown in 1969.*

By EDWIN FADIMAN, JR.

ONE OF THE ODDEST of a reviewer's experiences is to find himself obliged, by professional imperatives, to read an anthology cover to cover in one uninterrupted sitting. This is a process that magnifies to an unusual, perhaps to an unfair degree the faults (and the virtues) of the anthology.

Herbert Mayes's *An Editor's Treasury* stands up well, all 2,196 pages of it, under this abusive treatment. That is to say, the editor's choices are almost always appetizing. The adjective is justly used, for this enormous collection is a smörgarsbord of literary tidbits. Some may not be to one's taste, but all are worth sampling.

Anthologies tend to divide themselves into types. There is what, for lack of a better term, can be called the proselytizing anthology. Here the editor not only selects his content with care, but does his best with footnotes, forewords or after-words, to convince the reader of the excellence of his choice. He, therefore, wears two literary hats: that of the anthologist, and that of the literary critic. Clifton Fadiman's *Reading I've Liked* is one example. So, *par excellence,* is Huntington Cairns's *The Limits of Art.*

Such achievements can be stunning. In the light of intermittent but intense flashes of informed intuition, they reveal unexpected beauty in dusty literary corners. A dozen flashes can make even the costliest of personal anthologies worth their price.

Such achievements can be dangerous. Implicit in this sort of personal compendium is the risk that the reader may not generally agree with the anthologist's taste. Some people cannot, or will not, subordinate their opinions to the editor's; for them the anthology can only be irritating.

Mr. Mayes does not run this risk (and, in all fairness, he provides no enlightening flashes). *An Editor's Treasury* is a vast compilation of what has caught his eye in four decades of reading, both for pleasure and profit. Though the gathering embraces many classical selections (in truth, there's a lot of everything), its spirit is contemporary. Mayes likes the lyrics of a number of Broadway shows and pop tunes; they are here. At some time Edgar Guest snagged his attention; Guest is represented by some of his godawful verse. A professional editor, Mr. Mayes has included J. Addison Alexander's rhymed lesson in English, "The Power of Short Words," which every writer should read. He gives us Beardsley Ruml's "Statement on the Organization of the United Nations: 1945"; Thomas Hood's characterization of Lear in dazing trochaic hammer-blows; the story of the Baby and the Helmet, which, by presenting Hector as a pathetic human being, helps to bring the suprahuman majesty of the *Iliad* into the human scale.

Mayes includes jingles by Ogden Nash, political tracts, excerpts from great speeches, advertising copy—including the complete inspirational text of "They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano." You meet great minds and mediocre ones. You can make acquaintances. Turn them into friends, into intimates, if you will. *An Editor's Treasury,* like a good host, introduces you and then leaves you alone.

An anthology is for a long time. It could (and in my opinion should) take five or ten years to read through. During this period if it sustains and informs some dozens of evenings, and offers numberless five-minute oases of pleasure and refreshment, the anthology has fulfilled an important function.

I cannot agree with all of Mr. Mayes's choices, nor would he wish me to. What is important is that he has gathered a vast assemblage of beauty, curiosities, and philosophy. He has created a tool for enjoyment, for reflection. What more dare we ask?

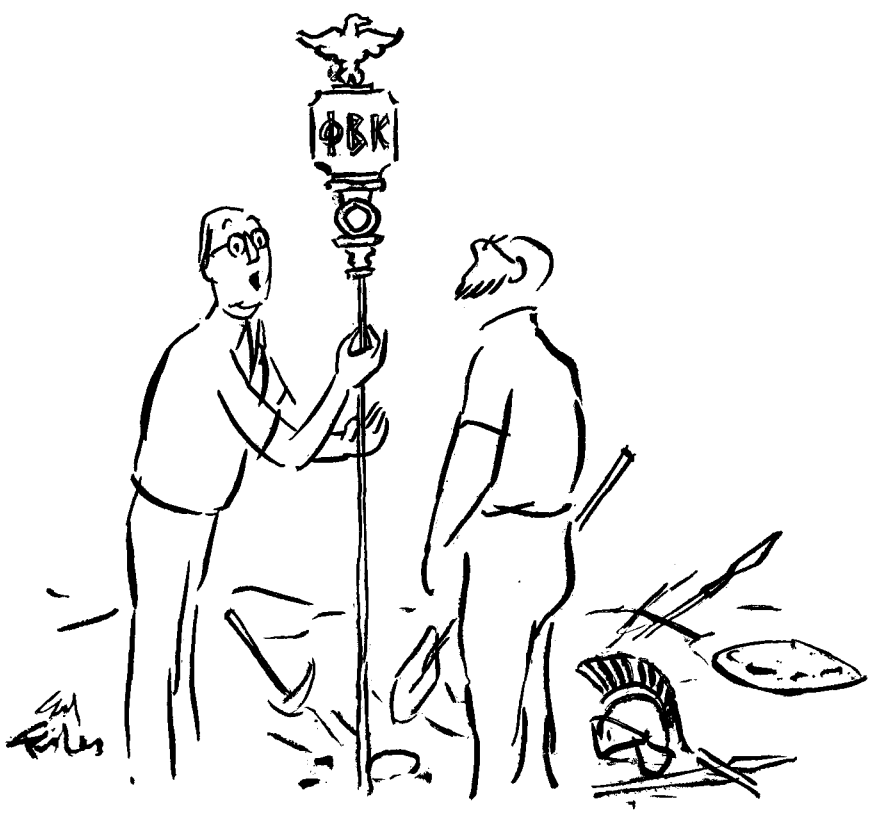
In the Psych Ward

Savage Sleep, *by Millen Brand (Crown. 465 pp. $6.95), depicts a dedicated physician whose efforts to help the mentally ill are constantly frustrated by his superiors. Haskel Frankel is a fiction editor and free-lance critic.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

"I'M A NAIVE BASTARD who thinks everybody wants to do something about sickness, physical, mental, whatever the hell it is. I can't understand it when they don't want to do something." This is Dr. John Marks speaking, out of the frustration that has marred the time he spent as resident pathologist in a state mental hospital and a research center. A passionate idealist, Marks gave up a lucrative medical practice to plunge into the world of psychiatry, including his own intensive analysis, in an effort to find a way of reaching the patients he could not help through medicine. *Savage Sleep*

(*Continued on page* 70)



"My guess is, it was carried by their intelligence corps."

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Reactionary Orphan

Eva Trout, or Changing Scenes, *by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf. 302 pp. $5.95), concerns a young heiress seeking her individuality through impulsive actions and constant travel. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a Fortune magazine writer, is a student of English literature.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

THE BRILLIANCE OF ELIZABETH BOWEN flashes again in her eighth novel, in which she once more shows her gift for establishing and maintaining a psychological mood, not by means of analysis but through the reactions of her protagonist.

Eva Trout is a twenty-five-year-old heiress whose parents have died violently (her mother in an airplane crash, her father by his own hand). The story lies in Eva's subtle relationship with her former guardian, who had been her father's business associate and his partner in a homosexual affair.

Throughout the book Eva seeks to establish herself as an individual, a secret sharer if not a master of her own fate, through wild, spasmodic actions—the adoption of a deaf-mute child, a proposal of marriage to a man some years her junior. While propelling Eva through these turbid events Miss Bowen frequently shifts her scene in order to create and develop the moods she wants. Eva flits from Worcestershire to Kent to Kensington to Cambridge, to the American Midwest, to Paris and Fontainebleau, forever seeking but without knowing for what or why.

As in her other novels, Miss Bowen relies heavily on staccato, almost breathless dialogue, her characters rarely delivering themselves of more than a couple of dozen words at a time. Their speeches are interspersed with long descriptive passages that elaborate the inner meaning of the foreshortened talk. One of the best comes when Eva visits the National Portrait Gallery and walks past the portraits of the Tudors and the Stuarts, trying to reconstruct *their* individuality and of course failing.

The book ends with a moment of sudden violence, a pistol shot in a railroad station. Miss Elizabeth Bowen's craftsmanship is so extraordinary that the reader, while startled, also finds that he is somehow prepared for the book's melodramatic finale.

Eva Trout displays Miss Bowen's skill not only as a novelist but as a short-story writer. Individual scenes are sharp, short, and controlled. Each one advances the story or illuminates its characters. But Miss Bowen never loses sight of her larger purposes, and she achieves them all.

Five-Star Fennesseys and the IRS: Those for whom *Auntie Mame* and *Little Me* provided more than a few spurts of entertainment will undoubtedly want to take a trip through Patrick Dennis's newest funhouse of eccentric Americans, *How Firm a Foundation* (Morrow, $5.95). This time the author's target is a family-owned, tax-exempt foundation, complete with art collection, which is suddenly called upon to justify its existence.

Into the baronial Fennessey mansion in upper Westchester County comes John Wesley Smith, a young college teacher who has been hired as "Director of Projects." He soon discovers that although there are no projects there are numerous problems, most of which bear the name of Fennessey. A new-rich Irish-American tribe whose wealth derives principally from the sale of spirituous liquors—five-star Fennesseys, one might say—they have gathered at the home place for an annual reunion just in time to meet the little man from the Internal Revenue Service.

This is the first room in the funhouse, where the crazy mirrors make everybody look ridiculous. In the second room we meet Rory Mulcahy, an inadvertent playwright-in-residence, slob extraordinary, and perpetual drunk. Here is where the floor tilts, the lights go out, and people start screaming. Will Mulcahy firm up the foundation long enough to pass it off as legit?

Next comes the room where the air-blasts curl the ladies' skirts up around their heads. In addition to John Wesley Smith, there is one other normal person on board, Peggy O'Neil (yes, that's her name), and it is not long before Peggy and John Wesley are having it out in the bedroom. This section proves that there is no such thing any more as a novel—even a farce-novel—without sex.

Now we come to the big centrifuge where everyone hangs on for dear life. A movie is produced, John Wesley breaks an arm and a leg, Mulcahy becomes hero of the hour, the IRS man is put into orbit, and the Fennessey Foundation is saved.

Patrick Dennis is an expert at this kind of nonsense; beneath the surface of his story purrs an artful technique. Yet he seems incapable of genuine satire—of going beyond the ludicrous for its own sake. The result is that *How Firm a Foundation* remains the ideal entertainment for people who like funhouses. For those who don't, the book makes an interesting exercise in speed-reading.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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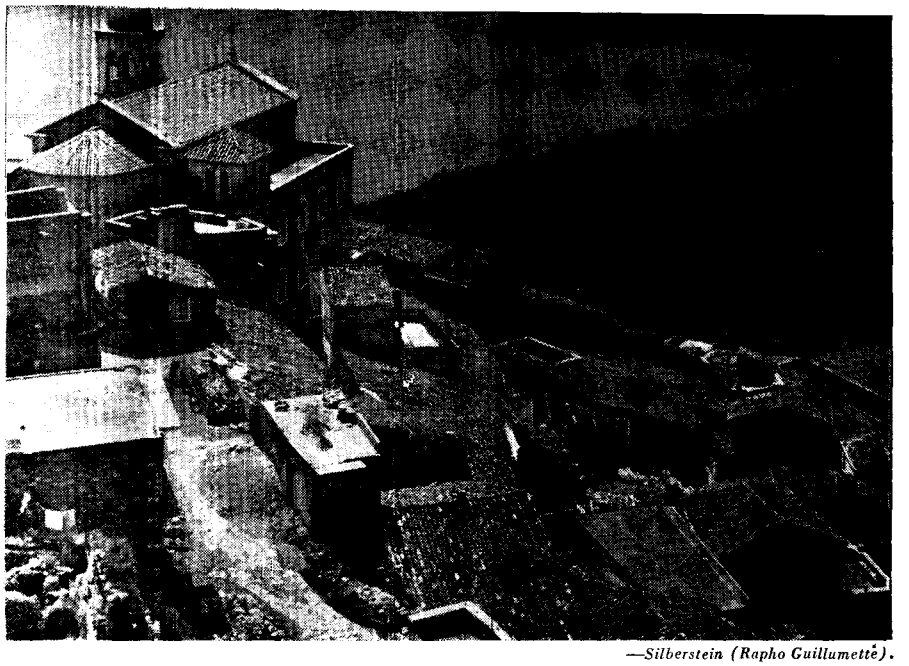

—Silberstein (Rapho Guillumette).

Castel Nola, Sicily—a society fossilized in feudalism.

An Island Chained

A History of Sicily. Volume I: Ancient Sicily to the Arab Conquest, *by M. I. Finley (Viking, 226 pp. $7.50);* ***Volumes II and III: Medieval Sicily 800-1713*** *and* ***Modern Sicily After 1713,*** *by Denis Mack Smith (Viking, 583 pp. Set, $20), comprises an intensive study of an island that has for centuries been the victim of oppression, poverty, and violence. Gabriel Gersh has devoted many years to the study of Mediterranean history and politics.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

"For over twenty-five centuries we've been bearing the weight of superb heterogeneous civilizations, all from the outside, none made by ourselves, none that we could call our own . . . for two thousand five hundred years we've been a colony . . . These monuments of the past, magnificent yet incomprehensible because not built by us and yet standing round us like lovely mute ghosts. . . ." Prince Fabrizio's words in *The Leopard*, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, could serve as the theme of these three volumes, which traverse Sicily's history with diligence, narrative skill, and scholarship fired by enthusiasm. Situated in the center of the Mediterranean, Sicily early became a cockpit of warring civilizations, ravaged by foreign invaders who exploited the fertility of its soil and plundered the island's abundant sulphur deposits for the manufacture of arms. The invaders' legacy to Sicily was not only a confusion of cultures but a tradition of poverty, backwardness, oppression, and violence. In Palermo there were twelve major rebellions between 1512 and 1866, and from 1800 to 1950 the island was haunted by the fear of peasant insurrection.

M. I. Finley's volume on ancient Sicily establishes the background for the events detailed in the two volumes by Denis Mack Smith. Mr. Finley has undertaken a formidable task in disentangling the layers of Sicilian culture. The archeological evidence is fragmentary, and the written record is encrusted with legend. Yet the author reconstructs this period with grace and skill.

After a brief but penetrating section on the island's prehistory, Mr. Finley turns to the Greek colonization, the Carthaginian invasion, and the incorporation of Sicily into the Roman Empire. He documents the slave revolts, the arrival of Vandals, Goths, Byzantines, and Arabs from North Africa, whose conquest of Sicily in the ninth century marks the end of the volume.

To the register of misfortunes examined by Mr. Finley, Denis Mack Smith adds the follies and crimes of twelve centuries, beginning with the Saracen invasion and concluding with the present-day Mafia activities. Mr. Mack Smith has chosen to be highly selective. He sketches in the background effectively, and interspersed chapters of concise political narrative with surveys of economic and social change.

The portrait of Sicily that emerges from Mr. Mack Smith's account is of a society fossilized in a state of feudalism. He attributes most of the island's ills to the parasitic aristocracy, and his index summarizes the indictment: "Barons: absenteeism of; agriculture, unwilling to invest in; armed bands retained by; industry, unwilling to invest in; Mafia and; modernization, averse to; privileges of; tax exemption of; trade, aversion to; see also feudal anarchy."

In the eighteenth century, for example, the sale of titles, a lucrative source of government revenue, provided Sicily with 142 princes, 788 marquesses, and an assortment of 1,500 dukes and barons, all of them landlords with the power of life and death over the peasants who lived on their estates. This largely illiterate aristocracy produced few men of any distinction, and left no memorial other than the splendid palaces and villas in Palermo that form the setting of *The Leopard*.

Mr. Mack Smith illuminates the historical and social background that has formed the Sicilian mind with its habits of secrecy and distrust, its hatred of authority, its private loyalties, and its quasi-religious belief in revenge. It shows how natural it was that this environment should breed the Mafia, the greatest impediment to the development of both industry and agriculture throughout the island's recent history.

To understand such a society is hard for the American or Northern European with his inherited sense of order, his instinctive application of certain elementary principles of social organization without which there can be no security either for the individual or for the group. Some historians and sociologists maintain that the Mafia's success is due to its original character of protector, ruthless and primitive but also necessary because of the equally ruthless oppression to which Sicilians had been subjected for centuries. However, Mr. Mack Smith believes that the Mafia has always tried to infiltrate and control whatever government was in power.

The chapters on modern Sicily are hardly reassuring. During World War II the Allies restored the Mafia to the positions of authority and prestige from which it had been ousted by Mussolini, who feared it as a rival organization to his Fascist Party. Just as the Mafia once cooperated with the local aristocracy to insure its supremacy, so it worked with the Allies.

Is Sicily's future likely to be happier than her past? The discovery of oil and natural gas has brought about a minor revolution in the eastern part of the island; but progress is retarded by the continuation of gang rule, which has been fostered by the repatriation of deported Sicilian-American gangsters. Under these conditions, Mr. Mack Smith says, anyone with political influence and the right criminal associations can become rich. The reforms launched by the government have had some impact, but whether they can erode the Mafia's power remains to be seen.

Improvement is also held back by the deeply ingrained unwillingness of Sicilians to work together. As a Tuscan policeman told Danilo Dolci: "Here there's no cooperation between the peasants. One would say they all hate each other." Why? Mr. Mack Smith does not tell us. But then, no one else has given a satisfactory explanation of the spiritual and social malaise from which the island has suffered for centuries.

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The Cossums aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-eyed little boy whose smile can light up an entire room. But for most of his six years, he hasn't had much to smile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an Appalachian town of 200 people in a county with a per capita income of $557 a year. Like most of the other people of Laurel Creek, Lester lives in a three-room weatherboard house, along with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters. They have no well, and of course no inside plumbing. So Lester's mother, Tressie, carries all the family water up from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project

sums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a new pair of overalls or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other Appalachian children and American Indian children, as well as children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to cor-

The Cossums know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Only a little piece of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world, if enough people care. How about you?

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Financial statements on request.

National Sponsors (partial list): Claude Arpels, Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Andy Griffith, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J.C. Penney, Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Sunday in Santiago

CHILEANS would rather be remembered for the wines they produce (even France is a customer) or for the Andean spires that dominate their long shoestring land, but I was taken by something else—an unconscionable array of some of the oldest automobiles still plying this earth. Santiago, the capital, sophisticated as any Western metropolis, positively bulges with chugging, sputtering Model Ts, Model As, boxy Bonnie and Clyde roadsters, rumble-seaters, the prototypal fastbacks and such forgotten conveyances as 1949 Mercomatics. If you wonder where your Kaiser-Fraser went, it's probably in the caring hands of a Santiago cabbie.

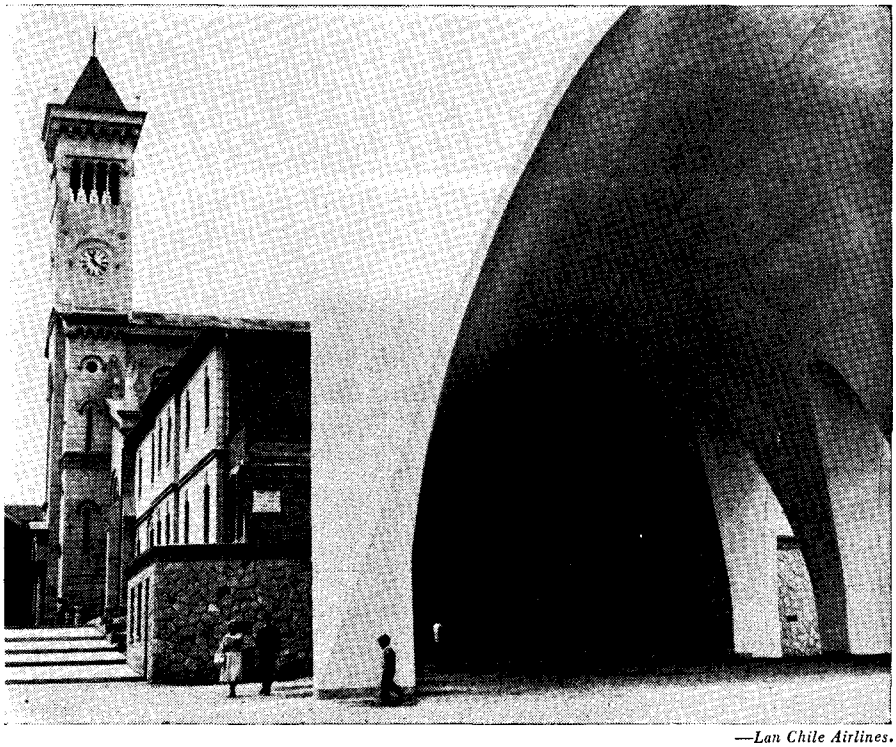
The reason the Chileans cling to automotive antiquity is more economic than sentimental. While the middle class is growing faster than it is in most other South American countries, some 3.5 per cent of the country's 8,000,000 people control half the wealth. That doesn't leave the average car-owner enough escudos to be shopping Detroit's new lines every other year. On top of that weighs a heavy import duty. A Colombian told me, somewhat sheepishly, that he bought an American sedan for $3,000 ten years ago, drove it around for a time, then sold it in Chile for $13,000. So a visitor to Santiago notes an almost total absence of new and used car lots, and he ponders the fate of the country's born hucksters. Are they selling llama skins or copper kettles? Or have they found shelter in some auto showroom in Valparaiso, Indiana?

I rode in only one post-Columbian, pre-Dynaflow vehicle, but it was enough to evoke something of the split-windshield, high-seated experience dimly remembered by one who learned to drive on a 1954 Powerglide. It was a Sunday afternoon not a month ago, a bright spring day in Chile, where the seasons are reversed and students were sitting in parks cramming for final exams, only weeks from the summer solstice and vacation. I wanted to wait for a relic, but the best I could do on Estado Street in downtown Santiago was a middle-aged Dodge, which had tumbled from the conveyor belt just after World War II or perhaps circa Pearl Harbor. The reason I had no trouble hailing the yellow-topped black bomb (a color scheme shared by all Santiago cabs) was that it lay stalled at a curb, its operator ministering to the rusted innards beneath the hood. "Club Hípico?" I said, for I hadn't the nerve or the Spanish to pester him with details. He waved me wearily into the cab and went about taking the pulse of his fallen patient. I chose to watch. Presently he trotted around to the trunk, removed a blue plastic bottle and fed its aqueous contents to the hissing radiator. With a groan (the car's) and a lurch,we were off.

It was when he pulled onto the Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins, a wide, hectic tree-shaded raceway cutting the center of Santiago, that I noticed other drivers tending to inert autos, like mechanics making pit-stop adjustments at Indianapolis. My captain had no trouble keeping up with the fleet, his yellow and maroon cloth bird bobbing from the rear-view mirror.

Santiaguinos who prefer to save their syllables refer to Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins as the Alameda but they mean to take nothing away from Señor O'Higgins, the George Washington of Chile. His uncanny handle graces institutions public and private throughout the country, parks, clubs, hotels, streets and probably a lot of Chileans—all enduring tributes to a warrior of Irish and Chilean parentage who helped bring independence to Chile in 1818 with an assist by that other hero on horseback from across the Andes, San Martín. After the Spanish bowed out, O'Higgins became Supreme Director of the new country, but the rich Creoles dogged him for defending the poor, finally forcing him to resign in 1823. Before retiring to Peru, never to see Chile again, O'Higgins told the national congress, "If my faults have caused misfortunes that can only be purged by blood, take such vengeance on me as you wish! Here is my breast!" There was a single, thunderous reply: "Long live O'Higgins!" It would hearten O'Higgins to know that Chile is one of the most democratic countries in South America.

Club Hípico, which I reached at no further disability to the Dodge, is one of two racecourses in Santiago. The Hípodromo is open on Sunday morning, Hípico in the afternoon, so that Santiaguinos can go to church at any hour they choose and still have time to play the *caballos*. I am not a betting man, though I can be lured into putting a buck on a ball-game now and then, and racetracks are anything but my scene. In fact, until I paid my 3 escudos (36 cents) and walked into the cheapest section of the Hípico, I had never been closer to the green oval than a movie newsreel of the Derby, described in gravelly passion by Clem McCarthy. People were up and cheering when I came through the runway, and out of reflex born of newsreel peeping I glanced left to pick up the action. All I saw was empty track and the snow-topped Andes beyond, and I remem-



—*Lan Chile Airlines.*

Viña del Mar's modern grotto adjoining old San José —"guitars and bongos can be heard above the organ."

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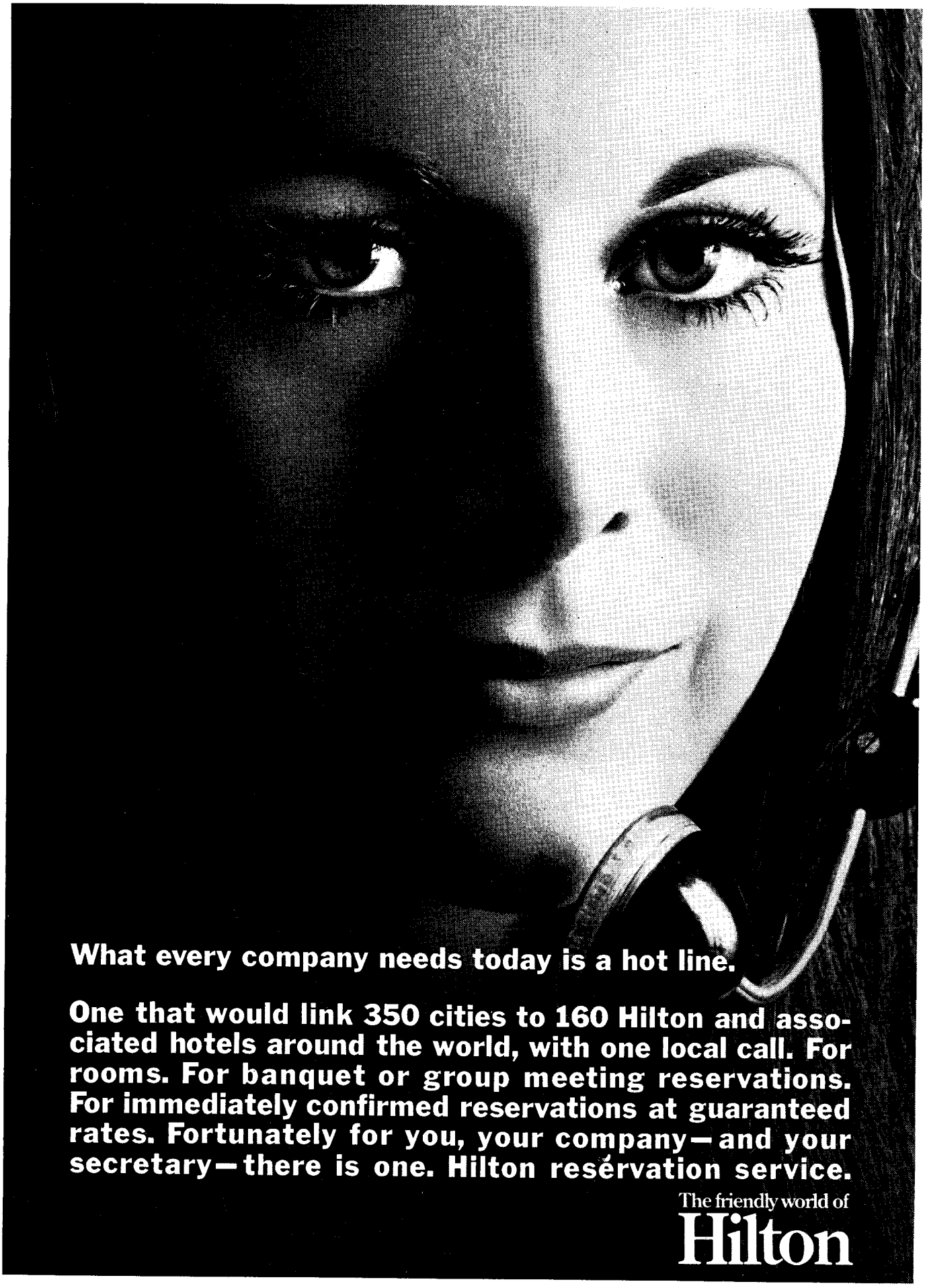
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bered in a flash someone telling me that Chilean horseraces run the other way, clockwise instead of counterclockwise. I looked right in time to see the horses rounding the corner and coming down the straightaway, their progress detailed over a PA in quickening but hardly excitable tones, sickly in a way, as though the speaker had taken too much Chilean wine the night before. The people were on their feet, in the stands, on the grass, and beside me at the rail, but together their voices barely raised the din that might greet a Frank Howard home run at D.C. Stadium. Later, my racing informant told me that Chileans seldom reach the rabid stage at a racecourse. I noticed more of a Sunday family-outing mood, mothers chatting on the grass with an eye on their scrambling tots, fathers studying the racing forms. Young pre-teen-age boys, shrieking, crowding the rail, craning to catch a glimpse of the winning horse on its way down the ramp—they seemed the most excited of all. Once, as a winner was flashed on the infield scoreboard, a little barefoot boy in plaid shirt and suspenders leaped into the arms of the uninspired young man beside him and began pounding him on the back. Then he jumped down and danced a little hotfooted Chilean number.

Promoters of South American travel may tell us *gringos* that switching to the Latin life is as routine as flipping on a Sergio Mendez record, or adjusting to the sight of old cars and clockwise racetracks, but they are mistaken. True enough, an air traveler won't find his body clock gone haywire as he might crossing the Atlantic or Pacific, because most of South America lies only one time zone east of the U.S. Atlantic seaboard. But even that geographic fact requires some tinkering with one's emotional gear. It is hard to believe, even after an all-night three-stop flight from Miami to Santiago, that one is landing in western South America at a point well east of New York and on line with Sydney, where Christmas is about to arrive in early summer and Chileans are putting away their skis. Then there is the matter of language: whatever you are promised about the European, cosmopolitan air of large South American cities, English is not a favored tongue. None of which put me off (who needs a second London or Paris?) but a novitiate visitor should be prepared to struggle a bit, and to pack a Spanish-English dictionary with his bottle of mineral water.

Thus fortified, I left the next day by bus for Valparaíso and Viña del Mar, the Twin Cities of the South Pacific (another shock: it *is* the South Pacific), which cling to a steep crescent bay 85 miles west of Santiago. LAN Chile, the international airline that ties up most of the country in a cobweb of routes and also flies to Miami and New York, doesn't stop at the Valpo-Viña airstrip, but bus, train, and car make the cross-mountain trip in a couple of hours. Viña is the summertime retreat of the Argentine and Chilean rich, who settle into seaside cottages for weeks or months at a stretch. The poor come for weekends, put up their families at small motels and drive home Sunday night in their Model Ts. Nearly everyone stops halfway to Valpo-Viña in a quiet little town of Curacavi that becomes less quiet as the summer beach crowd begins to ebb and flow. At the Hotel Ingles, they sit on the flowered terrace and drink *chicha*, an amber cider pressed from Curacavi's own grapes, and down sandwiches and bowls of chicken soup with a raw egg dropped in—at 80 cents one of the best bargains I found in Chile, a country not particularly celebrated by escudo-pinching tourists.

The road leads to Viña, down its precipitous, tree-lined streets to the bay, then along the craggy coast past smaller beach settlements to the north. One of the most fashionable is Reñaca, also one of the most controversial. As a young Santiago priest explained to me, the Bishop of the Valparaíso-Viña del Mar diocese came out four-square against the bikini in 1967, an encyclical that prompted the local priests to call a strike and the female patrons of Reñaca to trim their bikinis even further. Now Reñaca is popularly called Bishop's Beach. Jorge Canepa, the young priest, said he gladly would have supported the strike, indeed any campaign to free the Chilean Catholic Church of hoary, uncompromising dogma. He himself wears three-button business suits, knit ties and will not answer to the title "Father." His colleagues have helped turn Santiago into the country's most progressive diocese, a trend any visitor can observe on a visit to a Sunday mass where guitars and bongos can be heard above the organ. On autumn Saturdays Canepa stays close by a shortwave radio set lent to him by the U.S. Embassy, urging on the football team of Notre Dame, his alma mater.

Chile has given the world some notable poets and writers, perhaps none so widely quoted as Pablo Neruda, who found inspiration for much of his early romantic work in the swashbuckling clamor of Valparaíso. It was with a sometime writer and all-time swinger named Luis Zalamea that I set off one late afternoon to find the taverns where the young Neruda, now in his mid-sixties, was supposed to have scribbled his most telling lines. Zalamea insists that Neruda's verses are so well known in Chile that cabdrivers and schoolchildren mouth them as the litany, but for some reason we couldn't find a store that carried the work of the only South American ever to receive the degree of Doctor Honoris Causa from Oxford. So we plunged through the narrow streets now throbbing with a 6 o'clock fever, dodged a few hurtling old buses and shouldered our way into the Neptun tavern. Zalamea showed me the bare-wood table in the back where he said Neruda wrote of sailors, whores, and the love they exchanged; we sat up front near the bar to watch the customers come and go. I saw no brawny sailors, no painted women, only men in business suits drinking quietly.

We drank red Chilean wine and Zalamea talked of the young Neruda, son of a railway worker, who at twenty wrote a book, *Twenty Love Poems and a Desperate Song*, which has sold more than 1,000,000 copies the world over in dozens of languages and dialects. A sample of Neruda:

> This night is the same night; it whitens
> The same trees; casts similar shadows:
> It is as dark, as long, as deep, and as endurable
> As any other night. It is true: I do not want her.

We sat and talked and waited to see the people of Neruda's poems, but the streets grew quiet and the sun went down over the bay, and the same men in business suits were still at the bar when we left. —D.B.

A Place for Four-letter Words

By Peter Sears

I HAD it all wrong from the start about four-letter words. I thought they were big words with four letters.

Sure, I thought about being wrong.
I kept it quiet, cobweb quiet,
like our house, even our garage,

All but the shed where I kept
my bike. I looked for a place
to hear these words, all of them

Before someone tried to tell me
where this one belonged and that
one didn't. Leaning streamlined

Over the handlebars, I heard them
in the tire's lick and spin. Faster,
tearing all out down a hill, hunched

Under the wind, blinking at the rain,
I yelled every four-letter word I knew,
yelled them until they were as real

As the hill, yelled them until I
broke them in my throat and they were
just words spinning in the spokes.

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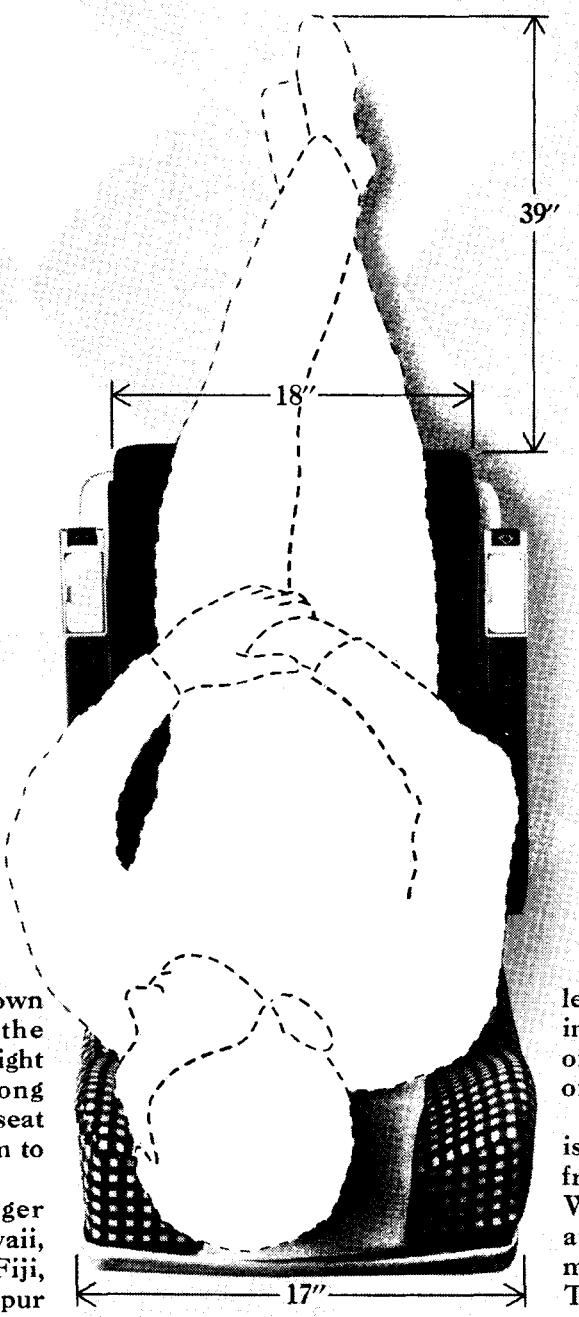
We built a seat that measures up to the Pacific Ocean.



Ask anyone who has ever flown to Sydney, or Auckland, or the Orient and they'll tell you—the flight across the Pacific is a long, long stretch. And an Economy Class seat simply doesn't offer enough room to stretch out in.

But now, for every passenger who has wiggled his way to Hawaii, who has felt fidgety approaching Fiji, who has arrived in Kuala Lumpur with lumps he didn't start out with—BOAC introduces the medically tested, scientifically cushioned, extra-roomy, totally new kind of sinfully luxurious Economy Class seat. It's a lot more than a boast.

What we did was take that bulky, space consuming metal frame used in airline seats since before the jet age, and replace it with a brand-new super-strong plastic shell. One that's incredibly thin for maximum elbow-room and contoured to support you where you need support most.

We knocked the stuffings out of the standard, clumpy woolen stuffings and replaced them with cool, synthetic foam padding that shapes itself to your shape. No matter what shape you're in.

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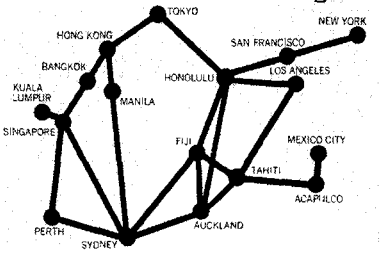

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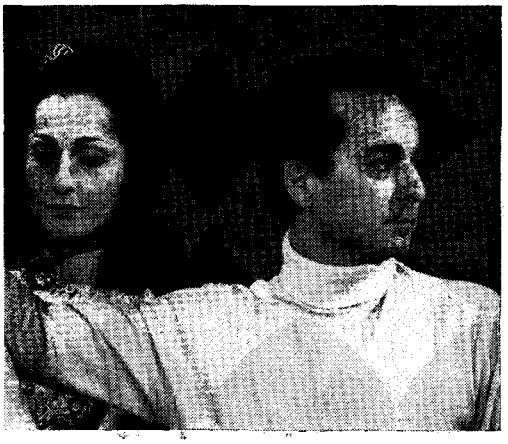
World of Dance

Walter Terry

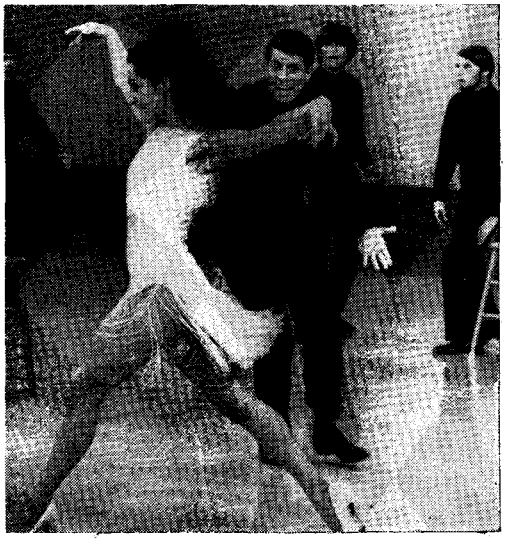


Carol Lawrence with TV director-choreographer Tony Charmoli—"It's heaven working with him!" says the dance star of her boss.

Dancing on the Ladder of Success

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

"DIFFICULT? Not if you present her right. Not if you give her material that is good for her," said the director-choreographer. "She's incredible," says Robert Lone, dancer and partner. "She can do anything asked of her. She's tireless." And, as Steve Harmon, a television feature-actor-singer-dancer reported: "If the choreographer tells her to jump off a high prop, she doesn't ask 'How?' she just jumps. I know, I had to catch her!" The lady in question is Carol Lawrence, who can act and sing and dance, and who does all three in the Carol Lawrence TV special, directed and choreographed by that ebullient wizard of cinematic choreography, Tony Charmoli [*SR*, Aug. 19, 1967].



The *Stool Dance*, in which Miss Lawrence does a potpourri of dance steps and styles. Said Robert Lone (standing right behind her and egging her on), "She's incredible. She can do anything asked of her."

Miss Lawrence, the unsurpassed Maria of *West Side Story* (in which Larry Kert was the equally unsurpassed Tony), was obviously on cloud nine as she rehearsed and taped her TV special, and her joy—which bubbled forth for the two days I watched the show being made—was not born simply of the fact that she sang, acted, clowned, and looked beautiful, but because she was not only pinpointed as a singer, a personality, and a star, but also as a highly accomplished dancer. Of Charmoli she said, "Tony is fantastic. It's heaven working with him!" And when she saw the edited tape, she was ecstatic.

Charmoli and Lawrence were lucky to have each other. Charmoli, who choreographed the old *Hit Parade* show and, subsequently, shows for Dinah Shore, Danny Kaye, and an impressive roster of other celebrated performers, has recently had opportunities to direct. He likes the combination of director-choreographer mainly because it's practical. As a choreographer only, he created his dances to serve within the framework formulated by the director. As a director-choreographer, the total filming pattern is the result of a single concept. For, as he says, "when you direct and film—not just choreograph—a dance, you know exactly where you are going because you've been there, as a dancer, yourself. There's no excuse for *not* 'getting the moment.'" And the "moment," in dance, is all important. It is not a matter of a pretty bit of photography or of glamorizing a star or of panning lightly over a spate of rhythmic action. It is a matter of turning a step, a gesture, a song, a skit into choreographic images. The result is a show which has not only pace—as you would expect with dancing—but also form, dance form.

In fact, the Lawrence special is basically a dance show. It begins with a buoyant ladder dance (which is a high-point of her nightclub act) in which she reaches, poses, stretches, turns, and yearns (fetchingly) while balanced on rungs and while her stepladder is propelled in choreographic diagonals, circles, pathways across the stage. The show concludes with a reprise of this, just as it should, in a sweet explosion of air, altitude, and action.

Elsewhere, you will find a delightful

***Ladder Dance*—a Lawrence trademark in TV, clubs, and everywhere there is dance space, created especially for her by Charmoli.**

stool dance which calls upon Miss Lawrence and her cavaliers to do a waltz, a cha-cha-cha, a Spanish bit, a shuffle-off, and other rhythmic items—all to counts of eight. This makes it something of a documentary, since dancers invariably count to eight no matter what the time signature is—2/4, 3/4, 4/4, 5/4, 9/11, etc.—and always come out even, much to the amazement, consternation, and disbelief of musicians.

There is also a great hoofing number with the veteran Nicholas Brothers, an old-time sand dance, and—from the musical *I Do! I Do!*, which she played on Broadway for a time—a lusty number, choreographed by Gower Champion, in which she puts on a mad hat, kicks off her shoes, tromps over the four-poster, shoots her hips in all directions, and simply refuses to grow old. Miss Lawrence is not an exponent of the classical ballet which Britain's Dame Margot Fonteyn has brought to American television on ballet specials, nor is she concerned with the deep dance dramas and mysteries which have been projected by Carmen de Lavallade, say, or Pearl Lang on TV. Miss Lawrence, however, is a splendid dancer who chooses to be the choreographic outlet for that lyric: "Let me entertain you."

To capture the Lawrence skills, the spontaneity, the mesmeric quality of her body rhythms, Charmoli has made his own camera his star's principal dancing partner. When he was blocking the camera patterns for the show, he carried his notebook high in front of him and danced it into the set itself as his crew followed him in delightful excursions which plotted the use of his cameras in longshots, close-ups, dissolves. Perhaps his camera and lighting experts didn't know it, but they were dancing with him.

On taping day, they stopped dancing to carry out the vast technical demands given them by the director-choreographer. But Charmoli himself didn't stop

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dancing. True, he was in the control room and he was seated, but as he "called the shots," so to speak, he gesticulated, he held his breath as Miss Lawrence floated across the stage on her ladder, he rose out of his seat as the dancing boys lifted her, and he swayed to the music of her dances.

But Tony Charmoli, dancer-choreographer, is a very special kind of director, for such as he have an edge on other TV directors when it comes time to do a television special which is centered upon a dancer and is all about dancing.

While dancing and singing and working tirelessly on the show, Miss Lawrence, who is also Mrs. Robert Goulet, managed to squeeze in some maternal attentions. Her young sons, Christopher and Michael, came calling. Recently accustomed to a Broadway house for their mother, and seeing her in costume and makeup, they asked, "Where's Mommy's theater?" Miss Lawrence swept her arms in all directions of the huge studio, explained, "This is Mommy's theater," and held them close to her. But interest in Mommy waned quickly as a marimba band began to play on the set. Christopher, with permission, had to go up and look it over, while little Michael simply ignored the fact that his mother was the dance star, and headed off on his own in a number of his own devising which was a wild combination of a stomp, the *I Do! I Do!* routine, and a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo in Latin rhythm. Not even Mommy could do that! But the lady herself can do lots in the way of dancing, and her new special is a treat for dance followers of all tastes.

Correction: In the November 30 issue Linda Hodes was identified as Helen McGehee and vice versa.

WIT TWISTER #89

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

An _ _ _ _ _ came, perhaps, to that Greek shore
Where _ _ _ _ _ studied medicine apart,
To help him _ _ _ _ _ the truths from ancient lore
And write, from a new _ _ _ _ _, of his art.

(*Answer on page* 70)

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Show Biz-Politics Scene

OF ALL the paid political telecasts in the 1968 Presidential election campaign, the most persistent image in my memory bank is that of Hubert Humphrey playing straight man to Buddy Hackett, the comedian, on the telethon that climaxed the Vice President's drive for the White House, the evening of November 4, on the ABC Television Network. Mr. Hackett is a superb comic, and I have no reason to doubt that, as a citizen, he has serious political convictions. They may have impelled him to join many other show biz celebrities who did their bit for Humphrey-Muskie that night, but there was something fiercely incongruous, even alarming, in the sight of Hackett bouncing gags off a desperately ebullient Horatio as the Democratic aspirant for the Presidency made his final pitch to the American electorate.

The comic and the candidate, mixing fun and issues in a sort of *Hellzapoppin'*, symbolized the leading edge of the love affair between TV and politics that steadily grows hotter every four years. Where are we heading? To sense the possibilities, one has to recall the final razmataz radio show that the Democrats put on coast to coast in 1944 (over the CBS Network) ending President Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign for a fourth term. The program was, I believe, the first election spectacular that joined show biz, broadcasting, and politics. It was produced by Norman Corwin and originated largely in Hollywood. A parade of stars of stage, screen, and radio, plus "names" from other fields, sang songs, played in skits, and made speeches for FDR. I had a hand in the New York pickup and remember a line of celebrities who walked to the microphones to voice short endorsements, including Milton Berle, the philosopher John Dewey, and Frank Sinatra. But it was only at the very end of the program that an announcer, in rather awed tones, pronounced: "And now, the President of the United States." At which point, the show switched to the White House and President Roosevelt delivered a brief talk. That was the courtship stage; politics and show biz romantically inclined but politely distant as befits a relationship between court and jester. Twenty-four years later, Sinatra was still in the picture, but now he sat at the head table solemnly interviewing Muskie. No ceremonial gulf separated the candidates and the players; indeed, Humphrey and Muskie were buddy-buddy, arm in arm with Sinatra's daughter, Nancy; Johnny Carson; a member of The Mamas and the Papas recording group; Herb Alpert; Bill Cosby; and more than forty other entertainers.

Meanwhile at another studio in Hollywood (NBC) another contender, Richard Nixon, was deep in his own telethon spectacular, *sans* show people but with pretty all-American girls, including his two daughters, answering phoned-in questions in a more sedate but far duller show. Nixon, of course, played the part of the lone, responsible statesman, maintaining the image that had won him his commanding lead in the polls. Humphrey's intent was to catch the young McCarthy holdouts, the undecided swing vote; therefore the vibrant, mobile, openhearted appeal. He probably offended many McCarthy supporters with his obvious tactics, but he may have also picked up a whale of a lot of would-have-been Wallace votes. TV stars, the fun people of the affluent society, may be the culture heroes of such viewers: they probably made Humphrey more attractive.

Certainly we have not yet attained the apogee of the show biz-politics orbit. Some people worry about demagogues with huge budgets and Madison Avenue savvy winning Presidential power in the future. The worriers suggest voluntary advertising agency-network-party guidelines for a more honest pattern of TV campaigning. But as TV pulls the candidates nearer to voters, the candidates tend to draw back from close scrutiny, and to place symbols of themselves between the voters and the real men. The sad prospect is more manipulation and less restraint.

One actor (Ronald Reagan) has already been in the running for his party's nomination; another (Dick Gregory) actually was a candidate. For any future candidates, the wind blows in the direction of heavier role-playing. Let's ride with the tide if we cannot block it. Don't abolish the Electoral College; transform it into an award jury. Every four years let it hand out, not Oscars or Emmys, but Prexys for the best quadrennial election makeup man, writer, producer, scene designer, lighting man, composer, best supporting player (Agnew?), and, of course, the best performance. Which, in the end, will be the most cherished goal to the man who makes the White House—the Presidency or the Prexy?

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Von Karajan's "Rheingold"; de los Angeles, d'Angelo

ANYTIME AN OPERA is given better than it has at the Metropolitan in more than two decades, that is the time to take leave of faultfinding and render thanks instead. Such is the case with Wagner's *Das Rheingold,* as it took its turn in the sequence of the Nibelungen *Ring* being staged and conducted by Herbert von Karajan. This is a tale of gold on no small scale (costing Eastern Airlines a half million dollars to sponsor the retelling), and Karajan has given it a spaciousness, grandeur, and musical distinction worthy of its cosmic scope.

Paradoxically, though the shortest of all the mature Wagner scores, *Das Rheingold* is the hardest to do well. That is not only because of its scenic complications (four episodes unbroken by an intermission, with a need for meticulous accuracy to cover each change in the amount of music Wagner allotted to that purpose). It is even less a repertory piece than, say, *Siegfried* or *Götterdämmerung,* with at least half a dozen specialized roles. When *Ring* cycles were annual events at the Metropolitan, a nuclear core could be sustained from year to year. More recently, each lapse of four or five years has required the creation of virtually a new combination, from scratch.

The Karajan scheme of producing each *Ring* drama first at Salzburg and then reproducing it in New York has, for the purpose of *Das Rheingold* at least, been a brilliant success. The program was studded with the names of seven performers making Metropolitan debuts. Taking in several Karajan-indoctrinated others who had previously made Metropolitan debuts, there were no less than nine roles served by performers who had performed *Rheingold* under his direction in Europe.

Outstanding among them were neither Wotan (Thomas Stewart) nor Fricka (Josephine Veasey, one of the new artists), the roles commonly associated with the "name" performers of Metropolitan *Rheingolds,* but Zoltán Kelemen and Gerhard Stolze. Both new, both excellent, they were the protagonists in the duel of wits between Alberich, who wrests the gold from the Rhine, and Loge, who maneuvers a way for Wotan to steal it, and thus pay off his debt to the giants for building Valhalla. Kelemen has a piercing *sprechstimme* baritone which is able to make Alberich not only repulsive but eloquent; and Stolze qualifies as the best Loge here since, perhaps, John Garris. Some of the action Karajan has given to him is over-stylized (arms endlessly wrapped around each other, as a symbol of cogitation), but he measures each note and syllable to a high average of effectiveness.

As much could be said of Karajan's integration of musical discourse with scenic requirement, dark as it is in his warfare against the forces of light. The Rhine mood is beautifully evoked, with a complex of similarly attired figures, some singing (Lilian Sukis as Woglinde, plus Edda Moser as Wellgunde and Anna Reynolds as Flosshilde, both among the newcomers), some not. The effect was to suggest a supernatural ability to be here one moment, fifteen feet away another. Also new were Donald Grobe as a light-voiced Froh, and Simone Mangelsdorff as a less than radiant Freia. Established Metropolitan personnel who distinguished themselves included Sherrill Milnes as Donner, Andrea Velis as a particularly promising

Mime, Lili Chookasian as an eloquent Erda, Martti Talvela (Fasolt), and Karl Riddersbusch (Fafner). Evaluation of Karajan's unique mastery of this score and the resulting felicities must wait for the next performances.

Victoria de los Angeles's return to Carnegie Hall after an absence of two years was so rapturously received by an outpouring of enthusiasts that critical comment is almost superfluous. She was in beautiful, if somewhat sparing, voice for a program that ranged through a characteristic succession of eighteenth-century material, German lieder, and Spanish songs, with a digression to a group of Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne* as a semi-novelty.

And yet, no matter how beautifully

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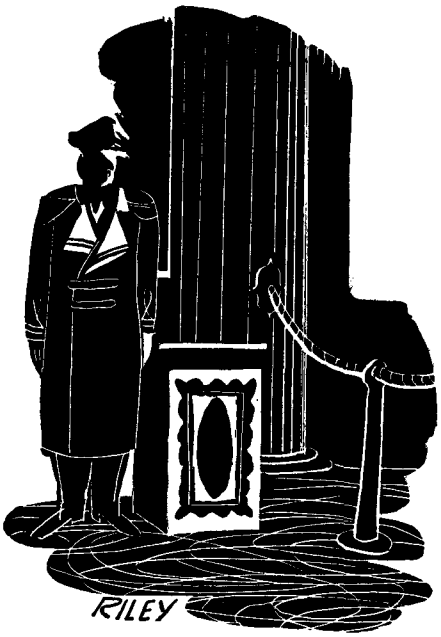
she uses her finely tuned instrument, Miss de los Angeles owes more of a debt to the composers by whose products she has profited than she discharges at this time. It is, indeed, something of an odd choice for a soprano to put together a sequence of arias by Hasse, Porpora, and Farinelli written—in the final instance, for the performer himself—for the male soprano (castrato). For what represented a feat of execution for them represents much less such an accomplishment for a soprano of de los Angeles's endowments. There was a considerable amount of beautiful sound and artful phrase-turning, but all too little communication of meaning.

If it can be said, with some justice, that meaning in the conventional sense is in the marginal category of such material, Schumann's "In der Fremde" and "Die Lotusblume," Schubert's "Wohin" and "Mein" are rather otherwise. Neither in these nor even in Schubert's "An die Musik" (which, one would think, could hardly be sung by an accomplished musician without real fervor) was there much to ruffle the surface of placidity.

With the second half, in which she moved into Auvergne and then to Spain, Miss de los Angeles sounded to be putting forth more vocal power, and "Le Fiolare" as well as "L'aoio de rotso" (Auvergnese dialect, of course) was outlined to within a hairsbreath of perfection. But of zest, atmosphere, or the magic of the remote contained in these expressions there was all too little. Perhaps if Miss de los Angeles were to disenthrall herself of absorption with vocal sound alone, she could realize a larger measure of the musical content of what she sings. Paul Berl performed precisely to the measure of Miss de los Angeles's specifications at the piano.



Another returnee, not too dissimilar in name, had a rough experience when Gianna d'Angelo sang Gilda in a Metropolitan *Rigoletto* after an absence of a season plus. She was, clearly, moving cautiously in the second-act duet with the Duke (though the sound was clear, the quality good), and, when wholly on her own, in "Caro nome," she was short of adequate breath and the quantity of sound was proportionately small. This, however, was no provocation whatsoever for the shouted *"Ubriaca"* ("drunk") and a unison of boos from an upper area of the theater. Understandably, Miss d'Angelo had enough for the evening and Colette Boky finished. Aside from any consideration of manners, New York is not Parma or Turin, and such an outburst is unprecedented in decades of Metropolitan Operagoing. The conclusion must be that it was, in the computer sense, programed and ready for use.

In any case, Miss d'Angelo's further future at the Met should not be determined by such outrageous behavior. Carlo Bergonzi and Robert Merrill were in the cast conducted by Fausto Cleva.

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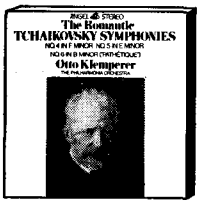

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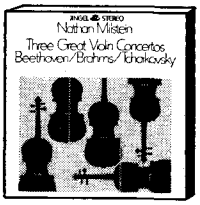

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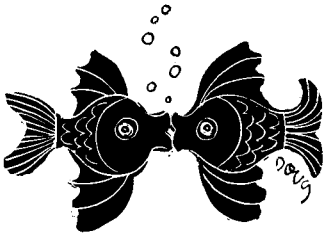

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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As Others See Us

PARIS:

Is America Burning?

TOMORROW, there will be new problems presented to the Americans. . . . They will demand even more reflection and effort. Are the Americans concerned with a way of life that will be superior to the accumulation of wealth? Will they decide to let national solidarity pass ahead of puritanical individualism in attacking the heart of the problems of poverty and the humiliation of the Negroes, as advocated by Robert Kennedy? Without returning to isolationism, what will they do in order that America may renounce its role as world policeman, and, more profoundly, admit its coexistence with other models of civilization?

It is to all this that the America of the years 1970-1980 must respond. It is understood that she is investigating a new social contract, a richer and more open system of values. . . . That this metamorphosis is accompanied by turmoil and crises is only normal. We should worry if the Americans were sure of themselves, arrogant. . . . To the contrary, they are in anguish, putting everything into question, doubtful of their traditions, and calling foreigners to come to discuss their difficulties with them. This dialogue, which is essentially between them and we Europeans, has never been more necessary or more important. —J.-J. *Servan-Schreiber, L'Express.*

LONDON:

Nixon's Great Tests

NIXON HAS PROMISED that he will be an activist President, but the temptation to be passive will be great, for there is a strong feeling now in America, which is behind much of the dissent on the Left as well as on the Right, that the central government is interfering too much in local and personal affairs. Most of those who voted for Mr. Nixon are in a similar mood to those who voted for Mr. Eisenhower in 1952. They want a period of rest and relaxation. But to give them this would be disastrous. Mr. Nixon's other great test at home will be the firmness with which he defends civil liberties and the rights of individuals. During the campaign he could be forgiven for trying to be all things to all voters, but not when he becomes President. . . . In the past, Mr. Nixon has lacked confidence. He need never lack it again. He knows his job, he knows what he wants to do, and he can do it. He is not frightened of the Presidency as some men have been. Indeed, he may be too sure of himself and too unwilling to compromise, above all in foreign affairs. —*The Economist.*

ROME:

Nixon and the "Double Life"

. . . THE KENNEDY ERA which could reconcile the university and the party, humanists and men of science and professional politicians is definitely part of the past.

The essence of Camelot, of modern art and its courtiers has been substituted by other essences: the magnolia accents of Wallace followers . . . the prophets of Black Power . . . the revolutionary students of the "New Left". . . . These have been pitted against the essence of Nixonism—that of Main Street, where the sense of well-being and of good conservative virtues reside. And it is this last philosophy—that of the "Old Frontier"—that for now prevails. It is not a new ideology that has been unveiled.

The secret of America's vitality is in large measure its mixture of nationalities, races, and diverse cultures. . . . But one of the essential characteristics of Nixonism is its lack of diversity and its worship of homogeneity. . . .

Let's look at the electoral map: from Cook County, Illinois, to Orange County, California, there is one compatible mass of Nixon blue. There prevails an ideology that is the greatest single mixture of white pride (above all, Anglo-Saxon), puritanism, Calvinism, conservativism, sport and hygiene. There, truly, the people are persuaded, according to Norman Mailer, that they live in the last reserve of righteousness in the world —in the "Garden of the Lord"—and that for no other part of the world should this faith be disturbed.

—*Alberto Ronchey, La Stampa.*

SYDNEY:

Saigon's Fears

FROM SAIGON'S POINT of view, it may well appear that the United States is now more concerned with extricating itself than with giving due weight to the wishes of a people for whose right to decide their own political fate Americans have fought so long. . . . Nevertheless, South Vietnam's fears are both exaggerated and premature. . . . The important thing is to get substantive talks started, and this is as much in Saigon's interest as anyone else's.

—*The Sydney Morning Herald.*

TOKYO:

U.S. Bases in Japan

THE MOST VOCIFEROUS opponents of the American military presence in Japan may be divided broadly into two groups. One includes the leftist elements who have ideological axes to grind; the other is opposed because of the various irritants and dangers, real and imagined, that go with the U.S. installations.

The danger for 1970 and thereafter is that the two may join in a mass movement, abetted by the radical students who only recently stormed the gates of Tachikawa Air Base. . . . What is clearly lacking is the basic understanding that the facilities offered to the U.S. forces are for the defense of this nation, and that the local installations serve the interests of national security.

It should be noted in this connection that while accidents of military jets are unfortunate, they point up the arduous nature of the training required to protect this country. . . . —*Masaru Ogawa, The Japan Times Weekly.*

BOGOTA:

The U.S. Election and Latin America

ALTHOUGH IT IS certain that Mr. Nixon . . . cannot be considered an extremist . . . , his election spells success for the conservatives and the rightists and is a significant reverse for the liberals and progressives that have been on the scene since the first election of FDR in 1932.

Many international observers have seen this as a universal phenomenon that can be explained as a natural reaction to the New Left, anarchy, nihilism, and libertarianism that, led by the students, the Black Power groups, and the intellectual leftists, have upset the electorate as much in the great nations of Western Europe as in the United States. . . .

Political factions of the United States that have not had very well defined programs and are really permanent coalitions have recently greatly accented their traditional differences as well as new discrepancies. . . . This includes the isolationists and protectionists of the Republican party. They, in principle, are the enemy of all foreign aid and opposed to all commercial concessions. One must have faith that the new President will be able to react against his friends and fellow party members in these foreign affairs—any other course would be fatal for the under-developed countries, and particularly for Latin America. . . . —*F. U. B., El Tiempo.*

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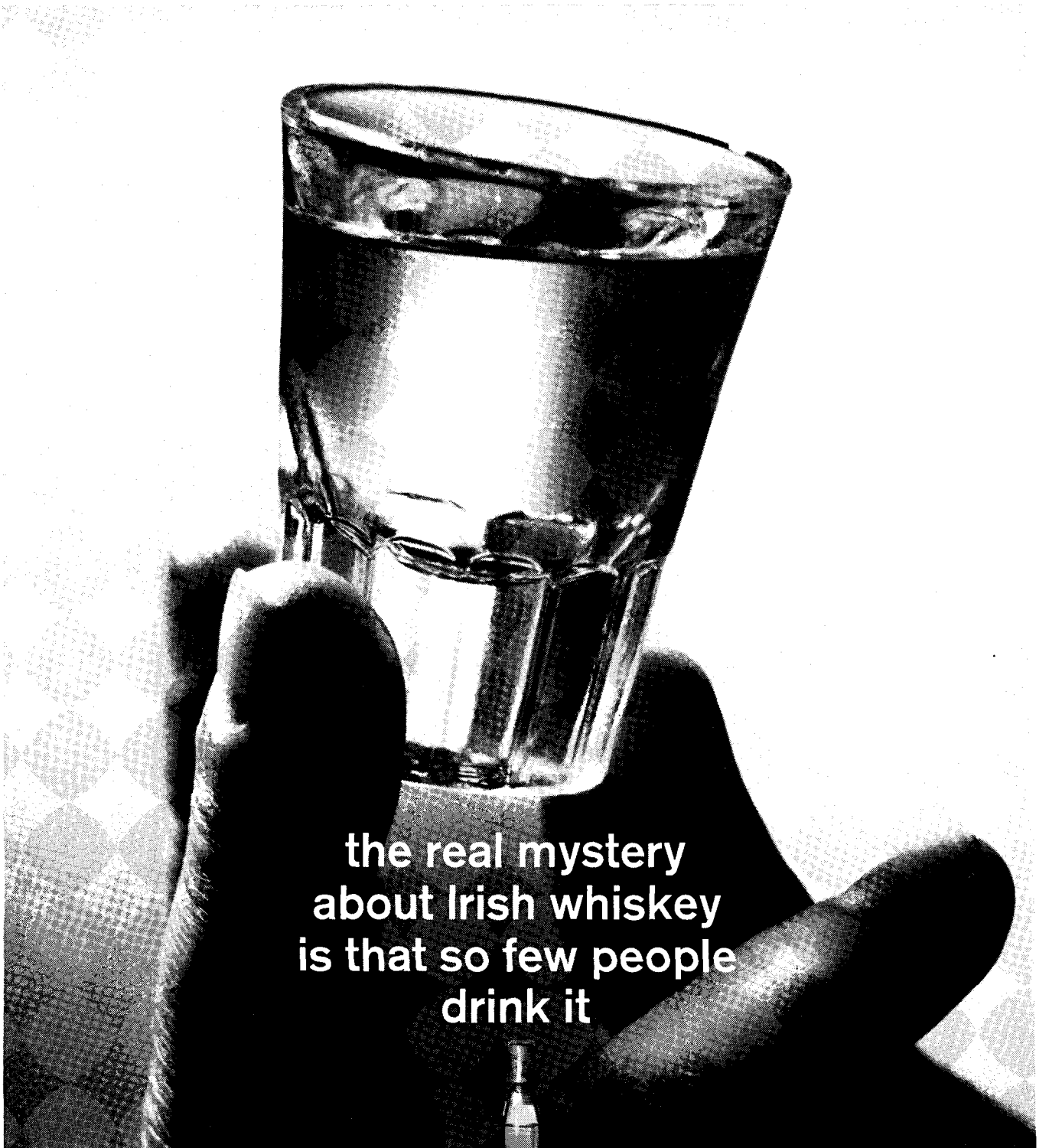

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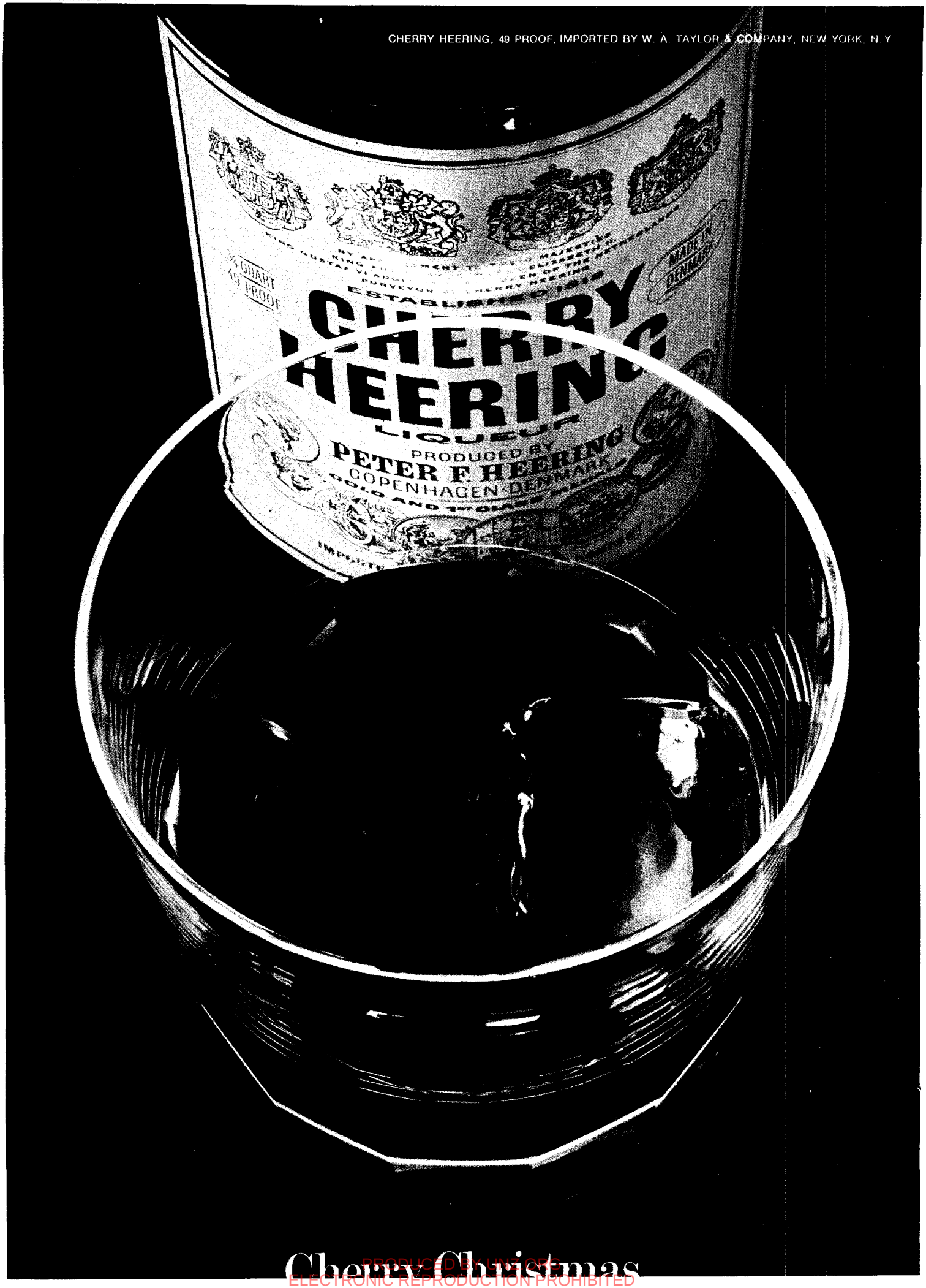
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Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

What is Normal in Prague?

I AM A SIMPLE worker, working on a building site. I carefully watch the development of the events in our country. I admit that I cannot yet imagine the real limits of normalization, which today are so much written and talked about. I always regarded as normal what the people, the nation, and the state wanted. I regard as normal the socialism which needs freedom and humanism as we need bread and salt. I regard as normal the fact that people are standing at the head of the state, party, and government whom all the people trust, whose work they approve, and on whom they also count in the future.

Should now comrades Dubcek, Smrkovsky, Cernik, and other politicians who belong to these people resign their functions? I would regard this as the end of socialism with a human face and as a tragedy for free and democratic socialism. If we do not want to lose our backbone, pride, and honor which we have preserved so far in the eyes of the world, among other things also by being loyal to our representatives while they were loyal to us, we must not permit them to leave our ranks. . . .

—Josef Novotny,
Prace, Prague.

Lung Cancer

MAY I ASK Dr. Gould why there has been such an increase in lung cancer when there has been no increase in the consumption of cigarettes? Is it not possible that a contributory factor is the general pollution of the atmosphere, and if we don't do something about this we shall *all* be bloody fools!

—L. F. Isaac,
New Statesman, London.

Taxing

A HUGE amount of money is spent on the family planning program. While the Government offers all facilities to married persons to win them over, ironically enough, the unmarried person is burdened with heavy income tax. Government, it seems, has conveniently forgotten the simple fact that it is the unmarried person who contributes much toward the program.

—C. J. D'Silva,
Blitz, Bombay.

Unfair Criticism

MRS. A. SIVELL'S letter is one of the worst cases of fallacious reasoning that I have ever encountered.

The assumption that the sale of beer in grocery stores will lead to the sacrifice of "every value of life, even our children" is absurd.

Many countries allow this practice without suffering "youthful degradation." Would she suggest that Ontario has a higher standard of morality than Quebec because of our childish liquor laws?

We "children" resent her superior intellectual posture and do not appreciate her pious moral guidance.

—Paul Fleming,
Toronto Daily Star.

Wonderful Maoris

. . . OUR MAORIS are fine, wonderful people and have as many qualities as so-called Europeans.

Our forefathers were not alone in their struggle to develop New Zealand as a whole. "Nationalists" should not forget our Maori ancestors whose country this was originally.

As for Mr. Hanan resigning his seat and nominating a Maori for it, how about abolishing the separation of Maori and pakeha, and making our country one nation. . . .

—Maureen D. Gibbons,
The New Zealand Herald.

Sterilization

I AGREE with your correspondent, Mrs. Hirst, that sterilization should be available to those who are content with the size of their family.

It is understandable that doctors are reluctant to agree to female sterilization, which is a fairly major operation. Male sterilization is a minor matter, and as one who has had this operation I would say that the freedom from messy contraceptives and worry about unwanted pregnancy is one which all should have a right to enjoy. . . .

—Sterilized husband,
The Observer, London.

Abortion and Morality

I DISAGREE entirely with Mrs. Joan Mason. That she should regard abortion as a "cure" for contraception failure utterly horrifies me. Not only would such an attitude create even more moral laxity in the community, but think of the psychological damage done to the individual. Surely it would be far better to instruct people in the correct use of contraception—and by contraception I do not mean use of the Pill.

To state that we are forced to choose between 30 years of pill swallowing or a risk of an illegal operation is completely ridiculous. Perhaps Mrs. Mason does not realize that there are many other effective methods of contraception, and that the reason these methods fail is because of the carelessness and laziness of the very same individuals whom she regards as "responsible citizens."

(Mrs.) Alison Stephens,
The Sydney Morning Herald.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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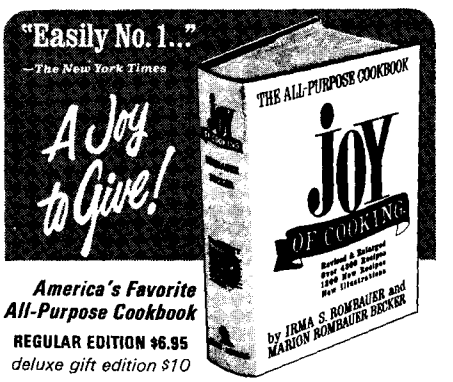

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Talkies

IT NEVER CEASES to surprise me that a medium which demands looking at, that has such dizzying visual (and aural) possibilities, should so often be used for endless stretches of talk. Admittedly, it is dialogue rather than mere, monotonous talk that Harold Pinter, whose *The Birthday Party* has just been filmed, specializes in—and I must say at once that I enjoy Pinter and his exercises in ambiguity—but I must also admit that in spite of a certain admiration for *The Birthday Party* as a play, I did not enjoy it as a film. It goes on and on; it simply talks too much.

I tried an experiment. I closed my eyes. And suddenly the whole thing came to life. I visualized my own setting. The actors—Robert Shaw, Sidney Tafler, Patrick Magee, among them—were plainly very good. But, worrying *that I might be missing something*, I opened my eyes, and there they were, the same people; they'd hardly moved at all. An angle had changed on the room, making me aware that rooms, by and large, are very dull cinematic places. The point is that *The Birthday Party*, give or take a few moments of ingenious camera work by the director, William Friedkin, might just as well have been recorded on stereo tape and sold for listening to in the home.

This, I know, is a very harsh thing to say about a movie, especially one such as *The Birthday Party*, which requires considerable dedication from all concerned even to get it into production. I have the guilty feeling that I ought to be more appreciative of the cultural benefit bestowed upon me; but I also have the feeling that there is something patronizing about bringing *The Birthday Party* to the screen in this talky form, as though movies, per se, are being dignified thereby.

The movie doesn't really happen; it offers us some people to watch and hear in a shabby English boarding-house setting. The boarder (Robert Shaw) is a seedy, guilt-ridden fellow (is it sex, failure, the human condition?) who is visited by two strangers. They torment him verbally, ask him idiotic unanswerable questions, force him to sit down, stand up, and give him a "party." Then, eventually, they take him away, a tongue-tied idiot. The trivial becomes the terrible, and with it a certain wonder, a certain pity. The acting is there, the words are there, but the movie isn't.

The title of the new film by John Cassavetes, *Faces*, is double-edged, for what it seems to imply is that his set of middle-class characters are little else than faces, façades, behind which lie fathomless banality. And how is this expressed? Again, largely, through talk. He shows us some nebulous businessmen trying strenuously to "make out" with a couple of easy young women. They tell awful jokes; they sing awful songs; they embarrass us to near extinction with their sweaty efforts to have a good time. One of the businessmen (John Marley) is evidently not doing well in bed with his wife, and transfers his temporary affections to one of the women (Gena Rowlands) and manages to have a brief and very wordy affair.

Cassavetes, who wrote and directed the film, does capture a ring of truth with what might be called an improvisatory method, but there is also a certain contradiction here, in that the written dialogue is acted as though it hasn't been. The actors appear to be making it up as they go along, much as they do in certain experiments at The Actors Studio.

This method, however, doesn't allow for much in the way of timing, pacing, or drama, and perhaps to counteract this, Cassavetes rams his camera practically in the eyes of his people, or pokes it over their shoulders, for some bulbous close-ups.

The film plods along in this way for better than an hour, when suddenly it shakes itself out of its doldrums and begins to involve us. This happens with the entrance of a hip, young male animal, played with subtle humor by Seymour Cassel. Encountering the abandoned wife and her three middle-aged and garrulous girl friends at a bar, the hip Jimmy goes to her home with them, winds up in bed with her, and helps her through a suicidal next morning. The best scene in the film has Jimmy, with nary a word, taking the necessary measures to bring the woman back to life and eventually to a reunion of sorts with her husband. The silence is absolutely golden.

It's almost as though Cassevetes, endlessly prodding with his camera, (and, above all, tape recorder) finally found his way to his movie. He got there late, perhaps too late, but he did eventually get there.

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European Scene

Continued from page 42

allegory of the embarrassing position in which the American adventure in Vietnam placed No. 10 Downing Street. Both Greenaway and Clark have won critical praise for their new books, with the former copping the laurels as technician and stylist.

Among new plays promised for Germany's winter season are several by familiar names. Peter Hacks, a realistic historical dramatist who was trained in Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, will see staged in Brunswick and Cologne both his *Margarete von Aix* and *Polly*. The latter is a sequel to Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*. *Der Augenzeuge* (The Eyewitness), by the young Austrian-born Peter Handke, will be performed in Oberhausen. Wolfgang Graetz's *Die Verschwörer* (The Conspirators), to be presented in Kaiserslautern, recalls the attempted assassination of Hitler in July 1944. Günter Grass turns away from poetry and novel with *Davor,* his seventh play, if my count is right. It will open next February in Berlin's Schiller Theater. More on these plays in good time.

The publisher Nymphenburger of Munich keeps green the memory of Klaus Mann with his *Prüfungen* (Essays) and *Der Vulcan,* a novel that first appeared in 1939. The essays recall the impact of the arrival of Hitler on German writers, including those who went into exile only to kill themselves out of despair: Ernst Toller, Stefan Zweig. *Der Vulcan,* written after Klaus Mann had observed the disillusioning results of the Spanish Civil War, appeared as Franco was settling into power. To the German émigré the fall of Madrid guaranteed Fascism for Germany as well as Spain.

The harsh terms newly imposed on the Czechs by their Soviet overlords included the blacklisting of certain authors, one of the first of whom was Isaac Deutscher. A few weeks later a London committee created an Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize. Among the many new books on the Soviet occupation one of the best is Arrigo Bongiorno's *Burned Utopia, Prague 1968* (Sugar). Theater directors in other countries are rebuking Brezhnev and company by staging Czech dramatists in great numbers. Plays by Milos Macourek, Pavel Kohout, Milos Rejnos, and Vaclav Renc will be performed in Frankfurt, Krefield, and Pforzheim. And Karel Capek's old *Insect Play* of 1921 will finally be seen in Germany. West Germany, that is.

Among the hundred or more novels that appeared in France this fall (fewer than during the bonanza season a year ago) one does not find many historical works. All the more reason, therefore, to be grateful to Flammarion for issuing two fine ones by past masters. First is Jules Romains's *Marcus Aurelius, or the Emperor of Good Will* (postlude in title, at least, to Romains's cycle "*Les Hommes de bonne volonté*"). This prolific novelist has the same veneration for Marcus Aurelius that Voltaire held for Henri IV, and reminds us that long before Henri's generation the Roman emperor conceived of and put into practice the idea of a state based on law and equal rights, governed by a servant of the republic.

Pierre Boulle also chooses an emperor as his hero—the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II, whom the Oxford historian Bryce called "one of the most extraordinary personages in history." A grandson of Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick II was a scholar, scientist, and poet, and was denounced by Pope Gregory IX. Why does Pierre Boulle entitle his new work *The Strange Crusade of Frederick II,* referring to the Fifth Crusade, which delivered Jerusalem to Christianity in 1229? What was strange was that no blood was shed, and that Frederick, who had been excommunicated for not going to the Holy Land, was excommunicated a second time for doing so.

Teapot

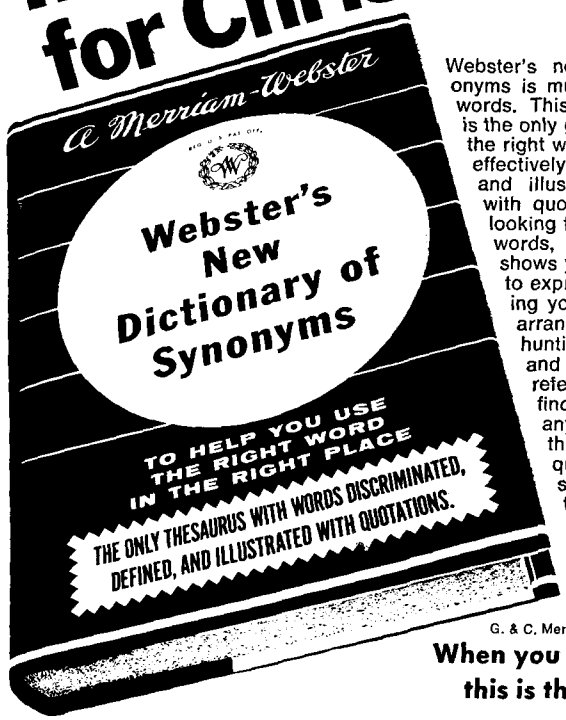
Continued from page 43

joyed attractive women more than any high public official can with impunity.

Florence Harding comes off rather badly. Russell usually refers to her as the "Duchess," which was what the President called her. Haughty, rich, jealous, and frustrated, Florence Kling Harding appears to have been a latter-day Mary Todd Lincoln. After her husband's Inaugural reception she told Alice Roosevelt Longworth that she had a little red book in which she'd written down the names of all those who had been uncivil or cold to "Wurr'n" and herself since he came to Washington as Senator from Ohio, and that these people would now realize she had not forgotten their slights. Russell, however, rejects the rumor that Florence poisoned her husband to save him from public ruin.

The book is not wholly gossip and bedroom lore, though that is what will make it sell. Russell's account of the maneuvering prior to and during the Republican Convention of 1920 is as fascinating as anything I have ever read. No one who wants to know how American politics really operates should miss these chapters. Russell tells it as it was in the smoke-filled room—and still is.

Give this new word guide for Christmas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In the Psych Ward

Continued from page 52

covers the three years—1943 to 1946—of Dr. Marks's residency and the beginning of his private analytic practice.

Millen Brand is probably best known for his 1937 novel *The Outward Room*, which dealt with a girl's struggle for sanity. He also co-authored the screenplay of *The Snake Pit*. He has done extensive work with psychotics while serving as a pyschiatric aide, and knows the world of mental hospitals and the mentally ill better than any novelist I can think of, with the possible exception of Hannah Green, author of *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*.

Dr. Marks's story begins with a seventeen-year-old patient named Jimmy Cady. As far as the state hospital is concerned, Jimmy's death is inevitable. He is in the grip of acute catatonic excitement which has mounted to "exhaust status"; his fever is incredibly high, and he must be force-fed. In Jimmy's eyes, however, Dr. Marks discovers not excitement but intense fear. And through long sessions of listening to his ravings Marks finds meaning in Jimmy's speech. Though he has been taught that psychoanalysis is for neurotics, not psychotics, Dr. Marks begins working with Jimmy. He joins the boy in his delusions, works a transference by casting himself in the role of Jimmy's father—but a father who openly loves his son—and breaks the fever and the excitement. Jimmy will live; a return to sanity is possible.

AN event that should arouse interest is met with indifference by the hospital. The official attitude is that Jimmy was not in exhaust status after all; if he had been, he could not have recovered. Doctors engaged in research supposedly in-

tended to help patients come nowhere near Jimmy or any of the others Dr. Marks treats. Marks is ordered to stick to his own work and not interfere in cases outside his sphere.

It is an eye-opening picture of life within our mental institutions that Millen Brand creates as he moves Dr. Marks from case to case, cure to cure. Facts creep in that are more exciting than fiction. Mr. Brand makes an especially strong attack on the use of shock treatments ("Would you smash a violin, a Stradivarius, because it was imperfectly played by a child who didn't know music?"). Shock can cause hemorrhaging in the brain and leave scar tissue in place of active cells. It has actually been used on infants as young as six months. Since the Middle Ages, townspeople in Gheel, Belgium, have been taking mental patients into their homes and caring for them. They produce more cures than mental hospitals do. Indeed, doctors in American public mental institutions are required to see their patients only once in three months.

If *Savage Sleep* is fascinating on a factual level (despite the question of whether or not facts presented as valid for the 1940s are still valid today), it can hardly be classified as a novel. John Marks is a dedicated doctor, but when one has said that about him one has said almost all. Though he is taken through the incidents, associations, and symbols of his life by his own analyst, the pieces when put together do not add up to a man one is empathically involved with. He is little more than a guide leading the reader from one hospital bed to another.

The scenes depicting John with his wife and children read as though the author had felt obliged to include them, rather than as integral parts of the story. Family conflicts center around complaints about how much time John's work demands. His evenings at home are often devoted to gatherings with other doctors who act as straight men, feeding John cue-lines that will allow him to express the author's views about the treatment of the mentally ill.

IN an introductory note Millen Brand says that *Savage Sleep* is not meant as a "so-called nonfiction novel." But it might well be called a novel-textbook, though the fully qualified analyst will probably reject it because of its fictional case histories, while the lay reader will find it overloaded with Freudian jargon.

The book was obviously written from a good heart heavy with compassion, but unfortunately the mind behind it stayed too long in the research stacks.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 e (Feuchtwanger), 2 f (Nabokov), 3 i (Cabell), 4 k (Orwell), 5 g (Durrell(, 6 J (Huxley), 7 b (Masters, 8 1 (Douglas), 9 h (Carey), 10 d (France), 11 a (Maugham), 12 c (Morley).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 61: angel, Galen, glean, angle.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1322

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1322 will be found in the next issue.

BIK KIUIZ MP IULQ EP DPB-

GQINIQO JKM DCHZVSQQO JE

ACIK NCIO MP LN VZPB ZI-

QLXLPSE DPKULDNLPK.

—GJEDJQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1321

Anyone may be an honourable man, and yet write verse badly.

—MOLIERE.

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SR / Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE CHILD

ALMOST 2,000 years of telling have left the story of the Christmas child a still fragmented tale. When and where the child was born remain uncertain. Scholars say it could have happened at either of two times twelve years apart, and in either one of two places: Nazareth or Bethlehem. Some aspects of the story that have become well established are seldom heard. Carols refer to a firstborn son. But how many other children were there? Certainly four boys—Jacob (or James), Joseph, Simeon, Judah—and at least two girls. That the father, Joseph the carpenter, died when the Christmas child was nearing puberty has been deduced from the disappearance of Joseph's name from the story about that time. Only the mother, Miriam (or Mary), continues as a character in the several biblical accounts. Such a circumstance could explain why the Christmas child in adulthood had such a deep and everlasting concern for widows and orphans.

If the most often repeated of all stories of a child is imperfectly known even now, it is not surprising that the collective story of earth's multitude of children still should be so much conjecture.

—J.L.

1. His Ancient Inheritance

By N. J. BERRILL

EVERY human being is a miracle of existence. Each has a past going back generation by generation, tissue from tissue, in an unbroken line for thousands of millions of years to the beginning of life on earth. Each individually begins with the development of a microscopic outcome of an unforeseeable chance meeting of a particular egg and a particular sperm, of one egg out of hundreds that might have ripened and descended to the womb and of one sperm out of millions that ascended to meet it.

The person develops in the womb not at once but belatedly, gradually, and in a self-creative way. The person develops in a fashion that echoes the evolutionary journey his ancestors took millions of years to travel. Yet his development is far from being a straightforward condensation of the old story. In the first place, there is no time for it in the nine months he spends within the womb. Secondly, the main business of the human egg is to develop into a human being able to walk around and raise his voice. Every conceivable shortcut is taken. Departures and innovations occur at every turn. Time itself gets out of joint. Certain things that appear fairly late in the course of his evolution show up very early in development.

The developing egg gives us tantalizing glimpses of the path we all have taken, as fish in the sea and four-footed creatures on land. We do not find a fish stage or a reptile stage in the literal sense of finding fish or reptile shapes, but we do find structures that mean "fish" and "reptile." The developing skeleton shows this clearly. The first sign of it in the human embryo is a rod of cells lying in the position of the backbone-to-be called the notochord. It was the original and all-sufficient skeleton of our earliest swimming forebears. In all vertebrate animals, including ourselves, it is the first skeletal trace to appear in the embryo. We have to look at some of the very earliest stages in order to find it, for it is recognizable only in embryos no more than a fraction of an inch long. Thereafter, the notochord's function is rapidly replaced by harder and more complex materials; a series of vertebrae are laid down around the notochord, first as gristly cartilage, than as harder bone.

WE are more fishlike when we are a quarter inch long than at any time after that. To students of human development, this is undoubtedly the most fascinating stage of all. Not only are we all there in every important way, in spite of the miniature scale, but it is almost impossible at this stage to distinguish a human embryo from that of any other mammal, whether it be an elephant or a mouse, a rabbit or a chimpanzee. They all look alike, and only slowly and gradually do the essential differences become apparent.

The reason, of course, is clear. All warm-blooded mammals are the descendants of some primitive kind of reptile, and reptiles in turn are descendants of a primitive group of fish. So it is not surprising that we all travel much the same path up to a certain point during our growth as individuals. As long as we overlook the absence of a fishy shape, we can say that the fish stage exists for a time during the early development of all land vertebrate animals. The streamlined form admittedly is missing, and the embryo does not swim, although there is enough salt liquid around it to wriggle in if it were able. But everything else that makes a fish a fish is there, even in human embryos.

The month-old embryo has a head and neck region, a trunk, and something of a tail. The trunk bears two pairs of lobelike limbs, and there is nothing to show whether they are destined to be fins or arms and legs. The sides of the neck each have several deep grooves that look exactly like those which in a fish embryo are destined to develop into gill passages. In fact, the only difference lies in what happens later on, for embryonic gills they truly are. And each swelling before or behind each gill passage contains a supporting bar of cartilaginous skeleton, like the gill bars of embryonic fish. Even the heart is more fishlike than human at this stage, and it has already been beating rhythmically for a week or more. It bulges way out from the chest, and it consists of two chambers only, not the four chambers we are born with. For at first it is a simple double-action pump that forces blood through a vessel below the gill region up the sides of the neck between the gill passages to reach the great artery that runs beneath the spine. It looks like the heart of an embryonic fish, and it acts like one. Not until the human embryo is an inch in length does an internal wall transform the two-chambered heart into a four-chambered one. The wall forms slowly during the fifth to the eighth week of development, a three-week period that represents in terms of heart evolution something like one or two hundred million years.

Much of the history of backboned creatures is the history of eggs: the

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shift from the sea to the rivers, when eggs changed from microscopic specks to eggs like those of frogs, which can divide—without any external nourishment—into more than a million cells; the shift from freshwater to the land, when eggs became relatively enormous and yolky and confined within a calcareous shell capable of developing out of water and protected from the soil; and the shift from large eggs that are laid to eggs that are retained, with consequent loss of shell and yolk. Each kind set the stage for the next. Were it not for the egg of the reptile, which is to be seen virtually unchanged in the egg of a hen, our mammalian brand of reproduction and development would never have evolved. For you cannot enclose a large, yolky egg within a rigid shell without serious consequences, no matter how necessary such a shell may be.

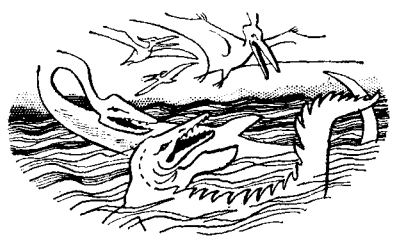
FISH and semiterrestrial creatures such as frogs and salamanders shed both eggs and sperm in water in the old-fashioned way. The parents have no more to do with the process of fertilization. Wrapping a shell around an egg just before it is laid, as in reptiles and birds, requires previous fertilization if the egg is to develop. Once the shell is formed it is too late. So in reptiles and in their descendants, the birds and mammals, the male must introduce sperm into the female reproductive tract in such a way and at such a time that sperm reach an egg when the egg enters the oviductal tube, before it descends to where the shell is added. The happy event that we know as sex comes from this ancient requirement.

Confinement of the egg had other consequences, which were coped with successfully or we wouldn't be here to talk about them. One of these was that the embryo could not grow freely from the surface of the mass of yolk. The shell formed a ceiling overhead and, in the process of sinking down instead of rising up, the embryo became enfolded by membranes that made a sort of water jacket around it. If you open a hen's egg after a week or so of incubation, you can see the chick embryo within its jacket—the amnion—not only well protected in its bath but rhythmically rocked by the pulsating, membranes.

The other two major problems caused by confinement of the egg—the storing of watery waste and obtaining the all-essential oxygen—were solved as one. A sac grew out of the hinder end of the embryo and did double duty in holding waste until hatching time and in supplying a large surface rich in blood vessels, a sort of external lung called the allantoic sac.

Such was the developing egg the earliest mammals retained within the maternal body. The shell became no longer needed, a bother to make, and now more of a liability than an asset. The shell-less egg continued its development safely in the lower part of the reproductive tract, where the shell used to be added. Then, presumably as nourishment to the developing embryo gradually became available directly from the surrounding maternal tissue, the need for yolk diminished and so did the yolk. Finally, what had been a substantial egg, comparable to those of reptiles now living, became reduced to the microscopic proportions typical of true mammals. Only the essence was retained, the spark of life that may become a bat, a whale, or a man, according to the species.

The surprising thing is that we still find the other reptilian development inventions in the development of all



mammalian embryos, including human. Even one as small as one-eighth of an inch has a yolk sac; a water jacket, or fetal membrane; and an outgrowth corresponding to the storage sac. The yolk sac, however, is small, and it shrinks rapidly since it is empty of yolk from the start. The water jacket persists until birth. It gives the unborn fetus support and room to maneuver in, and its membrane rocks the fetus as though it were a prenatal cradle. It is the caul with which some babies are born.

The yolk sac is a relict and nothing more; the water jacket remains unchanged and carries on its original function; and the third device—the storage sac of the reptilian egg—takes over an even more important duty. It no longer stores waste material. Its cavity has disappeared, but the lining of the sac remains, and so does the stalk. The lining serves as the placenta that unites with the lining of the womb and transmits maternal nourishment to the embryo. The stalk becomes the umbilical cord that joins the placenta and embryo together. The cord and the placenta, or afterbirth, are modified reptilian structures, which for a time—from about the second week after conception until birth—are an actual living part of every one of us.

The things that first come to mind when we think of a mammal are hair, warm blood, and milk. Even the most primitive of all living mammals, the duckbill platypus of Australia, which still lays small shelled eggs in the old reptilian way, has these features. Its coat of hair is well formed, although its body is only halfway warm. It has no milk teats; instead, the milk flows from two long grooves extending along the abdominal surface from the chest almost to the groin. The animal itself, apart from certain special features like its snout and tail, is a living relict of a time about two hundred million years ago when the earth was still ruled by dinosaurs.

WE humans are born naked, it is true, but during the fourth month of pregnancy a dense, fine growth of hair known as the lanugo covers the entire body of the human fetus. We lose it later on, and only a scarcely noticeable down on the face remains at the time of birth. Our nakedness seems to be newly won, for at some time in our past we were certainly covered with as good a coat of hair as any other mammal. Whether our present state is an improvement is hard to say. It would undoubtedly be more economical to grow a fur coat than to buy one.

The milk glands of the human appear at a much earlier stage than the lanugo: when the fetus is still less than one inch long and barely two months old. Instead of growing from the beginning as a pair of glands and nipples, where we expect to see them, a milk line forms from the armpits down each side of the body as far as the groin. It is unmistakably the primitive platypus condition, although it fails to last. The breasts develop as a pair of local growths on the line part way down the chest; the rest of the milk line disappears. Sometimes a second smaller pair of nipples grows from the line a little farther down than the first pair, equally a relict of an earlier ancestral stage.

The developmental course of certain other organs also illuminates our more recent past. The male reproductive glands are a good example. In all backboned animals up to and including the more primitive mammals, the male testes and the female ovaries are to be found in the same location: namely, in the abdominal cavity close to the kidneys. This is the primary position for both sexes. In the two-month-old human fetus, the testes are attached to the interior abdominal wall, but by the third month they have already descended into the well of the fetal pelvis, where they remain until the seventh month of fetal life. At this stage the baby could be born prematurely and have a chance to live, but its testes would still be within the body and the thin scrotal sacs would be empty. During the seventh month, however, the testes pass through the inguinal canals, which always remain weak places subject to hernia, and they reach the scrotum by the end of the

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eighth month. Such is the course of male development. The glands first develop in the old way, in the old place, and only slowly, as the fetus grows, do they move into their new position. It is the course of evolution repeated all over again.

When a baby is born, it still has some way to go before we can say that it has caught up with the times. For an infant, when it does first start to move around, progresses on all fours like a quadruped. Both hands and feet are used for walking—which is not surprising since the legs are weak—but more remarkable, they are used in the same way as by any other four-footed creatures. The right foot and left hand are placed on the ground together, then the left foot and the right hand take their place. Such is the fundamental pattern of walking on four feet. We retain it not only during our first attempts at locomotion, but we keep the pattern even when walking erect. Watch yourself the next time you walk down the street. As your right foot comes down your left arm swings out, and as the left foot descends your right arm goes forward too. Moreover, when a child at last does stand and walk on his hind feet alone, the backbone is still more or less curved in an old-fashioned arch. The final posture, which depends on an S-shaped curve in the backbone, takes several months to acquire. For learning to walk erect took place in the last phase of our evolution, the five or ten million years after we had descended from the trees.

EDITOR'S NOTE: N. J. Berrill had been for many years professor of zoology at McGill University in Montreal. He is now on the faculty at Swarthmore College. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of London and of Canada. The paragraphs above are taken from his latest book, "The Person in the Womb," by permission of the publisher, Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1968 by N. J. Berrill.

2. His Momentary Ancestor

By JOHN LEAR

THE dreamy essence of human existence, the hopeful reaching out of past frustration toward the promise of the not yet, is nowhere clearer than in the making of a person-to-be.

The eggs that every normal female infant will begin to free more than a dozen years later to be fertilized for the making of her children are nested in her ovaries months before she is born. Her half of the hereditary message is already coded and capsuled while what will become herself still floats unconsciously in her mother's womb.

Thus does the wondrous principle of evolution assure that its successful biological inventions, having repeatedly proved their worth through past eons, will continue to steer the species across the unknown future.

That future will contain one overwhelming certainty—the certainty of change. The evolutionary principle has learned as much by experience, and has taken elaborate steps to prepare the person-to-be to adapt to whatever happens. Though sheltered by the wall of the womb for nine months, the potential embodiment of new life is from the very beginning individual. The embryonic brain and dependent central nervous system, designed to think and imagine and plan against unseen contingencies and so to set their possessor apart from other species of animals, is entirely separate from the brain and central nervous system of the mother. The new brain must have enough oxygen to feed on, or the new life will be vegetable in nature. The evolutionary method provides against such disaster by moving a steady stream of oxygen from the mother's blood into the blood of the prospective new person; but even that vital exchange is arranged by a private nurse empowered to command the mother's body without her conscious knowledge or explicit consent.

This evolutionary functionary is the placenta, a fabulously talented invention that prods the mother's body to take part in metabolic processes which in man's reptilian ancestors were left to the yolk of a hard-shelled egg after the egg was laid. In the multi-million-year history of evolutionary process, the substitution of live birth for the hatching of eggs is a relatively recent innovation; in these terms, the placenta is a newcomer. In another and very personal sense, the placenta is the very oldest organ of each of us. As Dr. Elizabeth M. Ramsey, eminent Carnegie Institution of Washington embryologist, reminded the American Philosophical Society membership in Philadelphia last month: "Before our bodies had attained recognizable shape, before our hearts had even begun to form, let alone to beat, our placentas had commenced their important business of obtaining nutrition for us from our mothers' bloodstreams."

—*Carnegie Institution of Washington.*

Eight-week old aborted fetus sucking thumb in amniotic sac. Placenta holds sac to wall of uterus at left.

ALTHOUGH the role of the placenta has been known in sketchy form since ancient times, the details of its workings are only now becoming well enough understood by specialists on Dr. Ramsey's level to be properly appreciated. The title of Dr. Ramsey's report at the Philadelphia meeting significantly began with the words: "new appraisal."

The fantastic complexity of the system of feedback communication through which the placenta keeps the mother's body at the beck of the new individual planted in the womb can be appreciated only by going back to the seedbeds in the mother's ovaries. Before the mother was born, these beds were in place and filled with nearly 500,000 cells, every one of them a potential egg. They lie there waiting for their host to leave the womb and then to grow for thirteen years. At the end of that time, by some still entirely mysterious process, a single seed is chosen to leave one of the two ovaries. Between 4,000 and 5,000 of the other seeds gather about the chosen one, forming a fluffy ball within which this first egg is nursed in readiness for its journey through the Fallopian tubes to the uterus. As it starts on its way, the egg is a fourth as big as a pinhead, just visible to the unaided eye.

The odds against that very first egg being fertilized are staggering. To begin with, the egg is released within the body of a thirteen-year-old girl. Should she be precocious enough to have a lover, and should one of his sperm meet the egg within forty-eight hours of the egg's departure from its nest, then and only then would the egg have any further history. Failing such an encounter, the egg would disintegrate.

Human nature being what it is, the odds favor penetration of one of her eggs by a spermatazoon sooner or later. The fertilized egg thereby completes a

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—*Carnegie Institution of Washington.*

Placenta on uterine wall (left) extrudes umbilical cord to fetus (right).

full set of hereditary instructions, half from the genes on the parent female's chromosomes and half from the genes on the chromosomes of the male parent. The egg drifts down the appropriate Fallopian tube, dividing once a day until it reaches the uterus, and has two out of three chances of continuing to divide for a total of ten or eleven days and finally forming a tiny ball with a hollow center: the blastocyst. The ball first attaches itself to the wall of the uterus and then flattens, like a bloody pancake; it ultimately grows to be six to eight inches across and more than an inch thick, and adheres to the wall like a living snap fastener with a miniscule disc on the outside of the snap for the new personality to take shape on.

NOTE that just under two weeks have passed since the egg escaped its ovarian nest. During that time, the spherical nursing cap from which the egg popped has kept the cavity left by the egg's departure filled with an ovarian tissue called "the yellow body." "The yellow body" makes the hormone progesterone, which is responsible for the growth and maintenance of the lining of the uterus. But "the yellow body" works only on two-week shifts. At the end of a shift, it quits making progesterone until the next month. Unless the production line is otherwise kept going, the lining of the uterus shreds like a worn garment and is sloughed away as menstrual blood.

The placenta sets up shop in the wall of the uterus a few days ahead of the two-week deadline. Before "the yellow body" knocks off work, not only progesterone but estrogen as well is being made by the placenta and is being passed directly into the mother's bloodstream. The placenta accomplishes this by uprooting some of the mother's blood vessels to form a small lake of blood within the placenta. It is an emergency procedure, in which the pituitary gland of the mother, normally boss of all her other glands and thus also of her hormonal excretions, is not consulted.

While the progesterone from the placenta is renewing the uterine lining and keeping it strong, the placental estrogen is preparing the mother's body in other ways for what is about to happen. The estrogen encourages growth of the muscles of the uterus, which in the following nine months must stretch from the size of a small lemon to dimensions capable of accommodating an eight-pound baby 20 inches long. Not only the muscles must be built; the blood supply system must be extended to bring in enough nutrient to feed the muscles of the uterus *and* the developing embryo as well. The estrogen manufactured by the placenta also gives the orders to gradually enlarge the vaginal opening through which the finished baby will be expelled, and to relax the pelvic ligaments to provide a wider passageway.

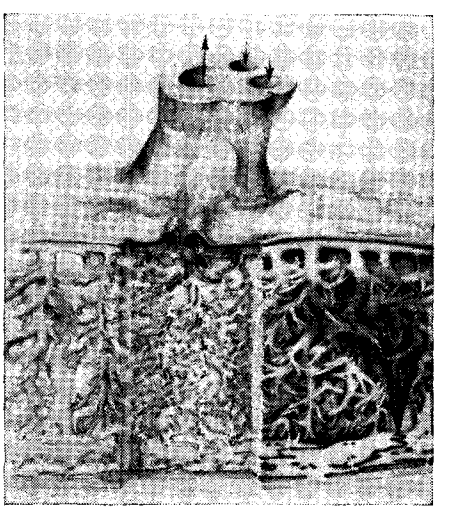
To get a rough idea of the work performed by the placenta, let us consider the precision of the job it must do. A complete new person must be tailored in such a fashion that all its parts will be proportionate to each other and that the whole will be ready for delivery in nine months or less through an opening four to five inches wide. The work must be done in a separate compartment so as to permit discard of the raw materials at any time there may be a decision not to complete the job.

The design of the separate compartment is the key to the success of the enterprise. The compartment is built like a balloon with a double wall (the outer chorion and the inner amnion). The balloon is fastened to the inner wall by the placenta, which extrudes into the balloon's interior a tube of membrane (the umbilical cord) at the end of which the embryo grows, afloat in amniotic fluid.

Before two months have passed, the potential new personality, though less than an inch long and weighing only a thirteenth of an ounce, has progressed from an embryo into a fetus. It has a face with all the usual features, a tongue, and teeth. By the end of the third month, the fetus weighs a full ounce. It can kick, make a fist, turn its head, open and close its mouth. The placenta is now pumping the equivalent of twenty-five quarts of blood a day through the umbilical cord to the fetus and back again. When the fetus is ready to leave the womb at the end of nine months, that volume will be up to 300 quarts a day. The round trip from placenta to placenta takes only thirty seconds.

The speed is reminiscent of the speed at which the adult heart pumps blood from the lungs to the tissues of the body. The functioning of the placenta, furthermore, follows the same broad pattern as the functioning of the lungs. Just as they transfer oxygen from incoming air across the lung membranes into the bloodstream, so the placenta transfers oxygen from the blood of the mother across placental membranes to the blood of the fetus. The placental transfer is accomplished by the surflike surging of blood in the placental lake against floating clusters of finger-like membranes in which the fetal blood returns to the placenta. There is no direct linkage between the blood of the mother and the blood of the fetus.

As Dr. Ramsey emphasized in her report to the American Philosophical Society last month, the placenta is very



—*Carnegie Institution of Washington.*

Surflike surging of lake of mother's blood within placental wall is shown in righthand panel of sketch above. Finger-like membranes dangling in the lake are shown in lefthand panel. Center panel shows circulation of fetal blood inside the membrane and back through the umbilical cord (tree-stump shape above the panels) to the fetus. Sketch reflects years of research with rhesus monkeys and humans by *Elizabeth* M. Ramsey, M.D., Carnegie Institution of Washington embryologist.

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much more than the oxygen-transfer agent it once was thought to be. In addition to manufacturing the hormones already mentioned here, the placenta handles an array of enzymes that break down carbohydrates, fats, proteins, and nucleic acids to the point where the rapidly growing fetus can digest them. The feedback system is so complicated that researchers are not yet sure whether the placenta begins working from scratch with very simple biological building blocks or whether it converts more elaborate precursor substances supplied by the mother or by the fetus.

That the placenta and fetus work together to influence the mother's body is now beyond doubt. Dr. Claude A. Villee, of Harvard University, recently published a list of four enzymes that are made by the placenta and six that are made by the fetus. Two of the placental enzymes are not made by the fetus, while three of the fetal enzymes are not made by the placenta.

Somewhere in these interlocking subtleties embryologists hope to discover more about the rejection phenomenon that surgeons encounter when they transplant human organs such as the kidneys, liver, and heart. Since transplants aren't welcomed because they are strangers, why is the placenta—which, although half a creature of the mother's body, is also half in-law—allowed to stay for nine months and assemble another human?

The answer may lie in the temporary nature of the placenta. It comes into being to serve the new child and ends its life when the child is sufficiently developed to possess fully functional adrenal glands. The adrenals control human fight and flight reactions through hormonal signals to the heart and nervous system. Apparently adrenal hormones from the fetus tell the placenta its job is done.

The placenta thereupon folds up shop, ceasing its distribution of reassuring progesterone to the womb. No longer relaxed, the now powerful uterine muscles go to work to expel the baby, and the mother senses their laboring as pain.

Time now becomes crucial. Once the placenta is on its way to extinction as the afterbirth, the vigorous thrusting of blood through the umbilical cord stops. The person in the womb is suddenly bereft of oxygen. If that stage of limbo continues for very long, the fetus will inhale the amniotic fluid surrounding it and asphyxiate. The brain, which uses far more oxygen than the rest of the body, will be quickly crippled. When hot towels are used to delay birth until a doctor arrives, resuscitation is necessary. As Dr. William F. Windle said in accepting an Albert Lasker Award for basic medical research recently, no one knows how much later cerebral palsy and other brain damage originates then.

3. *His Right to Be Normal*

By CARLO VALENTI, M.D.

IN his new classic of modern biology, *The Person in the Womb*, Dr. N. J. Berrill makes this, among other, declarations:

> If a human right exists at all, it is the right to be born with normal body and mind, with the prospect of developing further to fulfillment. If this is to be denied, then life and conscience are mockery and a chance should be made for another throw of the ovarian dice.

In accord with this philosophy, I draw attention to some favorable prospects for "another throw."

About one in fifty babies is born with a greater or less degree of abnormality inherited from its parents. These weaknesses, more than 500 of them severe enough to be classified as diseases (diabetes, for example), are ordered by the genes carried on the chromosomes. No one has ever seen a gene, but we can identify chromosomes under the microscope. Every normal person has a complement of forty-six of them, paired in twenty-three sets. One of the twenty-three pairs determines sex. The determination is made by chance and occurs as follows.

The female sex chromosomes are paired XX. In any division of the germ cell in preparation for mating with a male sperm, the female half of the marriage will therefore always be X.

The male sex chromosomes are paired XY. When the division of this germ cell occurs, the sperm may be X or it may be Y.

When a female egg is penetrated by an X sperm, the nuclei of the egg and the sperm will fuse XX and the offspring will be female.

When a female egg is penetrated by a Y sperm, the offspring will be XY, or male.

The choice is simple when everything goes well in the reproductive process. However, faulty working of the ovaries or testes sometimes produces fertilized XXX eggs (super-females, not always fertile), XXYs (outwardly male, but without sperm), XOs (outwardly female, but without ovaries and therefore without eggs), XXXXYs (typically defective mentally), and XYYs (typically defective mentally, often aggressive to a criminal extent).

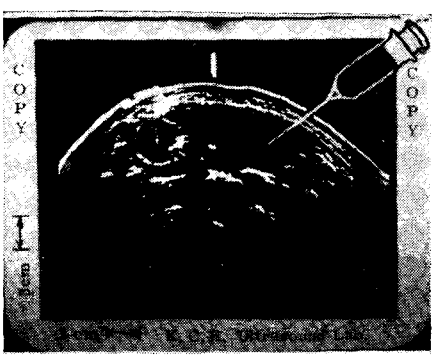
The other twenty-two pairs of chromosomes suffer displacements when parents bring together certain genetic characteristics. The results can be very sad. For example, the chromosome pairs numbered 13-14-15 are catalogued by the letter D. Pairs No. 21 and 22 are catalogued by the letter G. Sometimes one chromosome of these two pairs is displaced in what is called a D/G translocation. What happens is that one of the No. 21 pair crosses over to and joins up with one of the No. 15 pair, riding piggyback as it were and giving that one No. 15 a lopsided appearance.

THE person who bears this particular pattern of chromosomes is a balanced carrier for Mongolism. We say "balanced" because the total amount of genetic material on the chromosomes is normal, although the number of chromosomes is only forty-five. But the chromosomal pattern is thrown off balance when the balanced carrier's offspring inherits the lopsided chromosome from the carrier along with a 21 from the carrier and a 21 from the other parent. The total inheritance then is three 21s, two in the normal position and one on the lopsided chromosome. The three 21s doom their possessor to Mongolism.

Why focus on the Mongoloid?

A Mongoloid child—in medical terms, he is a victim of "Down's syndrome"—has folded eyes and a flat-rooted nose (the Mongolian-like features from which the popular name of the anomaly derives), small head, fissured protruding tongue, peculiarities in the lines of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, retarded intellectual development ranging from idiocy to a maximum prospective mental age of seven years.

Once given life, a Mongoloid is a poignant burden on its parents. For the Mongoloid appeals to all human instincts for companionship. He is cheerful, friendly, imitative, with a good memory for music and for details of situations he has experienced. A Mongoloid's life expectancy averages ten years—a decade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—*Kings County Hospital.*

Sonogram of a mother's abdomen, showing head of fetus (white circle, left) and placenta (thick white patch impinging on head). Small black spots within placenta mark lake of blood. Vertical white line above abdomen is sound-wave gun.

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of hopelessness, in most cases necessarily spent in a special institution.

Now it has been known for more than a dozen years that before a child is in finished form to leave his mother's womb the chromosomes of the prospective individual can be sampled and analyzed for aberrations. Dr. Fritz Fuchs, Danish-born chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Cornell University Medical College in New York, was able to pioneer such work in his native country because of the liberality of Denmark's laws governing therapeutic abortion.

The method developed by Dr. Fuchs and others is to obtain cells from the amniotic fluid, which is the stuff that every developing fetus floats in. Although the fetus derives almost all of its nourishment from rapidly pulsing blood fed from the placenta by way of the umbilical cord, the fetus before twelve weeks have passed by begins to swallow the amniotic fluid and excrete the fluid through its kidneys and bladder. In growing, the fetus sheds its skin gradually as we living persons shed ours, and other cells are dislodged from the mouth, bronchi, trachea, kidney, and bladder in the course of the swallowing and excreting. The fluid carrying all these cells must be sampled through the wall of the pregnant woman's abdomen by means of a hollow needle similar to those used to draw blood from a vein.

WHERE the needle enters the womb is of critical importance; if the wrong site were to be chosen, the placenta could be punctured or the fetus itself impaled. Either event could produce serious consequence.

To assure a safe choice, the exact location of the placenta and the floating head of the fetus is determined in the same way that submarines are located when afloat in sea water—that is, by sonar or echo-sounding. The method is feasible as early as the fourteenth week of pregnancy. A tiny portable gun that fires sound waves at very high speeds is moved across the prospective parent's abdomen in sweeps proceeding successively downward until the entire belly has been scanned. A pattern similar to that seen on a radar screen emerges. With it as a guide, the entry point of the amniocentesis needle is fixed.

After a sample of the amniotic fluid has been removed through the needle, the sample is spun in a centrifuge. The liquid part of the sample is then discarded. A pellet of cells remains. In this pellet is the knowledge we seek.

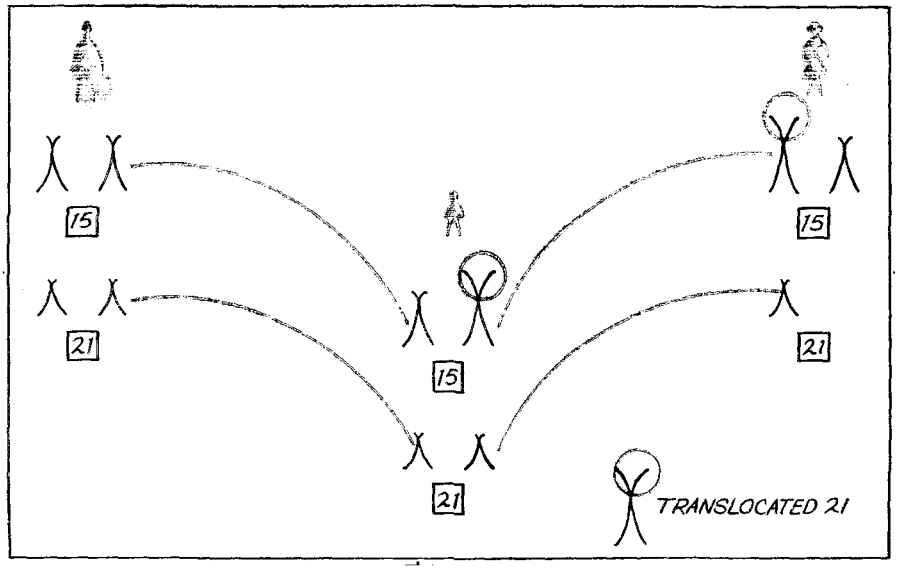
Two groups of investigators have reported varying success in culturing the cells on nutritive media they have independently developed. Their techniques, described in the medical literature, did not yield good results in our obstetrics and gynecology laboratory here at State University of New York's Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn. So Edward J. Schutta, Tehila Kehaty, and myself have worked out a culturing method of our own and with it have obtained twenty successes in twenty-four trials. All our failures occurred where the amount of amniotic fluid used was below a certain level. The twenty successful cell cultures yielded seventeen chromosome analyses, or karyotypes. The three failures apparently were due to bacterial contamination.

We have arranged to publish our formulas and procedures in the *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine*, where qualified researchers may read them. The details would have little meaning to the lay audience of SR. It is enough to say here that two to six weeks of growth are required before the culture is ready to be karyotyped—that is, placed on a glass laboratory slide, dried, stained, and examined microscopically to determine the chromosome pattern.

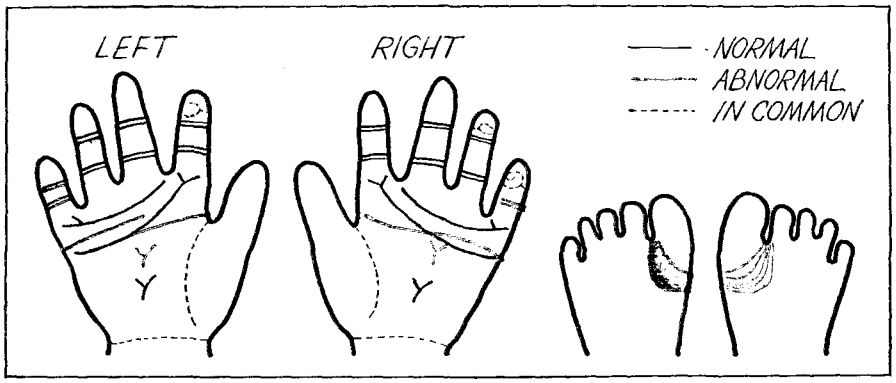
Last April, a Boston medical colleague familiar with our work referred to us a twenty-nine-year-old mother from Massachusetts who was sixteen weeks pregnant. She knew her grandfather, her mother, her brother, and herself to be balanced carriers of the D/G chromosomal translocation. That is, all four were outwardly normal and healthy, but each carried within himself only one No. 21 chromosome in its normal pairing, while the other 21 was grafted onto one of the No. 15 chromosome pair. In short, although not themselves Mongoloid, three generations of the family carried the genetic threat of Mongolism.

The young New Englander had already experienced a spontaneous abortion, borne a daughter who was also a balanced carrier of the D/G chromosomal translocation, and borne a Mongoloid son who had lived for five months. She wanted another child, and sought our asurance that it would be normal. With the support of her husband, an engineer by profession, she requested a cytogenetic diagnosis on the unborn baby.

Amniocentesis was performed after a sonar sounding on April 15. The amount of amniotic fluid obtained proved in-



How Mongolism is transmitted through a "balanced carrier" to an offspring is demonstrated above. Only two of the twenty-three sets of chromosomes—the No. 15s and the No. 21s—are shown. Note that whereas the father has the normal 21 pair, the mother has one 21 in its normal place and the other upside down on the lopsided No. 15. When chance deals the child the lopsided 15, he has three 21s and is doomed. Palm prints and sole prints of Mongoloid child are below.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson, following Carlo Valenti, M.D.

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adequate for optimum cell growth. Amniocentesis was performed again on April 29. luxuriant cell cultures were available within two weeks, and satisfactory chromosome preparations were ready for analysis on May 21. The karyotypes showed a male pattern with the D/G chromosomal translocation characteristic of Mongolism. Our hospital's abortion committee authorized a therapeutic interruption of pregnancy on the grounds that, since Mongolism was certain, failure to interrupt could subject the young mother to unjustifiable psychiatric trauma. Notice of the therapeutic abortion was posted routinely on the staff bulletin boards, and the abortion was done on May 31. Autopsy findings and palmprint and soleprint patterns were consistent with our cytogenetic diagnosis.

The young woman who volunteered for this experience recovered and returned to her New England home within forty-eight hours. She is still eager for another child if she can have a healthy one. She has requested application of amniocentesis to all future pregnancies.

THIS woman now has a chance for "another throw of the ovarian dice," as Dr. Berrill put it. The British medical journal, *Lancet*, last July published news of her case in the form of a letter from Schutta, Kehaty, and myself. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has since notified us that it has accepted for publication a longer formal report of the case. So far as I know, it is the first piece of such news ever to appear in the medical literature anywhere. It may not be sensational news because D/G chromosomal translocations account for only 2 per cent of all Mongoloid children. But to the individual women involved, it is a promise of release from fear and guilt.

Furthermore, the potential benefits of amniocentesis and karyotyping are applicable to the much greater percentage of Mongolism caused by trisomies. In these there are forty-seven chromosomes, including three No. 21s which appear as triplets in the place of the normal 21 pair (as opposed to the pair of 21s and the 21 contained in the lopsided chromosome of the D/G Mongoloids).

Trisomies are related to aging. Human eggs spoil with time just as other eggs do. As John Lear reminded us in his contribution to this symposium, every woman's supply of eggs has been nested in her ovaries since well before she herself was born. All else being equal, she begins releasing them, at the rate of one a month (except during pregnancy and subsequent nursing), when she is about *thirteen years old*, and continues the process for the forty-odd years that intervene before menopause. Overall, the chance of an American woman giving birth to a Mongoloid child is one in 680. To age twenty-five, the chance is one in 2,000; after age forty-five, one in fifty.

Our laboratory has made cytogenetic diagnoses of two women who feared their pregnancies might produce Mongoloid infants. One of these women was thirty-six years old, the other thirty-seven. Amniocentesis and karyotyping showed no chromosomal aberrations.

The potential of prenatal study of fetal cells obtained by amniocentesis is far greater than we have yet been able to explore. Three broad areas are open to investigation. In the first, a smear of the fetal cells can be made immediately after the cells are collected from the amniotic fluid. The smear shows presence or absence of the sex chromatin body (a condensation of nuclear material), which only female cells possess. The sex of the unborn child can thus be identified and sex-linked hereditary diseases, such as hemophilia and muscular dystrophy, can be diagnosed in the fetus. More than ten years ago, Dr. Fuchs in Denmark demonstrated the value of the technique by screening hemophilic pregnancies and interrupting those that would have resulted in male babies. Only males actually develop hemophilia; females carry the disease without being afflicted by it.

The second field of study of cells obtained by amniocentesis is the analysis of their chromosome complement, as illustrated by the case of the young woman patient described above. Advanced maternal age can cause a number of chromosomal errors in addition to the error that results in Mongolism. Anguish for the mothers involved can be avoided in some cases by interruption of pregnancy. The number of such cases is at the moment still uncertain. The certainty is that in the present state of knowledge we cannot correct chromosomal errors. In the future, however, we may be able to correct the effect of the errors by refining our methods, by applying the principle that each effect is due to a particular enzyme and that each enzyme is ordered by a particular gene. One step in the refinement is to map the locations of the genes on the chromosomes of man, as has already been done with the mouse.

The third area of endeavor in intrauterine medicine (treatment of the fetus in the uterus) is analysis of enzymes produced by the fetal cells that are taken from the amniotic fluid. There are hereditary diseases in which deficiency of given enzymes is known in the adult. Detection of the same deficiencies in the fetal cells may permit diagnosis of diseases in the unborn baby and possibly correction of the deficiencies and thus prevention of the diseases.

For example, one of the signs of Mongolism is flaccid muscles at birth. If the

Tracing the Damage

AS my colleague Dr. Harry S. McGaughey used to say, "Every child has the right to be well born." That this is not the case has been emphasized by President Lyndon B. Johnson. He points out correctly that our perinatal mortality [death at or about the time of birth] is fourteenth in the world. This is explained by some on the grounds that we have a nonhomogeneous population and that the low income groups cause a marked rise in the overall perinatal mortality. Although the low income families do indeed have a very high perinatal mortality, even our high income groups do not have a perinatal mortality that matches the best countries in the world (the Netherlands and Sweden).

Further than this, perinatal mortality is only a part of the picture and not the most important part, either. The submerged portion of the iceberg, which can sink families or even societies, is those individuals who do not die at birth, but who, through damage during pregnancy, labor, delivery, or the neonatal period, are never able to achieve their full potential as productive citizens. We have absolutely no idea of the magnitude of this problem. We have

—"The Modern Baby," Blue Cross.

several ways of looking at the intrauterine fetus, starting from early pregnancy, to predict the fetal outcome in terms of life or death. But there have been almost no studies of the infants who live to see how they perform in the sixth grade of school. The one exception is the work of Dr. Edward H. Hon of Yale, a pioneer in fetal electrocardiographic studies, who is currently following a small group of children to test their performance on a neurologic and psychologic basis. Other investigators must follow with similar studies.

—EDWARD S. QUILLIGAN, M.D.

Edward S. Quilligan, M.D., is professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Yale University. The above observations appeared in a recent issue of *Yale Medicine*.

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body of a Mongoloid baby is laid prone on the palm of the hand, the baby's head and limbs will flop downward like those of a rag doll. The weakness of the muscles has been attributed to absence of a chemical which can be made only in the presence of a particular enzyme. According to prevailing genetic theory, this enzyme must be missing from Mongoloid cells and the absence must be related to the existence in the cells of three No. 21 chromosomes instead of the normal pair of 21s.

In an English experiment, a chemical named 5-hydroxytryptophan was administered to fourteen Mongoloid babies ranging from a few days to four months in age. Within one to seven weeks later, normal muscle tone was restored to thirteen of these babies, who became able to raise their heads, arms, and legs. Clearly, a missing something had been supplied and had counteracted at least some part of the effect of the abnormal set of three No. 21 chromosomes.

The English researchers were careful to point out that there is yet no evidence that their treatment will improve the mental development of Mongoloid babies. It is conceivable, however, that if Mongolism were diagnosed sufficiently early in the development of the fetus and if the missing chemical could be administered then, the effect on the child might be remarkable.

A great many scientists the world over are now studying enzyme deficiencies in hereditary diseases in the adult human. As their reservoir of knowledge grows, the potential of amniocentesis widens proportionately.

A major determinant of the ultimate effectiveness of intrauterine medicine will be the public attitude on abortion. At present, the laws of many states do not allow therapeutic abortion on genetic grounds. Genetic grounds are habitually construed as empirical statistical evaluations. Chromosomal analysis is not statistical but is direct and specific evidence of abnormality. As physicians, legislators, and the people come to understand the distinction, they will surely see that the law cannot be interpreted to exclude abortion based on chromosomal analysis. For a law that would compel a mother to give birth to a baby certain to be severely defective would be cruel and uncivilized.

Carlo Valenti, M.D., was born and received his medical degree in Torino, Italy, where one of his teachers was Professor Giuseppe Levi, an associate of Nobelist Alexis Carrel in that great French innovator's tissue culture experiments. Now an American citizen, Dr. Valenti has done medical research in this country since 1953—in Philadelphia, Pasadena, New York—and is now associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology, Downstate Medical Center, State University of New York, Brooklyn.

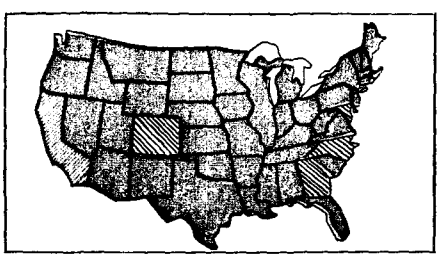
4. His Birth Without Permission

By ROBERT E. HALL, M.D.

ABORTION is a medical issue only because it is the doctor who wields the necessary instrument. He is no better able to judge who qualifies for an abortion than the patient's minister, the patient's lawyer, or the patient herself. Who of these four principals would you deem best suited to make such a decision? I would argue that the pregnant woman, with the counsel of her doctor and the concurrence of her husband, should be allowed to decide for herself. Realistically, of course, she cannot. In the final analysis the decision rests with the politician and the priest.

Until 1803 in the Western world, abortion before quickening (in the fourth or fifth month of pregnancy) was proscribed by neither religion nor law. In the East, meanwhile, infanticide was widely practiced and condoned. Not until 1861 was early abortion forbidden in England, as an Offense against the Person; not until 1869 was early abortion equated with murder by the Roman Catholic Church; not until 1835 was the first anti-early-abortion law passed in the United States (by Missouri); and not until 1943 the last such state law (by North Dakota).

Until 1966, unchanged since their original passage, the law in forty-five states defined abortion as unlawful unless necessary to preserve the life of the pregnant woman. In five states and the District of Columbia the health of the mother was taken into consideration. Despite this legislative discrepancy, abortion was no less widely practiced in the forty-five states with less liberal laws, for the doctors in these states also chose to protect their patients' health in defiance of the law. In no state was abortion permitted for rubella (German measles) or rape; in all fifty, however, such abortions were done. Doctors, in other words, took it upon themselves to interpret the law as they saw fit. Many chose to practice modern medicine rather than adhere to archaic law. In forty-seven states doctors must still make this awful choice.



Legally it may be argued that in order for an abortion to be permitted under the old laws, the danger to maternal life need be neither temporally imminent nor medically certain. This argument has indeed been set down by the court. But doctors do not think this way. They tend to be very literal in their interpretation of these laws. To be sure, most hospital abortions are, strictly speaking, illegal, but an elaborate system of professional subterfuge and self-delusion is invoked to make these crimes seem innocent.

To rationalize an abortion on medical grounds the facts are distorted. Abortions are done for hypertension, for example, "because pregnancy in such cases may lead to a heart attack or a stroke," whereas the actual risk of these complications in pregnant hypertensives is not significantly higher than the risk in nonpregnant hypertensives.

To obtain an abortion on psychiatric grounds, the risk of suicide is exaggerated. We accept with full credence the psychiatrist's opinion that "this woman is so depressed by her pregnancy that she may unintentionally drive her car into a telephone pole and kill herself," whereas we would deride such a statement in another medical setting.

To approve of abortions for fetal reasons (usually cases of rubella in early pregnancy), therapeutic abortion boards have been created. Since there is no maternal risk in these cases, we ignore the law, formulate a hospital policy, and empower a committee to enact this policy. To make this tenuous reasoning seem more sound, we empirically refuse to grant rubella abortions to women not previously treated at our hospital. To prove to the world that we are liberal but not lax, we curtail the number of abortions we do at each hospital and we even enunciate arbitrarily acceptable abortion-delivery ratios.

All this hokum might result in some sort of empirical sense if it were not for the fact that it is so inconsistently and inequitably enforced. Some hospitals refuse to do abortions for rubella. Other hospitals refuse to do abortions for psychiatric reasons. Some hospitals do not have therapeutic abortion boards. Each hospital, in other words, sets its own rules—some compassionate, some academic, all hypocritical.

One inequity found at most hospitals as an almost predictable outcome of this medicolegal conflict is that the clinic patient does not get an even break. Private patients get hospital abortions four times as often as ward patients. This imbalance is often blamed on the clinic

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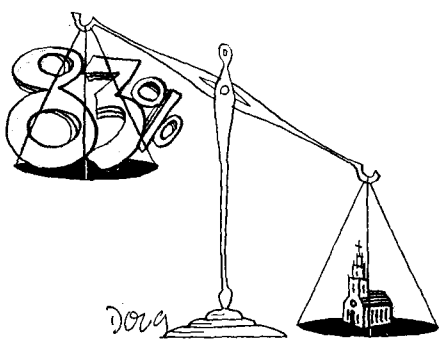
patient with such shallow observations as, for example, "she registers for her antepartum care too late to get an abortion." But is it entirely her fault that she registers late? And even if she registers early, somehow her psychic instability seems the lamentable but irremediable result of her social milieu rather than a reason for abortion.

OTHER countries have faced these inequities and resolved them. Some countries have even faced the fact that women who cannot get an abortion in a hospital will get one in a back alley. In Japan and most of the Communist countries, abortion is more or less available for the asking. In some of these countries (for example, Hungary and Japan) there are now more abortions than births. In Scandinavia and Switzerland, abortions may be done for such reasons as "anticipated weaknesses," "worn-out mothers," and "socioeconomic stress." (Each candidate is carefully screened by a panel of professionals, however, and only one pregnancy in twenty is legally interrupted. But even this low rate seems astronomical in comparison to our one abortion per 500 births.) In 1967 the abortion law of England was liberalized to permit abortions if there is substantial risk of fetal deformity or risk to "the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman *or any existing children of her family,*" taking into account "the pregnant woman's actual or reasonably foreseeable environment." Short of legalization, this is the laxest law yet. It remains to be seen how widely it will be put into effect.

Ten years ago the farsighted American Law Institute incorporated in its Model Penal Code the suggestion that abortion be permitted if

> 1) a licensed physician believes that there is substantial risk that continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defect, or the pregnancy resulted from rape . . . or from incest; and 2) two physicians, one of whom may be the person performing the abortion, have certified in writing their belief in the justifying circumstances.

This sensible set of proposals formed the basis of abortion reform bills since introduced to the legislatures of twenty-eight states, and, in 1966, the legislatures of three states finally took cognizance of the discrepancy between medical and legal progress by enacting more enlightened laws. Hospital abortions for maternal health, fetal deformity, rape, and incest are now permitted in Colorado, Georgia, Maryland, and North Carolina. In California, abortions are now permitted for maternal health, rape, and incest; as a last-minute concession by Governor Reagan to the Catholic Church, the fetal deformity permit was withdrawn.



In 1965, a poll of New York State obstetricians revealed that 85 per cent would prefer that the law be liberalized. In 1966, a national poll of psychiatrists revealed that over 90 per cent favor liberalization. Prestigious medical groups, such as the New York Academy of Medicine, the New York State Medical Society, the American Medical Women's Association, the American Association of Planned Parenthood Physicians, and the California Medical Association, have publicly endorsed abortion law reform. Nonmedical groups have made the same stand; to cite a few: the New York Civil Liberties Union, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the California Bar Association, the New York State Council of Churches, the Episcopal Diocese of New York, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Prominent political figures have also favored reform: the late U.S. Senator Robert F. Kennedy, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Mayor John V. Lindsay.

Several national-opinion polls have shown that the public wants abortion law reform. A Gallup poll, for example, showed that 83 per cent of those with an opinion on the subject would approve of abortions for maternal health. A 1965 survey by the National Opinion Research Center showed that 73 per cent of those with an opinion would approve abortions for health. But when humane abortion bills seemed close to passage in California, England, and New York, the Catholic Church reacted violently. Pastoral letters were written by the bishops, sermons were preached in every pulpit, and letters from dutiful parishioners flooded their legislators' mail. Despite the fact that the Catholics comprise a minority of the voters in these areas, despite the fact that 90 per cent of all the letters on abortion reform originate from this one minority group, and despite the fact that the polls show that even the majority of Catholics favor reform, the Catholic hierarchy succeeded in killing these abortion bills.

The position of the Roman Catholic Church rests upon its modern-day assumption that the fetus is a human being and its destruction murder. (Bear in mind that, with the exception of a three-year period in the sixteenth century, the Church did not equate abortion and murder till 1869.) Scientifically, the fetus is not a human being for the simple reason that it cannot survive, even with outside help. An infant can survive with the help of an adult, an adult can survive on its own, but the fetus is dependent on its mother's womb.

Legally, the fetus is not a human being, either. It cannot inherit, it cannot sue; upon extrusion from the womb it is not entitled to a birth or death certificate; and the abortionist is not charged with murder or punished as a murderer. Semantically, of course, feticide, infanticide, homicide, and suicide are explicit terms with fundamentally different meanings. Theologically, abortion for the reasons proposed by the American Law Institute is sanctioned by most major non-Catholic religious groups. These groups obviously do not regard the fetus as a human being.

IF the Catholic Church chooses empirically to disagree with science, law, semantics, and the other religions, this is of course the Church's prerogative. But for the Church to impose its unique position upon the rest of society is to defy the fundamental separation of Church and State.

Those of us who seek reform do not intend to force abortions upon those who do not want them. Why, then, must the majority who want reform be thwarted by the minority who do not?

If the fetus is regarded as a potential human being rather than an actual human being, and if abortion is examined logically and thoroughly in this light, I contend the ultimate conclusion must be that all voluntary abortion is permissible. When a pregnant woman decides that she wants an abortion, who is qualified to deny her this right? To allow her this right only if her health is jeopardized or her fetus endangered is to endow the medical profession with omniscience it does not possess. Ultimately, then, abortion must be the right of every woman.

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—*Pix.*

"A remarkably capable organism from the moment he begins to breathe."

5. *His Struggle for Identity*

By JEROME KAGAN

THE newborn child is a remarkably capable organism from the moment he begins to breathe. He can see, hear, and smell, and is sensitive to pain, touch, and change in position. The only one of the five senses that may not be functioning immediately at birth is taste.

The newborn's behavioral equipment is also remarkably well developed. When only two hours old, he will follow a rapidly moving light with his eyes; his pupils will dilate in darkness and constrict in light; he will suck a finger or nipple inserted into his mouth; he will turn in the direction in which his cheek or the corner of his mouth is touched. He can cry, cough, turn away, vomit, lift his chin from a prone position, and grasp an object placed in his palm. His body will react to a loud sound. He can flex and extend his limbs, smack his lips, and chew his fingers.

It is fortunate that the infant is so competent at birth because his new environment outside his mother's body subjects him suddenly to such unfamiliar stresses as hunger, heat, cold, and pain. During the first weeks of life, most of his behavior is in direct response to the unexpected interferences with his equilibrium. If he is hungry, he cries. If he is excited, he babbles. If he is in pain, he cries to the accompaniment of thrashing arms and legs.

These innate reactions alter his environment significantly by bringing another person to tend him. When this happens, the child—who instructed his mother more than she instructed him during his period in the womb—enters the active influence of the society to which he belongs. Thenceforth, according to the talents of those who serve him, certain of the infant's behaviors will be selectively strengthened and certain others will be selectively weakened.

The relation between infant and mother is a ballet, in which each partner responds to the steps of the other. If, when the infant cries, the mother bestows care and affection, the infant will be likely to cry on the next occasion when he is distressed. Thus the mother's actions are molding the infant's behavior. But the frequency and regularity with which the mother acts toward the child are also being affected by the infant. The mother is more likely to leave the living room and go to the infant's room if the infant cries than if the infant is quiet. As a result, irritable babies, who are more often boys than girls, typically share their mother's company more often than do placid, quiet babies. If a mother's attempts to soothe her infant are successful, she is more likely to come to the infant when he calls. The infant who smiles will elicit more smiling from the mother than a non-smiling baby. The infant girl who babbles provokes more imitative babbling from the mother than the infant who is quiet. In this sense, the infant is clearly shaping the mother's behavior as much as the mother influences the infant.

Another major determinant of the mother's actions, in addition to the child's moment-to-moment behavior, is her set of goals for the child. Most American middle-class mothers want their boys to be independent and self-reliant because contemporary American society rewards independence and competitiveness. Most Japanese middle-class mothers, by contrast, want their sons to be interdependent with the family and less self-reliant. The mothers' actions flow from these idealized models. Each mother loves her child equally and thinks she is doing the best for him.

Each set of parents has the difficult task of deciding what kind of child they wish to create. The decision can become excruciatingly difficult in times of great flux, like those through which we are now passing. The increasing population density in our cities, coupled with growing alienation of citizens from a sense of community, is causing many Americans to question whether individualism, carried to present-day extremes, is healthy. How does a particular set of parents react to this question? Depending on the strength of their commitment to traditions of competitive individualism versus their eagerness to participate in evolution of new cultural designs, their values may conflict with the values of their neighborhood. And if the characteristics of the child do not adapt him to whatever values are accepted by the parents, there is conflict within conflict.

THE child whose personality traits do not match the values of his society is not likely to be well adjusted. Such a child might be much happier in a society governed by a quite different set of values. The parental decision regarding the child is an overwhelmingly moral one, not to be decided on scientific evidence alone. Parents should appreciate that there is no ideal set of personality characteristics for a child nor any ideal set of parental practices. Each is relative to its own time and cultural context.

The child's perception of whether he is loved or rejected is also relative. If the child knows that the parents are poor, and it is a sacrifice for them to buy him a toy worth $5 for Christmas, he will interpret receipt of that toy as an act of love and affection; for he recognizes that the parents have given him something that required a personal sacrifice. The child of an affluent family who receives the same toy is not likely to

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view it as reflecting any special affection. For this boy, perhaps, a long walk in the forest, which is a sacrifice for a busy executive father, is the gift that is symbolic of love. Love or rejection is not contained in any specific set of behaviors by a mother or a father. Love or rejection is relative to the child's perceptions; for love, like beauty, is in the mind of the beholder.

The same reasoning holds for punishments. There is no specific effect of a verbal chastisement, a spanking, or a banishment from the company of parents or siblings. The effect of each of these punishments on the child is always dependent on the child's interpretation of that punishment. Each parent will be better able to socialize his child if he has access to the "tote board" of values the child holds. It is not an easy accomplishment, but its attainment is worth great effort.

The first year of life is marked by rapid development of perceptual structures in the child. Although we now know that the newborn child is far from being an amorphous bundle of insensitive flesh and bone, our contemporary understanding of cognitive growth resembles the state of chemical theory in the seventeenth century, when a scientist could relate either natural or purposive causes to obvious changes in the color, weight, smell, or texture of substances but could not explain what happened to bring the changes about.

Long before anything at all was known about the human brain, prescientific philosophers taught that the heart was the seat of human personality. Therefore, it is interesting that modern scientific research with children should demonstrate—as it has—that the heartbeat is a dependable signal of the child's attention. Experiments in our own and other laboratories during the last decade have tracked the processes of the infant mind by noting the occasions when the child's heartbeat suddenly slows. The resting heart rate of infants ranges from 120 to 180 beats per minute, with an average of about 145 beats. Experience has confirmed that decelerations greater than six or seven beats are most often associated with an attentive posture, and facial or motor responses indicating surprise. By measuring the child's heart-rate and the duration of his gaze at various events, one can easily see that the earliest determinant of the infant's attention is high rate of change in the physical parameters of a stimulus. Lights that blink on and off are more likely to capture his attention than is a steady light source. Intermittent tones of sound are more attention getting than continuous ones. Visual events with high black-white contour contrast possess more power to recruit sustained attention than stimuli with minimal contour contrast. These conditions produce distinctiveness naturally. They elicit attention without prior learning. These factors dominate the attention during the first twelve weeks.

After that time, the infant's reactions show increasing signs of being controlled by experience. In other words, the child is beginning to think about what he sees. Attention is focused more and more in relation to the degree to which the elements of an event are a distortion or discrepancy from an established schema.

A schema is a representation of an external event. Like a caricature, it is defined by a set of distinctive elements. If the distinctive elements change, the schema changes. The four-month-old child's schema of a human face probably consists of an oval outline and two symmetrically placed eyes. When an infant of that age is shown a sketch of a face with asymmetric eyes or a face with no eyes, the child smiles markedly less than he smiles at a face with symmetrically placed eyes, with or without the presence of nose and mouth. The smile seems to be his "Aha" reaction—his way of saying the stimulus is familiar to him.

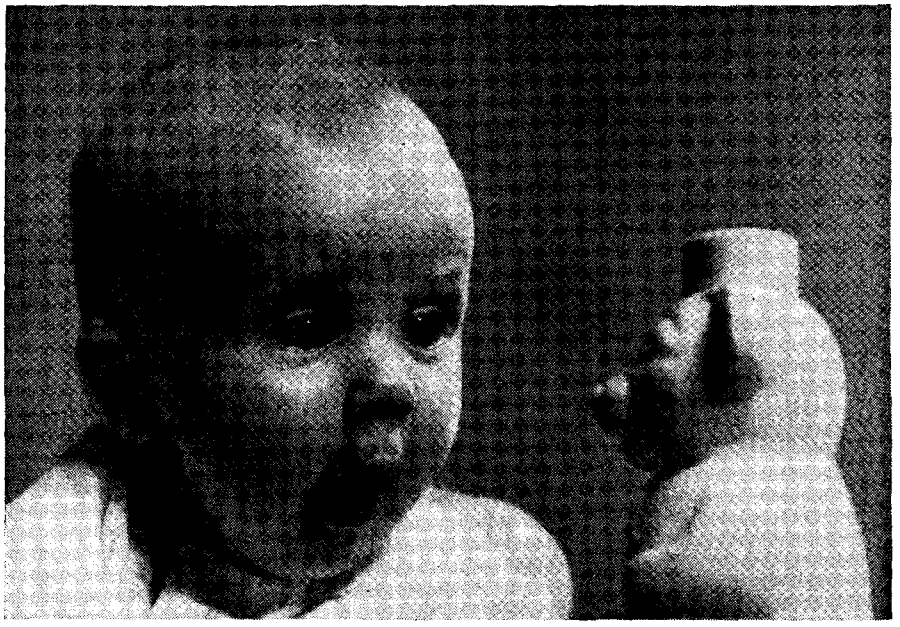
A child pays maximal attention to an event that is a slight deviation from the distinctive elements of his schema. The four-month-old baby will look longer at a photograph of a face—regular or moderately disfigured—than he would at a randomly generated nonsense figure with a high degree of black-white contrast. Furthermore, his cardiac deceleration will be greater to it than to the black-white nonsense figures. Since each child develops his own schema at his own rate, it follows that information intended to command his attention must be tailored to fit his schema.

Let us consider some economic class differences in cognitive functioning in light of the above. Our Harvard laboratory has studied more than 160 first-born Caucasian infants from lower-middle-class, middle-class, and upper-middle-class families. Lower-class infants come from families where one or both parents did not complete high school and where the fathers were in unskilled occupations. Upper-middle-class infants came from families where both parents were college graduates.

Each infant was exposed to two visual episodes in the laboratory at four months of age. In the first episode, each child was shown each of four different achromatic depictions of human faces. The four stimuli were a photograph of a male face, a schematic outline of a regular male face, a collage of the photograph of the face, and a collage of the schematic regular face. After a short recess, each child was shown a series of three-dimensional sculptured faces painted flesh color, and four presentations each of four different faces: a regular male face; a collage of that face with eyes, nose, and mouth rearranged; a regular face with no eyes; and a completely blank face with neither eyes, nose, nor mouth.

THE children from the lowest economic level displayed the smallest cardiac decelerations to all the stimuli. How are we to interpret this?

The lower-middle-class infants look as long at the faces as the upper-class babies do, but do not decelerate their heartbeats because the faces are not close enough to their schema for the faces of their parents. The favorite explanation for this difference in response



—*Pix.*

The "Aha" reaction—he's found something that is just a little different.

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is that the mother's face is a more distinctive stimulus for the upper-middle-class child than for the less privileged child. We believe that well educated mothers are more likely to engage in frequent, distinctive, face-to-face contact with their children, more likely to create conditions that will make the parent's countenance distinctive.

THE most dramatic differences between lower- and middle-class children of pre-school or school age involve language skills. Documentation for this conclusion is everywhere. A fast and often glib interpretation of it rests on the belief that lower-class parents talk less often to their children. This may be too simple an interpretation. We certainly do not wish to reject the idea totally but we prefer to balance it with the possibility that lower-class children are not so much deprived of parental vocalization as they are deprived of distinctive vocalization. The lower-class child does not receive distinctive verbal stimulation from adults and, as a result, is less likely to attend to human speech.

Some of the lower and middle-class children mentioned above were observed with their mothers in their homes for a day when the infants were four months old. A selected set of mother and child variables was recorded every five seconds. The observer wore in her ear a small, inconspicuous battery-powered device which produced a brief auditory signal every five seconds, and the observer recorded, in five-second units, variables that belonged to a prearranged code. Some of the variables included: mother vocalize to infant, mother touch infant, mother vigorously manipulate infant, mother pick up infant, child vocalize, child extend limbs, and child thrash.

Computation of the percentage of time the mother vocalized to the infant, regardless of what else she was doing, or where she was in the home, disclosed only a slight and nonsignificant tendency for the upper-middle-class mothers to vocalize more often than lower-or middle-class mothers to their daughters. There were even less striking differences for sons. However, when we examined the distinctiveness of the mothers' vocalization—vocalization that occurred when mother was face-to-face with her infant and doing nothing else but talking to her—more dramatic differences appeared.

—Michael Semak (Pix).

Maximizing the appropriate sex role.

Let us describe a hypothetical experience of an upper-middle-class girl and a lower-class girl.

The middle-class child is lying in her crib in her bedroom on the second floor of a suburban home. She wakes, the room is quiet, her mother is downstairs baking. The infant studies the crib and her fingers. Suddenly the quiet is broken as the mother enters, looks down at her baby, and speaks. This auditory intrusion is maximally distinctive and likely to orient the infant to her mother and to the vocalization. If the child responds vocally, the mother is apt to continue the dialogue.

An infant girl in a ghetto is lying on a couch in a two-room apartment with the television going and siblings peering into her face. The child lies in a sea of sound; like the sea, the sound is homogeneous. The mother approaches the child and says something. This communication is minimally distinctive from background noise and, as such, is not likely to recruit the infant's attention. Many of the infant's vocalizations during the day are not likely to be responded to by anyone nor are they likely to elicit a special response.

This research generates implications for preschool enrichment programs for lower-class children. There is a zealous attempt to bombard the lower-class child with pictures, crayons, books, speech, and typewriters, as if an intellectual deficit was akin to hunger and the proper therapy required filling of his cerebral gulleys with stuff.

I WOULD like to argue for a more paced strategy, a self-conscious attempt to intervene when the intrusion is likely to be maximally distinctive. For example, teaching reading or vocabulary should be individual or in very small groups, and background contexts should be simple so that the material to be learned has maximal distinctiveness. Instructional speech should be paced so that each communication holds the attentional stage solo and does not share the child's limited attentional capacities with other attractions. We must initiate explicit attempts to diagnose the content and articulateness of the child's existing schema and to plan interventions that are moderate discrepancies from his schema.

Distinctiveness of events recruits the child's attention and can maintain it for five, ten, or even twenty seconds. But sustained attention for minutes requires more than discrepancy; it requires the possession of structures or chains of cognitive units that are specifically activated by the event. When one sees a three-year-old devote a half hour to exploration of an old telephone, there is a temptation to smile and mumble something about the child's natural curiosity. However, long periods of sustained involvement are neither inherent in the event nor part of the child's natural equipment. It can be taken for granted that this particular child has either watched a telephone being used, or spoken into a telephone mouthpiece himself, or heard his parents explain what a telephone is for. Sustained involvement of any child is dependent on that child's previous acquisition of a set of hypotheses and reactions appropriate to the object. Without such prior learning, a potential thirty-minute exploration can be reduced to less than thirty seconds.

I recall a teacher who brought to class a dozen packs of Cape Cod seaweed stuffed with attractive samples of shells of diverse species. She gave each pair of six-year-old children one of these attractive toys and withdrew, expecting the pupils to display natural curiosity. Each child devoted less than ten seconds to the material before returning to his previous game. The teacher had failed to explain to the children that the shells were once inhabited by different kinds of animals, and that by looking carefully at a shell one could tell not only what kind of animal had lived there but how old the animal was when it left the shell.

A second anecdote is equally forceful. One of our graduate students raised an

(*Continued on page 87*)

QUALITY PRESCHOOL OPPORTUNITIES are essential for disadvantaged children if they are ever to have the hopes of succeeding in regular classroom studies. Yet only one-third of our nation's 2,000,000 children, aged three to five, from poor families, are now enrolled in preschool training. As a first step, we should provide preschool opportunities for *all* of these 2,000,000 children.

—WILBUR J. COHEN,
U. S. Secretary
of Health, Education, and Welfare,
at Georgetown University,
August 31, 1968.

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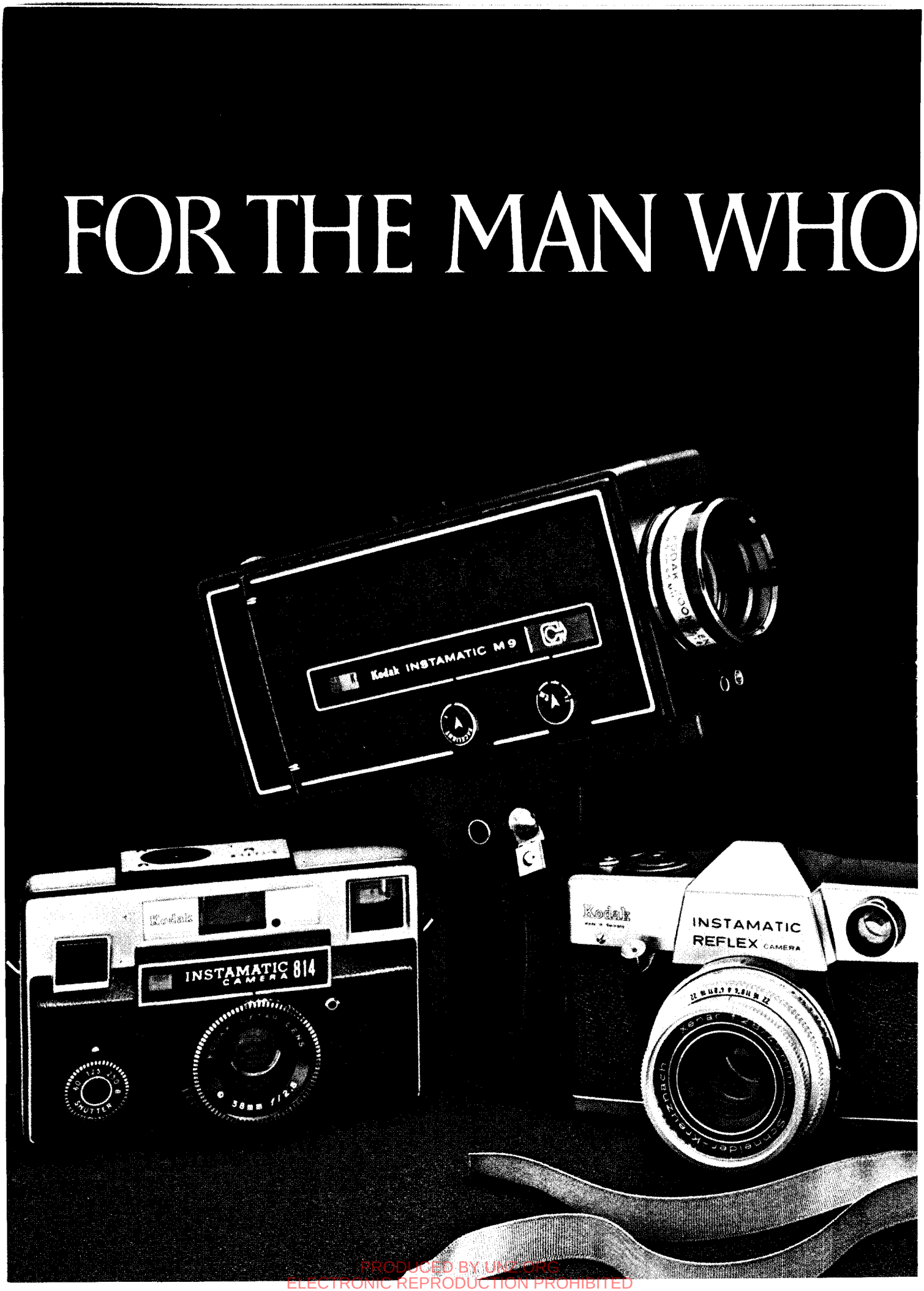

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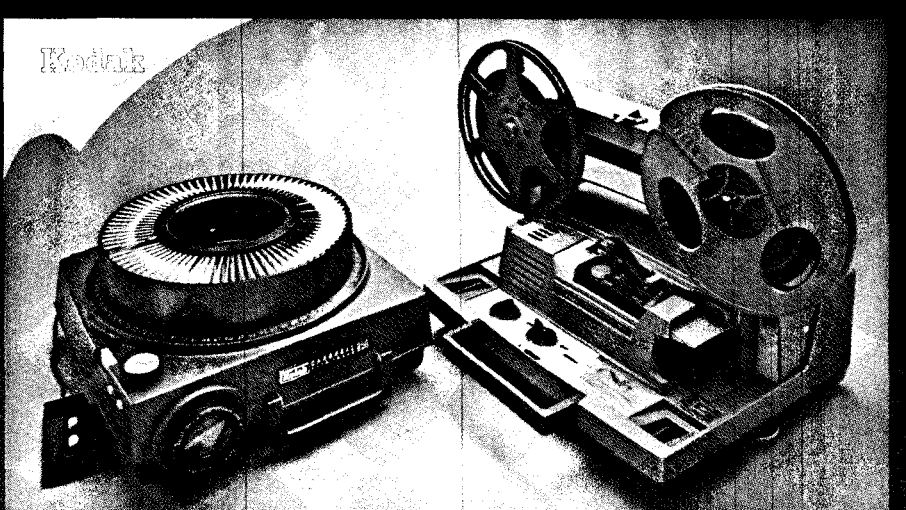

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(Continued from page 82)
infant rhesus monkey from birth. The animal became an interesting sight around William James Hall on the Harvard campus. My daughter, twelve years old, begged to see the monkey. We arranged to have the student and monkey come to dinner. My daughter excitedly informed the neighborhood of the event. A few minutes after the student and monkey were seated in our living room, six children, from seven to eleven years of age, rang the doorbell. They ran to the monkey, looked and poked for about two minutes, and then casually walked off one by one to more interesting activities. We hadn't prepared the children to ask themselves logical questions about the monkey—what makes him afraid, what makes him run, what makes him smack his lips?

In short, curiosity may be only a romantic name for that phenomenon that occurs when a child tries out a set of acquired hypotheses on some new object that captures the child's attention.

In addition to the distinctive elements of new material, the child's motivation is another factor that controls the intensity of attention the child will devote to a task. The child's desire to be proud of his parents and similar to them in word and deed is one strong motivational force.

Lower-class parents may exhort their children to work hard for good grades in school, but the children do not perceive their parents as persons who publicly engage in or express a value in intellectual mastery themselves. As a result, the children cannot view mastery of intellectual skills as a way of being similar to their parents, or of gaining the adult resources of power and competence that the child perceives his parents to possess.

THE peer group is not unimportant in the development of standards and motives surrounding intellectual mastery. The child selects models from among his classmates once he begins school. As with the lower-class family, the lower-class peer group is biased against school achievement in favor of those behaviors that the boys and girls themselves define as masculine or feminine. This situation has serious consequences for school performance. The child of six years wants to maximize his similarity to whatever standards his schoolmates set for his sex. The child has learned that he or she is called a boy or a girl and rushes to elaborate this operational definition.

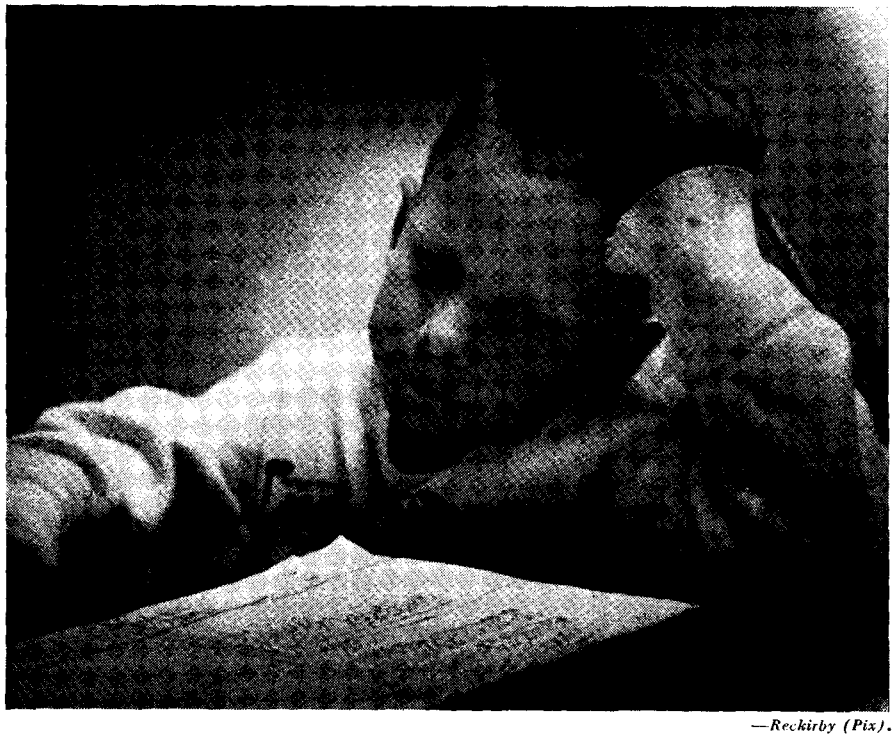
How does the child decide what events, objects, or actions are masculine or feminine? He works by a reliable formula. He implicitly computes the ratio of males to females associated with an event or action. If the ratio is lopsided in one direction, that activity is assigned the sex role of the majority party. Fishing is masculine, sewing is feminine. Any five-year-old will tell you this. School is usually classified as feminine by six-year-olds because in over 90 per cent of the primary grades in this nation, the activity of the classroom is monitored by a woman.

ONE implication of these data argues for the wisdom of segregating the sexes, especially in the primary grades of school. In a sex-segregated class, each child might learn to maximize in the school experience the sex role appropriate to himself. The presence of a man in the classroom would obviously have the strongest impact on a boy. But even changing the content of the reading curriculum should have some benefit.

Aside from the importance of modeling, the peers mediate other mechanisms that engage the motive to master academic tasks. Most children, especially boys, have a strong motive for power, a desire to play the dominant role in an interpersonal dyad. The uncorrupted sign of power for all children is strength. Strength is the only legitimate currency of power which cannot be corrupted, and children recognize this principle. The culture, in its wisdom, preaches substitute signs for power. Prowess at athletics, skill at adult activities, signs of intelligence can function as badges of potency if the group accepts that currency. The middle-class child is likely to find himself in a peer group where the right to dominate is given to the child with good grades, to the child with a quick answer, to the child with a catalogue of facts. Lower-class peer cultures rarely adopt this translation of power. Thus the lower-class child, already unable to find models for intellectual striving in his parents, is further deprived of a primary motive to master intellectual skills.

The two themes in this brief essay stress the dramatic psychological growth that occurs in the opening years and the importance of the parent-child relationship for that growth. It is believed that a large share of the child's desire to adopt the values and skills of society, including the wish to master the tasks of the school, derive from a close parent-child relationship in the first few years of life. The child comes to value the parent and is, therefore, receptive to adopting the parent's motivations for him. There is growing interest in establishing day care centers for economically underprivileged mothers who wish to work and need a place where they can leave their infant for most of the day. We believe this plan has potential dangers for the child's growth, for it could produce a child who has a seriously diluted tie to his parents. It will also weaken the emotional involvement of the mother with her own child. It would perhaps be wise to consider paying the mothers to stay with the children and beginning strong educational programs for parents, to educate them into the nature of the child and the nature of his psychological growth.

However, implementation of this suggestion will not by itself ameliorate the awesome educational deficiencies of



—Reckirby (Pix).

A boy has to be sure that studying in a schoolroom is masculine. It might help if at least some of his early teachers were men.

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many economically deprived children. The poor progress of these children in school is probably the result of many factors, including low income, residence in a slum neighborhood, an unstable family organization, absence of a father, a peer group that does not value school success, and, in some cases, inadequate nutrition of the individual child. It is not possible to state with confidence which of these factors produces the child's problems in school. Cures are most effective when diagnoses are accurate. We must therefore be cautious about simple plans or devices that promise to solve "the problem" when we are still unclear about the fundamental nature of the problem.

Jerome Kagan, professor of psychology at Harvard University, is famous for his studies of child behavior.

Postponed Adulthood

MARY HARRINGTON HALL: I guess youth is the time when we all try to change society, if we're ever going to try. It's the time when we have real hope and feel real power. But today, as you pointed out in *Young Radicals*, for the first time we have a new stage of life set aside for it.

PROFESSOR KENNETH KENISTON: Today, for the first time, we have a large group of people who are psychological adults and sociological adolescents. Modern society really is changing the life cycle in terms of adding new stages of development. In the Middle Ages, infancy ended at six or seven and adulthood began thereafter. You became a small adult at age seven. You began to work or were apprenticed out. Adolescence itself is a very recent discovery—100 years old at most.

The college or graduate student is very different from the early adolescent in terms of psychology and the issues with which he's concerned. It's a new stage of life and represents a further postponement of full adulthood.

HALL: The kid who goes directly from high school into a job and the responsibilities of a family would not fall into this group.

KENISTON: That's right. Not everyone goes through the stage of youth. While it is available to increasing numbers of young people, it is still a luxury. It's a kind of apprenticeship for adulthood.

—FROM AN INTERVIEW
in *Psychology Today*.

Mrs. Mary Harrington Hall is managing editor of *Psychology Today*. Professor Keniston is famous as an interpreter of adolescence.

6. *His Relation to His Time*

IF modern sociological theory is applied to the story of the Christmas child, the influence of time and place on heritage is at once apparent. For the Christmas child was a firstborn son, and theory says that because of the greater parental involvement with them, the firstborn tend to be carriers of tradition. As a young rabbi, Jesus carried tradition by restoring interest in the legend of the messiah, whose appearance devout Jews of his time awaited. But the social environment intervened. Inability of the Judaic hierarchy to see messianic qualities in Jesus turned him into one of the greatest of all revolutionaries.

According to sociological theory, the later sons are the ones who are most often the tradition-breakers and innovators because they share less of the parents' time on account of competing demands from other members of the family.

The Promised Seed, published by the Free Press under the authorship of Irving D. Harris, M.D., offers ample raw material to those parents who are looking for historical perspective before deciding what kind of children they wish to create.

When researchers were doing the work that documented *The Promised Seed*, four later sons were sharing the political leadership of the Western world: Konrad Adenauer of Germany, Charles DeGaulle of France, John F. Kennedy of the United States, and Nikita Khrushchev of Soviet Russia. Four firstborn had held the leadership during World War II: Winston Churchill, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Later son Khrushchev differed violently with and may have lost his power in the Soviet Union because of Communist China's firstborn Mao Tse-tung.

Will Mao risk nuclear war to support the traditions he believes in? *The Promised Seed* makes no predictions, but does point out that firstborn Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson waged war to preserve democracy.

The list below contains a number of conundrums for those who ponder the eternal struggle between heredity and environment.

FIRSTBORN	LATER SONS
Alexander the Great	Albert Camus
Ludwig van Beethoven	Miguel de Cervantes
Thomas Carlyle	T. S. Eliot
Dante Alighieri	Benjamin Franklin
William Faulkner	Alexander Hamilton
Sigmund Freud	Andrew Jackson
Johann von Goethe	Soren A. Kierkegaard
Barry Goldwater	Vladimir I. Lenin
Thomas Jefferson	Herman Melville
Lyndon B. Johnson	Napoleon Bonaparte
Karl Marx	Friedrich W. Nietzsche
John Milton	Richard Nixon
Jawaharlal Nehru	Alfred Nobel
Alexander Pope	Jean Jacques Rousseau
Arthur Schopenhauer	Henry David Thoreau
William Shakespeare	Leo Tolstoy
Jonathan Swift	Richard Wagner
George Washington	Walt Whitman

—J. L.

The ubiquitous electronic computer is moving into the study of child behavior in an unexpected way at Purdue University. Working for Purdue mechanical engineering professor Richard E. Garrett, the computer is calculating centers of gravity of the body for use in analyzing the motor development of children. The sketch above shows the difference between a 2-year-old boy's use of his muscles in jumping from a low stool (small figure) and a 3-year-old's performance (larger figure).

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Civil Servants' Revolt

Continued from page 30

services whenever the workers want more than fairness warrants?

Most of the ingredients for a successful insurance policy along all these lines exist in New York's Taylor Law and in the parallel procedures of Mayor Lindsay's Office of Collective Bargaining. The fact that the city has become a disaster area despite these aids to sane relationships reflects pathetic ineptitude on the city's side of the negotiating table, the deification of power by unions that grew strong without growing responsible, the communication to the union rank and file of the spirit of unreason fostered by their chiefs and, finally, the limited capacity and even more limited will of the citizenry to withstand the privations caused by a strike in a key service.

THE antidote, to my mind, does not lie in retrogression to the keep-unions-weak philosophy that goaded the Memphis sanitation workers into striking. No community is entitled to chain its civil servants to their posts on a basis that denies them any collective voice in their conditions of labor or obliges them to subsidize the taxpayers through the acceptance of substandard wages. In the first fourteen months of the Taylor Law, the number of organized state and local employees in New York State rose from 340,000 to 700,000 without a single strike over union recognition. That good accord was finally snapped when the state dawdled overlong in a dispute over a statewide unit for its employees. But the basic approach is the civilized way to conduct labor relations in the public sector, and there is no reason why similarly civilized procedures should not prevail in settling disputes over contract terms.

Where direct negotiations and mediation fail, the question of what is fair ought to go to impartial fact-finders. But even that is not the end of the line under the Taylor Law. A union that does not like the fact-finders' proposals can put its complaint up to the budget-making authorities in the legislature or the city council. That is where the ultimate decision must rest under a democratic system. Making such a system work harmoniously will, of course, depend on the skill, enterprise, and goodwill of the negotiators on both sides.

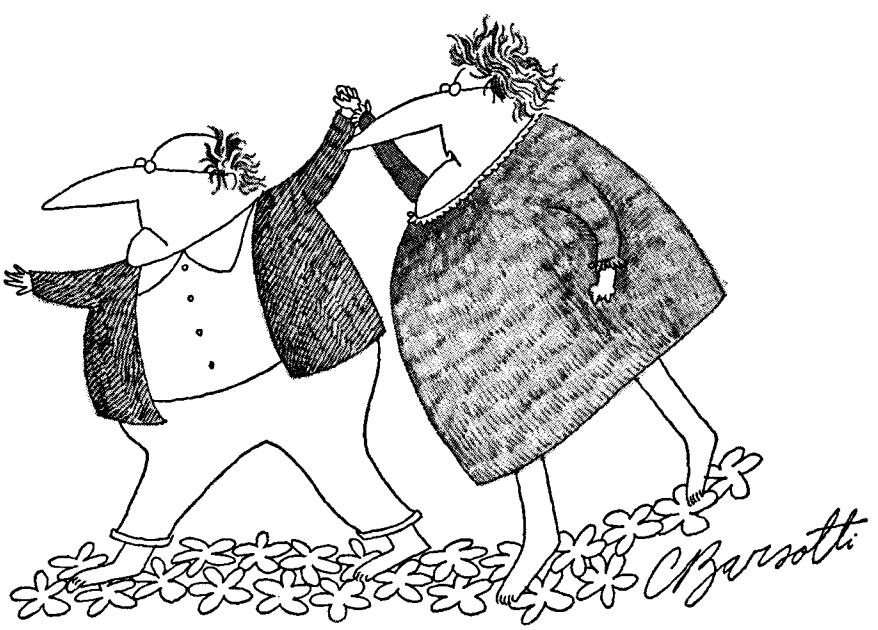
One thing they will all have to get away from is the "crunch" philosophy that now dominates collective bargaining and that has contributed most to the substitution of muscle for reason in public as well as private labor relations. Equity becomes a refugee when intricate questions of pocketbook or public policy are hammered out in the countdown atmosphere of an impending deadline. The great need in the civil service, even more than in industry generally, is for the development of year-round conference committees in which unions and administrators can exchange ideas and resolve mutual problems. Such committees are particularly well suited to a consideration of the thoughts of those who work in the schools and slums and other trouble spots about what the city could be doing more effectively, more economically, or more humanely in the interests of all its people.

Organized labor has an overall responsibility in this connection: to demonstrate that unionization of the civil service is a force for community benefit and not for community victimization. If the public faces up to its obligation to be a model employer, it has a right to expect all the civil service unions to cooperate in maintaining a stabilized bargaining structure and thus end the whipsaw tactics that made New York's negotiations with its policemen, firemen, and sanitation men so perilous this year. The unions, in turn, have a right to insist that the no-strike law contain a code of unfair labor practices so that abuses by municipal agencies can be terminated through due process rather than recourse to illegal stoppages.

The worst aspect of the present guerrilla warfare in the civil service is the extent to which contempt for injunctions issued by state courts has become routine in New York and many other communities. Adherence to law cannot flourish when those charged with carrying out the laws exult in flouting them. Sending union leaders to jail is no deterrent; on the contrary, it invests them with a synthetic martyrdom that enhances both their prestige and job security. Fines on the union treasury represent a preferable penalty, provided they are big enough to hurt. But the prohibition on strikes will not survive in the American climate if its maintenance depends primarily on the severity of the penalties for violation.

THE test for the country is to prove that, where every reasonable safeguard for just treatment is provided, the rule of law works because it is in the best interest of workers, unions, administrators, and citizens alike to make it work. The lessons New York's teachers taught in the willful misapplication of power have already boomeranged in the adoption by racial extremists of comparable techniques of mass force to terrorize teachers and make a shambles of the initial approaches to community control of schools. The leaders of the police, fire, and sanitation unions in New York have all had bruising experiences with the contagious effects on their membership of the concept that "you get more by being impossible." The community cannot tolerate the notion that it is defenseless at the hands of organized workers to whom it has entrusted responsibility for essential services. But these same workers will be the chief sufferers if their flight from orderly process becomes a guide to action for the rootless and the disaffected and all the others on the outskirts of hope.

That danger will be especially acute if the people in the ghetto identify teachers, policemen, and the rest of the predominantly white workers in the civil service as "the enemy"—the symbol of the hated establishment that has held them submerged in poverty and degradation. New York's brush with chaos in its school strike has demonstrated the immediate danger of such civil upheaval.



"Perhaps, Arthur, that day has finally come. We're too old to gambol."

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(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1809

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Fort established in 1858 as the first military post in North Dakota.	4 22 34 40 108 110 116 130 87 96 101
B. Counterthrust.	118 129 134 142 153 173 200
C. King of Navarre from 1349 to 1387 (3 wds.)	24 68 81 122 127 133 139 196 199 205 1 30 36
D. Certain radio men (2 wds.)	80 94 137 150 33 54 71 104 131 157 167 197
E. Son of Word G.	212 41 100 138 113 183 209 218
F. British Arctic explorer (c. 1584-1622) who looked for the Northwest Passage.	92 107 169 10 26 35
G. Husband of Alcmene; he was cuckolded by Zeus.	58 151 48 114 171 207 221 6 17 27
H. U.S. Naval Air Station in N. J.	75 112 5 14 20 23 31 59 84
I. Comp. familiar to readers of the financial pages.	91 136 144 119 168 179 211 16
J. Gave rise to.	47 120 60 161 175 178 220 45
K. Falstaff says honour cannot "take away the grief of" this (2 wds., *Henry IV*, part I).	62 160 177 8 12 53
L. Marked by polished manners.	126 184 39 42 56 69 76 82 102
M. Invigorating (comp.)	88 152 165 3 13 65 51 180 185 188
N. Deprived of possession.	21 79 148 163 189 64 135 11 70 95 103 192
O. A people of Luzon.	46 73 117 182 190 215
P. Cooperative action of two or more stimuli or drugs.	63 125 181 78 146 28 37
Q. One of the sphyrnidae.	194 201 158 176 124 149 174 145 216 86
R. Churches (3 wds.)	208 7 44 156 93 203 50 77 61 89 155
S. Absorbing.	85 202 67 2 29 83 105 52 18 98
T. Clydeside port.	15 111 55 170 9 164 219
U. American Revolutionary general, commander of Ft. Ticonderoga during the winter of '76-'77 (full name).	187 66 19 132 38 172 141 204 166 115 217 140
V. Type of whip.	25 191 43 143 72
W. Something large, esp. a large fish.	57 74 123 109 147 210
X. Extremist French revolutionaries.	162 214 49 195 186 154 32
Y. Scattered (2 wds.)	213 99 206 159 193 97 128 106 90 121 198

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 C	2 S	3 M	4 A	5 H		6 G	7 R	8 K	9 T		10 F	11 N	12 K	13 M	14 H	
15 T	16 I		17 G	18 S		19 U	20 H	21 N		22 A	23 H	24 C	25 V	26 F	27 G	28 P		
29 S	30 C	31 H		32 X	33 D	34 A	35 F	36 C		37 P	38 U	39 L	40 A		41 E	42 L	43 V	
44 R	45 J		46 O	47 J	48 G	49 X	50 R	51 M	52 S	53 K	54 D	55 T	56 L		57 W	58 G	59 H	
60 J		61 R	62 K	63 P	64 N	65 M	66 U	67 S		68 C	69 L	70 N	71 D	72 V	73 O	74 W	75 H	
	76 L	77 R		78 P	79 N	80 D	81 C	82 L	83 S	84 H	85 S	86 Q		87 A	88 M	89 R	90 Y	
91 I		92 F	93 R	94 D	95 N	96 A	97 Y	98 S		99 Y	100 E	101 A		102 L	103 N	104 D	105 S	
	106 Y	107 F	108 A	109 W		110 A	111 T	112 H	113 E	114 G		115 U	116 A	117 O	118 B		119 I	
120 J	121 Y	122 C	123 W	124 Q	125 P		126 L	127 C	128 Y	129 B	130 A		131 D	132 U	133 C		134 B	
135 N	136 I	137 D	138 E	139 C	140 U		141 U	142 B	143 V		144 I	145 Q	146 P	147 W		148 N	149 Q	
150 D	151 G	152 M	153 B	154 X	155 R		156 R	157 D	158 Q	159 Y	160 K	161 J	162 X	163 N	164 T		165 M	
166 U	167 D		168 I	169 F	170 T		171 G	172 U		173 B	174 Q	175 J		176 Q	177 K	178 J	179 I	
180 M	181 P	182 O		183 E	184 L	185 M	186 X		187 U	188 M	189 N		190 O	191 V	192 N		193 Y	
194 Q	195 X	196 C	197 D		198 Y	199 C	200 B		201 Q	202 S	203 R	204 U	205 C	206 Y		207 G	208 R	
209 E	210 W	211 I		212 E	213 Y		214 X	215 O		216 Q	217 U	218 E	219 T	220 J	221 G			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 25 of this issue.

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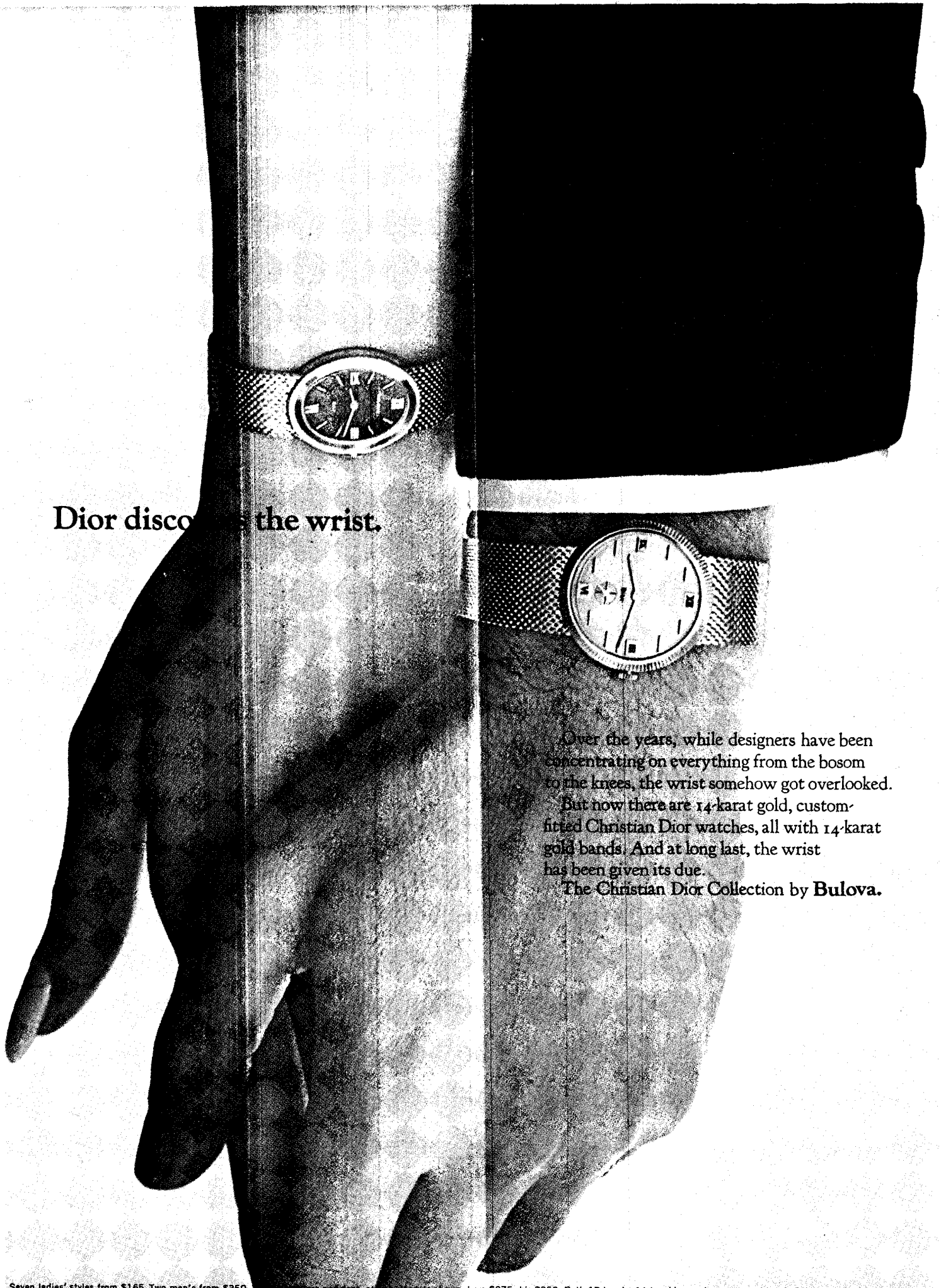

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